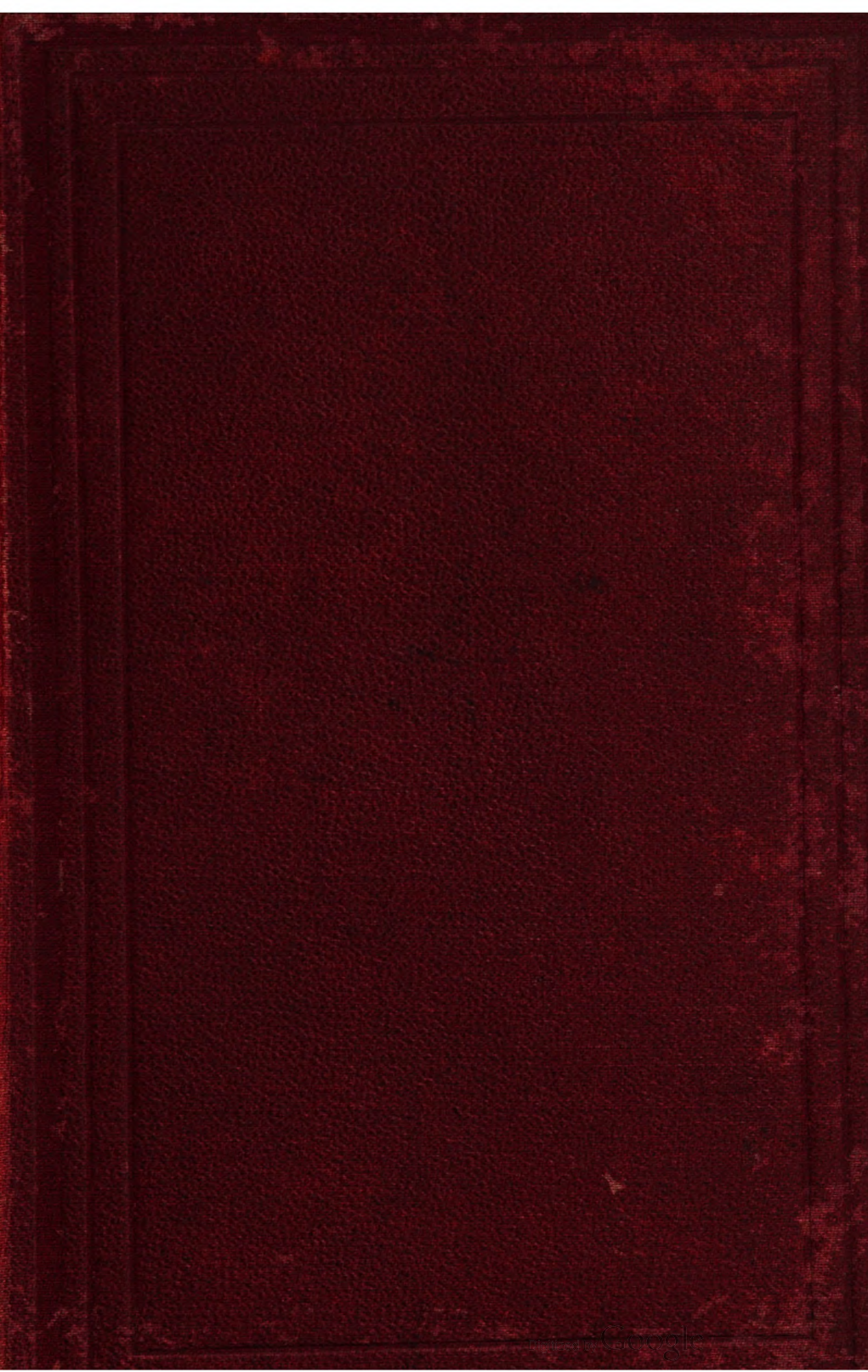

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Glimmering Dawn	136
Alphonse Karr and his Wasps	495
Ancient Saints of God, The. By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman	202
Aughrim, Legend of	549
Beauty of the First Empire, The	345
Bells, The Legend of Limerick	123
Bourdon, Madame, Works of	266
Cardinal Consalvi	535
Castle of Hunandaye, The: a Breton Legend. By Denis Florence M'Carthy	310
Castle of Tintagel	177
Channel, Only across the	451
Civilisation in the Fifth Century	293
Concordat of 1801, The	245
Constance Sherwood: an Autobiography of the Sixteenth Cen- tury. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton 16, 95, 183, 273, 407,	463
Convent of St. Margaret and St. Agnes	438
Desert, Saints of the	334, 450, 534
Dreamers and Workers	551
Eugenie and Maurice de Guérin	506
Exhibition of Religious Objects of Art at Malines	388
Exhibition of 1864, The French	36
Ex Humo: a Poem. By Barry Cornwall	15
Fifth Century, Civilisation in the	293
First Empire, The Beauty of the	345
French Exhibition of 1864	36
Glimpse of Northern Italy, A. By Julia Kavanagh	112
Half out of the World	51
Hunandaye, The Castle of: a Breton Legend	310
Insane, Suicide considered with reference to the	395
Karr, Alphonse, and his Wasps	495
Legend of Aughrim	549
Legend of Limerick Bells, The. By Bessie Rayner Parkes	123
Literature in its Social Aspects. By Aubrey de Vere	81, 213
Madame Bourdon's Works	266
Madame Swetchine and her <i>Salon</i>	163
Malines Exhibition of Religious Objects of Art, The	388
Marie-Louise, Napoleon's Marriage with	312
Marriage at Midnight, A	447
Mary Stuart, A few Words for. By Henry James Coleridge	1

	PAGE
Maurice de Guérin and Eugenie	506
Middle Ages, Some Myths of the	362
Memory of a Sister, Lines to the	209
Mystery of the Thatched House, The	335
Napoleon's Marriage with Marie-Louise	313
Northern Italy, A Glimpse of	112
Only across the Channel	451
Ounces, Pay for the : a Legend of Italy. By Ellen Fitzsimon	369
Pierre Prévost's Story; or "True to the Last"	522
Poems : Ex Humo	15
Lines to the Memory of a Sister	209
Legend of Aughrim	549
Legend of Limerick Bells	123
The Castle of Hunandaye	310
Recollections of an Old City. By Julia Kavanagh	25
Revolution at Tours, The	257
Romana Robertson. By Charles W. Russell, D.D.	127
Saints of the Desert	334, 450, 534
Saints of God, The Ancient	202
Sherwood, Constance : an Autobiography of the Sixteenth Century	16, 95, 183, 273, 407, 463
Some Myths of the Middle Ages	362
St. Denis, A Wedding at	305
St. Margaret and St. Agnes, Convent of	438
Story of Pierre Prévost; or "True to the Last"	522
Stuart, Mary, A few Words for	1
Suicide considered with reference to the Insane	395
Swetchine, Madame, and her <i>Salon</i>	163
Thatched House, Mystery of the	335
Tintagel Castle	177
Tours, The Revolution at	257
Violet's Freak	65, 152, 232
Wedding at St. Denis, A	305
World, Half out of the	51
Workers, Dreamers and	551

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Legend of Limerick Bells	123
Tintagel Castle	177
The Castle of Hunandaye	310
Pay for the Ounces	369
Constance Sherwood	463

A Few Words for Mary Stuart.

I WELL remember, about a quarter of a century ago, the flutter that was caused in the Assize Court at Lancaster, during the trial of the great Hornby-Castle will-case—then being tried for the third and last time—when the leading counsel for the heir-at-law, afterwards Sir Cresswell Cresswell, raising his voice just a little more than was absolutely necessary, as some ordinary and unimportant witness left the box, bade the crier call William Wordsworth. William Wordsworth! What on earth could the venerable author of the *Excursion* have to do with old Mr. Marsden's will, on the validity of which the whole issue depended? There, however, the witness stood, not a chance namesake of the poet, but the man himself: the mere sight of him, I remember, no slight treat to two Eton boys there, who perhaps—at least one of them—had read but very few lines of his poetry, but who had been brought up to consider him as the foremost among living English writers. Mr. Wordsworth took the oath, and his examination began. The leader on the opposite side—afterwards and still on the Bench as Chief Baron of the Exchequer—watched Mr. Cresswell narrowly as he made his witness say that for many years he had devoted much attention to English literature and the English language. Now, what could English literature have to do with the cause before the court? The suspense of the audience did not last long; for the great poet was next led to state that he had read over with care a certain number of letters sent, and supposed to have been composed, by the testator, whose capacity to make a will was questioned by his heir-at-law. What Mr. Wordsworth thought of the letters, the expectant public never heard from his own lips. The next question brought up Sir Frederick Pollock with an objection to the kind of evidence that was thus being tendered, and the illustrious witness from Rydal Mount was left to listen to a battle between the two counsel as to its admissibility. After some time thus spent, it was, I think, intimated to Mr. Cresswell by the presiding judge, that although the evidence might be allowed, it was for him to consider whether its production might not afford an awkward handle to the other side in moving for a new trial, in case the heir-at-law should succeed in obtaining a verdict. The case had already been tried twice before; and this time it was thought likely to go in favour of Mr. Cresswell's client. Prudence, therefore, prevailed, and the evidence was waived.

It soon came to be pretty well known, however, what Mr. Wordsworth had come there to say. A part of the evidence in favour of Mr. Marsden's perfect mental capacity consisted of the letters in question. The answer on the side of the heir-at-law was, that they had been written for him by the persons under whose influence he lived. To prove this, Mr. Wordsworth and two other literary men of great reputation—I believe they were Southey and Professor Wilson—had been asked to examine them. They were said to have come to the conclusion, from internal evidence alone, that all the letters could not have been the production of one and the same mind. It was even rumoured that, without any communication with the other two, each of the three had classed the letters in three divisions, and allotted each division to a separate author, and that there was the most striking agreement between them in this distribution. Such was the evidence which it was not thought safe to submit to an intelligent jury, when great tangible interests depended on their verdict. Mr. Cresswell won his cause notwithstanding, and all efforts made to upset the decision failed. Hornby Castle returned to the heir-at-law; and perhaps it might not be in the hands of its present owner, if that evidence had been too rashly pressed.

Now, it may be quite right to be very cautious in allowing the minds of those not always highly cultivated men who compose even "special juries" in this country to be influenced by arguments from internal evidence as to documents, and especially by the authority of great literary names with regard to the value of such arguments. There is a wholesome jealousy of the evidence of "experts" in all such matters. Still, no one can doubt that in historical and literary questions, such considerations ought to have the greatest weight. It is, after all, simply calling in a *connoisseur*. The evidence of such an authority, or the agreement of more than one such authority, would be allowed in a court of law on a question that turned on the genuineness or the value of a picture attributed to a great master. The evidence that convinced Wordsworth, Southey, and Wilson that a set of letters were composed by three different persons, and not by one, may have been delicate and subtle, but it must be allowed to have been cogent enough to warrant a very probable conclusion. Evidence of the same kind, positive as well as negative, is used by the critics of our time, sometimes very rashly, but sometimes very legitimately, to prove or disprove the authenticity of writings both sacred and profane. It has its dangers, but it has its great value: it is like the evidence drawn from the ever-increasing set of facts on which geological theories are built—capable of the greatest abuse, and yet, when rightly balanced, the certain foundation of unquestion-

able conclusions. It is naturally a favourite weapon with a cultivated and inquiring century like the present: we have consequently many brilliant specimens of its successful employment, and many conspicuous instances of its rash and thoughtless abuse; and it would be a great boon to the reasoners and writers of our time if some philosophical logician would lay down for them "the laws and limits of the use of internal evidence." It is only to my present purpose to notice one or two of these laws which have been set at naught by the writers on whom I am going to comment. One is this—that in internal evidence, negative conclusions are much safer than positive: it is easier to be certain that a document is not genuine, from the presence in it of something that ought not to be there, than to be certain that it is genuine, from the presence of several marks that ought to be found in it. Thus, the poems of 'Rowley' had many features that agreed with the age to which they were attributed; but a single word of three letters that was not used in the English of that time was enough to counterbalance all such evidence. Again, internal evidence must be weighed as a whole, and only in subordination to external testimony, where it exists. It is simply illogical and sentimental to fall so much in love with one little bit of internal evidence which we are proud of having discovered ourselves, as to let it supersede all further inquiry, overwhelm all difficulties, and perhaps to make us throw out contemptuous epithets at those who may not value it quite so highly as we do.

I am led to make these remarks by the use made of this kind of evidence in a celebrated passage in Mr. Froude's History of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Froude has used it in the way of which I complain; and, as was not unnatural, Mr. Kingsley has caught up the hint of his master with enthusiasm, and broken out into strong language against all those who may not think it the finest hit in the world. The subject on which they have done this is the much-debated and, as it would seem, ever-debateable question about the so-called letters of Mary Stuart to the Earl of Bothwell. I call it an ever-debateable question, because, though I believe Mary innocent and the alleged letters forgeries, I am not ignorant that, with our present information on the subject, and considering that the letters themselves have perished, it may never be possible to produce an absolute demonstration of what I think to be the truth. We may, perhaps, come very near to this by a legitimate and skilful use of this very weapon of internal evidence of which I am speaking. There is a far ampler scope opened to investigations of this kind since the publication of the collection of Mary's undisputed letters by Prince Labanoff. The Casket Letters compared with these, compared with the Sonnets said to be found

with them, and with known historical facts, would present an amount of evidence that could hardly be disputed. Whitaker has performed the last part of this task with great skill; but he had not the opportunity of comparing the letters with real productions of Mary's pen. Were this part of the internal evidence worked up, the vindication of Mary would be complete: in fact, it is nearly so already. It is all very well to ignore the whole criticism of a subject, and go on writing as if it did not exist. Such a course requires neither industry nor genius; but let Mr. Froude consider the evidence as it has been collected by M. Wiesener in his *Marie Stuart et le Comte de Botwell*, and he will see that he has himself over and over again repeated, as facts of history, things as fabulous as the story of Pope Joan, or the existence of the phoenix.

This is not the place for a detailed examination of Mr. Froude's treatment of Queen Mary. No one can read that part of his work without admiring the dramatic power and exquisite art with which the picture has been painted. Still, the question will rise to the lips, Is this history, or is it the highest flight of the sensational style of writing with which we are being made familiar? The object of the historian is truth, not effect: if, when his materials fail or speak ambiguously, he fills up the picture, however ingeniously, and casts aside provoking uncertainties, in order not to mar the dramatic harmony and completeness of his work, he becomes a romancer, not a historian. Again, no one who reads Mr. Froude's volumes can fail to see that if he has no passionate enthusiasms, at least he has certain very passionate aversions. He is far too prejudiced to be a fair historian; and though he is too honest to disguise his deliberate judgment, his hostility to certain characters and certain causes influences his narrative quite as much as if he had set out with the determination to write a one-sided history. To pass from generals to particulars, the character of Mary Stuart has come in for the full measure of Mr. Froude's hostile treatment. He has bestowed great pains on the picture he has drawn of the Scottish Queen; but there is all through a relentless purpose to be detected—a dislike far too deep to spend itself, as it might with Mr. Kingsley, for instance, in abusive declamation—the hatred that plays with and caresses its victim, only to have the occasion of dealing it a more secure and malicious death-blow. Mr. Froude has described her in words which, without any great change, might be applied to his own narrative regarding her. "Behind that grace of form and charm of manner there lay *a nature like a panther's—merciless and beautiful.*" His description reads beautifully, indeed; but he is as merciless to Mary Stuart as a panther to its prey.

Every one knows the two great stains with which it has been attempted to blacken the memory of Queen Mary. Had she any knowledge of, or share in, the dark plot by which her husband Darnley was murdered? and were her relations with Bothwell criminal before that time, her marriage with him voluntary, or was it simply forced upon her as an inevitable necessity, the only step that could in any way repair her honour after her detention at Dunbar, and the violence there used to her? Was her seizure by him an arranged plot, to which she was privy and consenting, or was she carried off at Foulbriggs against her own will? The answer to be given to both these questions depends, as is well known, on the view that we take as to the authenticity of the celebrated Casket Letters and Sonnets. The advocates of Mary cannot argue in the teeth of the evidence these contained, if it be admitted as authoritative. On the other hand, the charges against her are mainly based upon these documents; partly, also, on an alleged confession of a servant of Bothwell's, called Hubert, or "French Paris." This "confession" is, I need hardly say, equally questioned by those who maintain the innocence of the Queen. Mr. Froude's narrative has not yet come down to the time of the last of the two transactions of which we have spoken; but in a chapter of the very greatest force and beauty of writing he has spoken of the murder of Darnley. All that we can say against this chapter is summed up in very few words: it is a pity that it should appear in a book which professes to be a history, and not a romance. Even then, it would be unfair to take so well-known an historical character as Mary, and paint her so cruelly; but then a great part of the injury done to her would be chargeable to the readers, who might take as a historical representation what professed, in great measure at least, to be the work of the imagination of the writer.

A note at the foot of one of Mr. Froude's pages gives us his reasons for founding his history on these disputed documents. They are "documents," he tells us, "which, without turning history into a mere creation of imaginative sympathies, I do not feel at liberty to doubt. They come to us, after having passed the keenest scrutiny both in England and Scotland. The handwriting was found to resemble so exactly that of the Queen, that the most accomplished expert could detect no difference. One of the letters could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare; and that one, once accomplished, would have been so overpoweringly sufficient for its purpose, that no forger would have multiplied the chances of detection by adding the rest. The inquiry at the time seems to me to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures. The English Council, among whom were many friends of Mary Stuart, had the French

originals before them, while we have only translations, or translations of translations" (viii. p. 352).

Now, it will be convenient to divide the proofs thus hinted at by Mr. Froude into the two very obvious classes of internal and external. The external arguments that weigh with him seem to consist of the examination to which the documents were subjected in England and Scotland, the chief point established being the similarity of the handwriting to that of the Queen. The internal argument may be reduced to two heads. One of the letters—the first—could not have been forged by any but a genius equal to Shakespeare, and then it is highly improbable that any forger would go on beyond that one and all-sufficient invention. As I have been speaking already of internal evidence, and it is to the use of that kind of argument by Mr. Froude that I wish to draw attention, I will take that first.

The second of Mr. Froude's remarks may be dismissed in a few words. The letter of which he speaks is *not* sufficient for the purposes of the enemies of Mary, supposing them to have been the forgers. He publishes his history as he writes it, and therefore does not look far forward. He does not remember, then, that a part of the case against Mary is the attempt to prove her guilty of complicity, not only in the murder of her husband, but in her own abduction by Bothwell to Dunbar. This charge was, it is true, not made at first. In fact, it is worth while to recal one or two dates with regard to this matter. The casket of letters—or, as it was *afterwards* said, letters, sonnets, and marriage-contracts—came into the possession of the Confederate Lords on June 20, 1567. The examination of Bothwell's servant, with whom it is said that they were found, took place on the 26th. *On that very day* the Confederate Lords issued the proclamation of the Privy Council against Bothwell, accusing him both of the murder of Darnley, and of the violent abduction of the Queen, which had made it necessary for her to marry him. This form of the charge against him was afterwards repeated by Murray and others; and yet they had all the time in their possession the seventh of the alleged letters, if it is to be received as genuine, which makes it quite clear that Mary was to be carried off by her own consent. This letter, by the by, seems to contradict distinctly the "confession" of Paris—another of Mr. Froude's sources of information—as well as one of the sonnets said to have been found with it. The examination which Mr. Froude supposes the documents to have undergone cannot have been very stringent, if it failed to detect the discrepancy between the sonnet and the letter.

However, the first point made by Mr. Froude, with regard to the internal evidence, is by far the most important. He is speaking, of

course, of the first letter, when he says that it would require a Shakespeare to invent it. He may mean two things, for there are two very remarkable features about this letter: the first is, that it purports to give very accurately and minutely the details of a long conversation between Mary and Darnley, who was then sick of the smallpox, and to whom Mary had gone, according to the version of her enemies, to coax him to come with her from Glasgow either to Craigmillar or to some other place, where the intended murder might be easily effected. And I think it must be allowed freely, that unless we can otherwise account for the details in the letter, it is not at all likely that a forger would invent them. Mr. Froude does not explain whether this is what he means as requiring the invention of a Shakespeare; or whether he alludes to another feature in the letter, showing, as it seems to him, the touch of the hand of genius, if it were forged. This consists of a very striking passage, in which Mary (if she is the writer) begs Bothwell not to think evil of her for her treachery to Darnley. I cannot do Mr. Froude more justice than by transcribing the passage as it stands in his pages:

"Have no evil opinion of me for this," she concluded; "you yourself are the cause of it: for my own private revenge I would not do it to him. Seeing, then, that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, take it, I pray you, in good part. Look not at that woman whose false tears should not be so much regarded as the true and faithful labour which I am bearing to deserve her place; to obtain which, against my nature, I betray those that may hinder me," &c. (Froude, viii. p. 360.)

It is this passage which, if I may say so, has made Mr. Kingsley dance with delight. He considers that it precludes all further argument. "We find words," he says, "such as no man—perhaps not even Shakespeare—could invent or imagine; words which prove their own authenticity by their most fantastic and unexpected, yet most simple and pathetic, adherence to human nature. Those who doubt the terrible fact of Mary having written that letter, *must know as little of the laws of internal evidence as of the tricks of the human heart.*" (Macmillan's Magazine, Jan. p. 223.)

Mr. Kingsley has, very probably, never looked at the letters in the original, or in what is said to be such; and as for *that* law of internal evidence, which requires that the whole of it should be considered together, or for that other, which gives far greater weight to negative proofs of this kind—such as the many contradictions that have been pointed out between these letters and received facts of history, dates, and the like—than to positive indications of a certain authorship, he has probably never given them a thought with regard to

the case of Mary Stuart. He is content with the single Shakespearian touch which Mr. Froude has pointed out. Now, here comes in the mischief of such reasoning; it is as bad, as such, as the simple sentiment of sympathy for romantic misfortune, which, as these writers would tell us, makes young ladies and others like them jump, in the face of all evidence, to the conclusion that Mary could not be guilty. There are other things that play tricks besides the human heart, Mr. Kingsley: and one of these—as perhaps you yourself know—is the hand of a writer with old documents before him, out of which he has a temptation to *compose* what is striking, as a dramatist or a novelist might do. As Mr. Froude has not gone into ecstasies over the passage in question himself, he may perhaps not attach so much importance to it as his admirer, and therefore may be excused for not having drawn attention to the liberty that he has taken with the text. If Mary wrote the letter, she wrote the *words* quoted by Mr. Froude, but not in the sentences and context in which he has placed them. They are taken from two different parts of the letter; and I cannot help thinking that their effect has been wonderfully enhanced, and their sense changed, by their juxtaposition. This has been done by a genius not quite so great as that of Shakespeare—by the genius of Mr. Froude. He has taken one or two other similar liberties with this same letter: thus, where Mary is made to say, “Be not afraid, the *place* shall hold to the death,” he has written “the *plan* shall hold to the death.” I trust we shall be told some day whether the other quotations with which he has adorned his pages—those from the letters of Quadra to Philip II., for instance—are given us on the same principle. Now, let us take to pieces what Mr. Froude has so cleverly put together, from two distinct passages separated by a considerable interval. In the first of these Mary is made to speak as if she wanted to extract some secret from her husband, which she could only hope to do by confessing something to him, and as to this she asks Bothwell’s leave. It happens to be a celebrated passage in the controversy, as it is one of those from which it is clear, on a comparison of the different versions, that the *Scotch* is the original, not the French. “By all that I can learn, he is in great suspicion, and yet notwithstanding he gives credit to my word, but yet not so far that he will show any thing to me: but nevertheless I shall draw it out of him, if you will that I avow all unto him. But I will never rejoice to deceive any body that trusts in me; yet notwithstanding you may command me in all things. Have no evil opinion of me for that cause, by reason (that) you are the occasion of it yourself; because, for my own private revenge, I would not do it unto him.”

Now, it may be difficult to discover exactly what is meant by the secret which Mary is made to wish to worm out of her husband, at the price of an avowal of something on her own side; but we think it can hardly be said that we have hitherto come to any thing that requires the hand of Shakespeare. That very clever and unscrupulous forger, Buchanan, might have produced this. The sentence which Mr. Froude has tacked on to it comes from another part of the letter, and relates to another subject—to some suspicion, as it would appear, that Bothwell was supposed to entertain of Mary, as not sufficiently trusting his friends. “Be not offended that I give not over-great credit. Now, seeing to obey you, my dear life, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness whatsoever, take it, I pray you, in good part, and not after the interpretation of your false gude-brother (brother-in-law), to whom, I pray you, give no credit against the most faithful lover that ever ye had, or ever shall have.”

This may well be forged; but I cannot help thinking that the two passages look very different when they are separated, as they ought to have been in Mr. Froude's pages, and that they hardly justify the language used by Mr. Kingsley, as to their unapproachable pathos and faithfulness to human nature. But in any case, even if it required Shakespeare himself, instead of Buchanan, to forge the letter, forged it must be, whatever Mr. Kingsley may say, if it contains undeniable mistakes and contradictions, such as have been pointed out by Whitaker and others. To deny this, is as silly and illogical as the most lackadaisical sentimentality. I pass on to the other internal features which may seem to stamp this letter as genuine.

The letter consists, as I have said, chiefly of a narrative of the long conversation between Mary and Darnley on the evening of her arrival at Glasgow, where he was lying sick. Her object is to get him to trust himself with her. There are mutual recriminations and questionings,—all that might be supposed to pass under such circumstances, after their estrangement and separation. There is even mention, as it is alleged, of things that were secret at the time, known, at least, only to very few besides Mary herself; the meaning of which had to be discovered afterwards. What forger would have exposed himself to the risk of inventing a conversation like this? However, I venture to think that Mary's accusers have defeated themselves; at least, as far as this,—that they have proved for us that it would have been very easy to forge this letter. Mr. Froude tells us that the details of the conversation, as related in the letter, exactly tally with the deposition of Crawford, as it exists in the Rolls' House. Crawford was in the service of Lennox (father of Darnley), and was afterwards entirely in the hands of Murray and

his partisans. His own account of the matter is, that Darnley told him every thing that passed between himself and Mary; and that, in order to give a faithful account to his master Lennox, he wrote down immediately, word for word, what he heard from Darnley. Thus there were, if this story is true, two persons writing down what passed,—Mary for Bothwell, and Crawford for Lennox. Those who think with Mr. Froude are bound to believe Crawford. A paper, then, existed, in the possession of Mary's enemies, giving every detail of her conversation with Darnley; entering into particulars which certainly any ordinary forger would have avoided, the truth of which it would be impossible to deny. What more was required for the forger than to turn this paper into a letter to Bothwell, and interlard it with passages such as those we have quoted, which would serve the purpose of proving the criminal love of the Queen for Bothwell, and her complicity with him in his designs on her husband's life? The translation into French, and imitation of Mary's handwriting, of which we shall speak presently, were minor matters. We all know what mischief may be done by interpolations, even of a word. There is an amusing story told somewhere of the extreme embarrassment caused to one of the advocates of Queen Caroline, by the publication of one of his private notes to a colleague in the newspapers of the other side. He had written of some step they wished the Queen to take: "I am afraid we shall hardly be able to get her up to the scratch!" The malicious editor who published it only added one word,—“up to the scratch *sober!*” With such materials as Crawford's papers to work upon, no one can deny that the production of this celebrated first letter would be comparatively easy; and, in fact, I think that there are in it several minute indications that such was its real history.

The remaining letters said to have been found in the casket do not present any such features as those of which I have been speaking. I think no one will say that there is much internal evidence of their authenticity. On the other hand, they are open to numberless objections, on account of their inconsistency with known dates and facts. Still less can any safe argument be founded upon the sonnets, which, by the by, were not mentioned at all in the *first* accusation founded on the contents of the casket; which seems, like the bag of the good lady in the *Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe*, to have had a wonderful faculty of producing, from time to time, whatever was wanted for the purposes of its possessors. The real force of internal evidence, therefore, is strongly against the genuineness of its contents; but it is not my object now to draw out the argument, to which Whitaker has done full justice, as far as it was possible in his time.

I must, however, say a few words about the external evidence on which Mr. Froude relies; more especially as the objections to it will be found to fall in with what I have already said about the importance of Crawford's papers for the purposes of the forgers. Mr. Froude, then, tells us that the inquiry at the time seems to him to supersede present conjecture; that the letters were submitted to the strictest examination both in Scotland and in England, and that the most practised experts failed to detect any dissimilarity between the writing and that of Queen Mary. Now, I might take this statement simply as it stands, and say that it is far from being enough to satisfy us. The examination to which the letters were subjected did not go further, in any case, than a comparison of handwriting. It did not go into other internal evidence at all; it did not test the statements and dates of the letters by other authorities, such as Murray's journal; it did not compare letter with letter, nor with the sonnets. There might have been many more inconsistencies and absurdities about the forgery, if it was one, than those which Mary's defenders have since found; and yet all would have passed unchallenged. This is not the kind of examination which ought to supersede further discussion. Moreover, we know for certain, not only that Mary's handwriting could be forged, but that in many actual cases it *was* so forged; and there were many in the service of the rebel lords who could imitate it exactly. I find only three occasions on which it is pretended that the originals were produced,—in the Scotch Privy-Council, in the Scotch Parliament, and at Elizabeth's Council-board at Westminster. On the two first occasions I find no mention of a comparison of handwriting at all. On the first, the persons present were all enemies of Mary; on the second, some of her friends were present,—a small minority, in a parliament where every thing was conducted with great violence. They had no communication with her; and when documents are produced, and a charge founded upon them, it is all-essential for those who have to defend the accused to ascertain first what he or she says about them. A bold forgery always disconcerts opponents, till the principal party can come forward to deny its truth. Yet in that parliament Mary's friends distinctly asserted that the letters were not hers. At Westminster the "French originals" were, we are told, compared with letters of Mary to Elizabeth, and the handwriting declared to be identical. There seems to be some doubt even about the comparison; but, at all events, it was made privately, and neither Mary nor her representatives were ever allowed to see either the originals *or even the copies*. The unfairness of Elizabeth's conduct throughout is a matter of history; and even if we are to acquit her Council of taking

their cue from their mistress, it is certain that it was a one-sided examination. It is certain that the documents were never shown to those whose part it was to test them with severity; and it is certain also that the whole affair was huddled up, and Murray and his friends allowed to go back to Scotland without any thing like a trial. It is certain that, from the moment that the charge was made, Mary behaved boldly and resolutely, as an innocent person, refusing all composition, and waiving her dignity in order to vindicate her character; while the conduct of her accusers was uniformly shuffling, like those who defend their own successful crimes by a charge for which they have no evidence that will bear the light of day. It is certain that Bothwell and Bothwell's servants, at the point of death, declared her innocence; and that the mother of Darnley, who at first doubted it, ended by acknowledging it.

The evidence, therefore, on which Mr. Froude's conclusion rests, if it has any force at all, derives that force from the identity of the handwriting, as ascertained at Westminster. There, I think, I might safely leave the question; for I am not undertaking to prove absolutely the innocence of Queen Mary, but to show that her cause ought not to be dismissed at once, as it has been by Mr. Froude. No one will say that handwriting ought to be allowed to settle a question like this, when the documents themselves present internal reasons against their own acceptance. But what if it can be shown that these "French originals" cannot, even on the supposition of Mary's authorship, have been written by her hand? Then, I think, Mr. Froude's proofs will be finally and entirely demolished.

And yet there appears to be the very greatest probability that such is the case; and if I may throw out an opinion, for which I have no time or space to assign the particular grounds, I believe that if this question were investigated by literary men of the same calibre as those three to whom Mr. Marsden's letters were submitted, they would tell us that the 'original' letters were written in *Scotch*, and that therefore the letters produced at Westminster, which certainly were French, could only have been translations. In that case, the argument from handwriting is blown to the winds. The case stands thus. Mary ordinarily wrote either in Scotch or in French; but supposing her to have written to Bothwell, she would be almost certain to use the language which was the safer of the two. This, in Scotland, would of course be French. He would certainly understand it, for he had been long in France. The letters that were produced by Mary's accusers at York were in Scotch; but those which were shown to Elizabeth's Council at Westminster, and which professed to be the originals, were in

French. Whitaker has shown, though the argument is too long to be even abridged in the space at my disposal, that no French letters were produced before that time. The letters that were 'examined' in the Scotch Privy-Council, and in the Scotch Parliament, were in Scotch; unsealed, and unsigned. Mary was supposed to have sent them in that state to Bothwell!—she, who, according to the first letter, as we have seen, had to beg her paramour to forgive her for not giving 'over-much credit'! If, therefore, any of Mr. Froude's 'experts' were called in then, they must have testified to the handwriting of Mary in Scotch. At Westminster the scene is changed, and the letters are French, and the handwriting is Mary's still! This is the first great difficulty about the copies that were produced at Westminster. The second is, that although we possess the letters now in French, Scotch, and Latin, it is quite clear and undisputed that the Scotch is the original of the three. This was proved by Goodall, but it was also confessed by the French editor. Now, the publication took place by order of Elizabeth and Cecil: they had copies in French of the 'French originals' at Westminster. If our present French version is that which they had, the question is at once decided; for it is evidently a version from the Scotch through the Latin, the maker of which has fallen into several ludicrous blunders, by misreading or misunderstanding what he was translating. There is only one hypothesis by which any loophole can be left for the theory of 'French originals.' It is by supposing that, notwithstanding their existence, and the existence of copies in the hands of the enemies of Mary, they nevertheless chose to publish a *new* French translation from the Latin, having first translated the Latin from the Scotch. Unless this can be proved, it becomes a matter of simple impossibility that the letters shown at Westminster, the handwriting of which was identified with that of Mary, can have been really hers. I have already hinted at a solution of the question, which is at least possible. Of the three which remain, the Scotch version is undoubtedly the original. But it might be possible for criticism to prove from its internal features, not only that it is prior to the French and the Latin versions, but that it is not itself a translation at all. There are some Gallicisms in it, as it appeared to Hume; but then it must be remembered that there were a great many that had made themselves quite at home in the Scotch of that day. It certainly does not read like a translation. I have only further to explain the connexion that may be supposed to exist between the Scotch form of the original letters and the testimony of Crawford. It is clear, then, that if the first letter, so very dif-

ferent from all the others, was made up from the notes taken by Crawford, it is most natural that the draft of it would be in Scotch. He is more likely to have used that language in the notes that he took down from Darnley's mouth, than Mary to have used it in a confidential letter to be sent unsealed to Bothwell. The document on which the forged letter was founded being in Scotch, it is most likely that the letter itself would be put into that language; and that having been done, the others would follow suit. The sonnets were an after-thought—not mentioned when the 'discovery' of the casket and its contents was first proclaimed; there seems to be no doubt that they were originally in French. Their weight in the controversy is little: but they are in some points contradictory to the letters, and mention at least one important fact, which overthrows one of the great charges against Mary.

That Queen Mary was estranged from her miserable and worthless husband is undeniable. It is also undeniable that, within a few months of his murder, she became the wife of one of his murderers. These are the two great presumptions against her; but they are not proofs. The facts can be explained in various ways, so as either to leave her as perfectly innocent and as entirely a victim as Darnley himself—or as sharing throughout in the designs and the guilt of Bothwell—or as guiltless of murder and adultery, but not altogether free from weakness and imprudence. When we consider, not simply her misfortunes, but the set of men and women among whom she was thrown—their readiness for any crime, the blood with which their hands were so continually stained, their fanaticism, and treachery, their unscrupulous venality and mendacity, and their well-practised skill in every art of deceit and imposture—it is certainly no great call on our charity that bids us suspend our judgment, and weigh very carefully every tittle of evidence that comes to us out of that mass of corruption and vice. It may be said that history must tell the truth, and not indulge in 'imaginative sympathies.' Yes; truth—where truth can be had; but history must not give us a picture at any cost,—a true one, if it may be,—but, at all events, a picture. Mr. Froude is severe on those who judge of truth by their emotions—who dispose of evidence that jars on their feelings by the easy assertion that documents were forged, and witnesses tampered with. But it is just as easy to assume the genuineness of disputed documents, as he has done, without discussing it, and to let inquiries made by men like Morton, Murray, and the tools of Elizabeth, authoritatively supersede all later conjectures. The historian is unfaithful to his duty who sacrifices truth to sentiment; but not more so than he who builds up a romance upon evi-

dence too suspicious to be allowed in any court of justice in England, and who exerts himself to the utmost to fascinate his readers by his pictorial and dramatic power, just where history is most obscure, and its facts most disputed.

H. J. C.

Exhūmo.

SHOULD you dream ever of the days departed,—
 Of youth and morning, no more to return,—
 Forget not me, so fond and passionate-hearted;
 Quiet at last, reposing
 Under the moss and fern.

There, where the fretful lake in stormy weather
 Comes circling round the reddening churchyard pines;
 Rest, and call back the hours we lost together,
 Talking of hope, and soaring
 Beyond poor earth's confines.

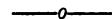
If, for those heavenly dreams too dimly sighted,
 You became false,—why, 'tis a story old:
 I, overcome by pain, and unrequited,
 Faded at last, and slumber
 Under the autumn mould.

Farewell, farewell! No longer plighted lovers,
 Doomed for a day to sigh for sweet return:
 One lives, indeed; one heart the green earth covers,—
 Quiet at last, reposing
 Under the moss and fern.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



CHAPTER I.

I HAD not thought to write the story of my life; but the wishes of those who have at all times more right to command than occasion to entreat aught at my hands, have in a manner compelled me thereunto. The divers trials and the unlooked-for comforts which have come to my lot during the years that I have been tossed to and fro on this uneasy sea—the world—have wrought in my soul an exceeding sense of the goodness of God, and an insight into the meaning of the sentence in Holy Writ which saith, “His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts like unto our thoughts.” And this puts me in mind that there are sayings which are in every one’s mouth, and therefore not to be lightly gainsayed, which nevertheless do not approve themselves to my conscience as wholly just and true. Of these is the common adage, “That misfortunes come not alone.” For my own part, I have found that when a cross has been laid on me, it has mostly been a single one, and that other sorrows were oftentimes removed, as if to make room for it. And it has been my wont, when one trial has been passing away, to look out for the next, even as on a stormy day, when the clouds have rolled away in one direction and sunshine is breaking overhead, we see others rising in the distance. There has been no portion of my life free from some measure of grief or fear sufficient to recall the words that “Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;” and none so rest of consolation that, in the midst of suffering, I did not yet cry out, “The Lord is my shepherd; His rod and His staff comfort me.”

I was born in the year A.D. 1557, in a very fair part of England, at Sherwood Hall, in the county of Stafford. For its comely aspect, commodious chambers, sunny gardens, and the sweet walks in its vicinity, it was as commendable a residence for persons of moderate fortune and contented minds as can well be thought of. Within and without this my paternal home nothing was wanting which might please the eye, or minister to tranquillity of mind and healthful recreation. I reckon it amongst the many favours I have received from a gracious Providence, that the earlier years of my life were spent amidst such fair scenes, and in the society of parents who ever took occasion from earthly things to lead my thoughts to such as are imperishable, and so to stir up in me a love of the Creator, who has stamped His image on this visible world in characters of so great

beauty; whilst in the tenderness of those dear parents unto myself I saw, as it were, a type and representation of His paternal love and goodness.

My father was of an ancient family, and allied to such as were of greater note and more wealthy than his own. He had not, as is the manner with many squires of our days, left off residing on his own estate in order to seek after the shows and diversions of London; but had united to a great humility of mind and a singular affection for learning a contentedness of spirit which inclined him to dwell in the place assigned to him by Providence. He had married at an early age, and had ever conformed to the habits of his neighbours in all lawful and kindly ways, and sought no other labours but such as were incidental to the care of his estates, and no recreations but those of study, joined to a moderate pursuit of field-sports and such social diversions as the neighbourhood afforded. His outward appearance was rather simple than showy, and his manners grave and composed. When I call to mind the singular modesty of his disposition, and the retiredness of his manners, I often marvel how the force of circumstances and the urging of conscience should have forced one so little by nature inclined to an unsettled mode of life into one which, albeit peaceful in its aims, proved so full of danger and disquiet.

My mother's love I enjoyed but for a brief season. Not that it waxed cold towards me, as happens with some parents, who look with fondness on the child and less tenderly on the maiden; but it pleased Almighty God to take her unto Himself when I was but ten years of age. Her face is as present to me now as at any time of my life. No limner's hand ever drew a more faithful picture than the one I have of her even now engraved on the tablet of my heart. She had so fair and delicate a complexion that I can only liken it to the leaf of a white rose with the lightest tinge of pink in it. Her hair was streaked with gray too early for her years; but this matched well with the sweet melancholy of her eyes, which were of a deep violet colour. Her eyelids were a trifle thick, and so were her lips; but there was a pleasantness in her smile and the dimples about her mouth such as I have not noticed in any one else. She had a sweet womanly and loving heart, and the noblest spirit imaginable; a great zeal in the service of God, tempered with so much sweetness and cordiality that she gave not easily offence to any one, of howsoever different a way of thinking from herself; and either won them over to her faith through the suavity of her temper and the wisdom of her discourse, or else worked in them a personal liking which made them patient with her, albeit fierce with others.

When I was about seven years of age I noticed that she waxed thin and pale, and that we seldom went abroad, and walked only in our own garden and orchard. She seemed glad to sit on a bench on the sunny side of the house even in summer, and on days when by reason of the heat I liked to lay down in the shade. My parents forbade me from going into the village; and, through the perverseness common to too many young people, on account of that very prohibition I longed for liberty to do so, and wearied oftentimes of the solitude we lived in. At a later period I learnt how kind had been their intent in keeping me during the early years of childhood from a knowledge of the woful divisions which the late changes in religion had wrought in our country; which I might easily have heard from young companions, and maybe in such sort as to awaken angry feelings, and shed a drop of bitter in the crystal cup of childhood's pure faith. If we did walk abroad, it was to visit some sick persons, and carry them food or clothing or medicines, which my mother prepared with her own hands. But as she grew weaker, we went less often outside the gates, and the poor came themselves to fetch away what in her bounty she stored up for them. I did not notice that our neighbours looked unkindly on us when we were seen in the village. Children would cry out sometimes, but half in play, "Down with the Papists!" but I witnessed that their elders checked them, especially those of the poorer sort; and "God bless you, Mrs. Sherwood!" and "God save you, madam!" was often in their mouths, as she whom I loved with so great and reverent an affection passed alongside of them, or stopped to take breath, leaning against their cottage-palings.

Many childish heartaches I can even now remember when I was not suffered to join in the merry sports of the 1st of May; for then, as the poet Chaucer sings, the youths and maidens go

"To fetch the flowers fresh and branch and bloom,
And these, rejoicing in their great delight,
Eke each at other throw the blossoms bright."

I watched the merry wights as they passed our door on their way to the groves and meadows, singing mirthful carols, and bent on pleasant pastimes; and tears stood in my eyes as the sound of their voices died away in the distance. My father found me thus weeping one May-day, and carried me with him to a sweet spot in a wood, where wild-flowers grew like living jewels out of the green carpet of moss on which we sat; and there, as the birds sang from every bough, and the insects hovered and hummed over every blossom, he entertained me with such quaint and pleasant tales, and moved me to

merry laughter by his witty devices; so that I sat down that day in my book of memory as one of the joyfullest in all my childhood. At Easter, when the village children rolled pasch eggs down the smooth sides of the green hills, my mother would paint me some herself, and adorned them with such bright colours and rare sentences that I feared to break them with rude handling, and kept them by me throughout the year rather as pictures to be gazed on than toys to be played with in a wanton fashion.

On the morning of the Resurrection, when others went to the top of Cannock Chase to hail the rising sun, as is the custom of those parts, she would sing so sweetly the Psalm which speaketh of the heavens rejoicing and of the earth being glad, that it grieved me not to stay at home; albeit I sometimes marvelled that we saw so little company, and mixed not more freely with our neighbours.

When I had reached my ninth birthday, whether it was that I took better heed of words spoken in my hearing, or else that my parents thought it was time that I should learn somewhat of the conditions of the times, and so talked more freely in my presence, it so happened that I heard of the jeopardy in which many who held the Catholic faith were, and of the laws which were being made to prohibit in our country the practice of the ancient religion. When Protestants came to our house—and it was sometimes hard in those days to tell who were such at heart, or only in outward semblance out of conformity to the queen's pleasure—I was strictly charged not to speak in their hearing of aught that had to do with Catholic faith and worship; and I could see at such times on my mother's face an uneasy expression, as if she was ever fearing the next words that any one might utter.

In the autumn of that year we had visitors whose company was so great an honour to my parents, and the occasion of so much delight to myself, that I can call to mind every little circumstance of their brief sojourn under our roof, even as if it had taken place but yesterday. This visit proved the first step towards an intimacy which greatly affected the tenor of my life, and prepared the way for the direction it was hereafter to take.

These truly honourable and well-beloved guests were my Lady Mounteagle and her son Mr. James Labour, who were journeying at that time from London, where she had been residing at her son-in-law the Duke of Norfolk's house, to her seat in the country; whither she was carrying the three children of her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, and of that lady's first husband, the Lord Dacre of the north. The eldest of these young ladies was about mine own age, and the others younger.

The day on which her ladyship was expected, I could not sit with patience at my tambour-frame, or con my lessons, or play on the virginals; but watched the hours and the minutes in my great desire to see these noble wenches. I had not hitherto consorted with young companions save with Edmund and John Genings, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, who were then my playmates, as at a riper age friends. I thought, in the quaint way in which children couple one idea with another in their fantastic imaginations, that my Lady Mounteagle's three daughters would be like the three angels, in my mother's Missal, who visited Abraham in his tent.

I had craved from my mother a holiday, which she granted on the score that I should help her that forenoon in the making of the pasties and jellies, which, as far as her strength allowed, she failed not to lend a hand to; and also she charged me to set the bed-chambers in fair order, and to gather fresh flowers wherewith to adorn the parlour. These tasks had in them a pleasantness which whiled away the time, and I alternated from the parlour to the store-room, and the kitchen to the orchard, and the poultry-yard to the pleasure-ground, running as swiftly from one to the other and as merrily, as if my feet were keeping time with the glad beatings of my heart. As I passed along the avenue, which was bordered on each side by tall trees, ever and anon, as the wind shook their branches, there fell on my head showers of red and gold-coloured leaves, which made me laugh; so easy is it for the young to find occasion of mirth in the least trifle when their spirits are lightsome, as mine were that day. I sat down on a stone bench on which the western sun was shining, to bind together the posies I had made; the robins twittered around me; and the air felt soft and fresh. It was the eve of Martinmas-day—Hallowtide Summer, as our country folk call it. As the sun was sinking behind the hills, the tread of horses' feet was heard in the distance, and I sprang up on the bench, shading my eyes with my hand to see the approach of that goodly travelling-party, which was soon to reach our gates. My parents came out of the front door, and beckoned me to their side. I held my posies in my apron, and forgot to set them down; for the first sight of my Lady Mounteagle as she rode up the avenue with her son at her side, and her three granddaughters with their attendants, and many richly attired serving-men beside, filled me with awe. I wondered if her Majesty had looked more grand on the day that she rode into London to be proclaimed queen. The good lady sat on her palfrey in so erect and stately a manner, as if age had no dominion over her limbs and her spirits; and there was something so piercing and commanding in her eye, that it at once compelled reverence and submission. Her

son had somewhat of the same nobility of mien, and was tall and graceful in his movements; but behind her, on her pillion, sat a small counterpart of herself, inasmuch as childhood can resemble old age, and youthful loveliness matronly dignity. This was the eldest of her ladyship's grand-daughters, my sweet Mistress Ann Dacre. This was my first sight of her who was hereafter to hold so great a place in my heart and in my life. As she was lifted from the saddle, and stood in her riding-habit and plumed hat at our door, making a graceful and modest obeisance to my parents, one step retired behind her grandam, with a lovely colour tinging her cheeks, and her long lashes veiling her sweet eyes, I thought I had never seen so fair a creature as this highborn maiden of my own age; and even now that time, as it has gone by, has shown me all that a court can display to charm the eyes and enrapture the fancy, I do not gainsay that same childish thought of mine. Her sisters, pretty prattlers then, four and six years of age, were led into the house by their governess. But ere our guests were seated, my mother bade me kiss my Lady Mounteagle's hand and commend myself to her goodness, praying her to be a good lady to me, and overlook, out of her great indulgence, my many defects. At which she patted me on the cheek, and said, she doubted not but that I was as good a child as such good parents deserved to have; and indeed, if I was as like my mother in temper as in face, I must needs be such as her hopes and wishes would have me. And then she commanded Mistress Ann to salute me; and I felt my cheeks flush and my heart beat with joy as the sweet little lady put her arms round my neck, and pressed her lips on my cheek.

Presently we all withdrew to our chambers until such time as supper was served, at which meal the young ladies were present; and I marvelled to see how becomingly even the youngest of them, who was but a chit, knew how to behave herself, never asking for any thing, or forgetting to give thanks in a pretty manner when she was helped. For the which my mother greatly commended their good manners; and her ladyship said, "In truth, good Mistress Sherwood, I carry a strict hand over them, never suffering their faults to go unchastised, nor permitting such liberties as many do to the ruin of their children." I was straightway seized with a great confusion and fear that this was meant as a rebuke to me, who, not being much used to company, and something over-indulged by my father, by whose side I was seated, had spoken to him more than once that day at table, and had also left on my plate some victuals not to my liking; which, as I learnt at another time from Mistress Ann, was an offence for which her grandmother would have sharply reprehended

her. I ventured not again to speak in her presence, and scarcely to raise my eyes towards her.

The young ladies withdrew early to bed that night, and I had but little speech with them. Before they left the parlour Mistress Ann took her sisters by the hand, and all of them kneeling at their grandmother's feet craved her blessing. I could see a tear in her eye as she blessed them; and when she laid her hand on the head of the eldest of her granddaughters, it lingered there as if to call down upon her a special benison. The next day my Lady Mounteagle gave permission for Mistress Ann to go with me into the garden, where I showed her my flowers and the young rabbits that Edmund Genings and his brother, my only two playmates, were so fond of; and she told me how well pleased she was to remove from London unto her grandmother's seat, where she would have a garden and such pleasant pastimes as are enjoyed in the country.

"Prithee, Mistress Ann," I said, with the unmannerly boldness with which children are wont to question one another, "have you not a mother, that you live with your grandam?"

"I thank God that I have," she answered; "and a good mother she is to me; but by reason of her having lately married the Duke of Norfolk, my grandmother has at the present time the charge of us."

"And do you greatly love my Lady Mounteagle?" I asked, misdoubting in my folly that a lady of so grave aspect and stately carriage should be loved by children.

"As greatly as heart can love," was her pretty answer.

"And do you likewise love the Duke of Norfolk, Mistress Ann?" I asked again.

"He is my very good lord and father," she answered; "but my knowledge of his grace has been so short, I have scarce had time to love him yet."

"But I have loved you in no time," I cried, and threw my arms round her neck. "Directly I saw you, I loved you, Mistress Ann."

"Mayhap, Mistress Constance," she said, "it is easier to love a little girl than a great duke."

"And who do you affection besides her grace your mother, and my lady your grandam, Mistress Ann?" I said, again returning to the charge; to which she quickly replied:

"My brother Francis, my sweet Lord Dacre."

"Is he a child?" I asked.

"In truth, Mistress Constance," she answered, "he would not be well pleased to be called so; and yet methinks he is but a child, being not older, but rather one year younger than myself, and my dear playmate and gossip."

"I wish I had a brother or a sister to play with me," I said; at which Mistress Ann kissed me and said she was sorry I should lack so great a comfort, but that I must consider I had a good father of my own, whereas her own was dead; and that a father was more than a brother.

In this manner we held discourse all the morning, and, like a rude imp, I questioned the gracious young lady as to her pastimes and her studies and the tasks she was set to; and from her innocent conversation I discovered, as children do, without at the time taking much heed, but yet so as to remember it afterwards, what especial care had been taken by her grandmother—that religious and discreet lady—to instil into her virtue and piety, and in using her, besides saying her prayers, to bestow alms with her own hands on prisoners and poor people; and in particular to apply herself to the cure of diseases and wounds, wherein she herself had ever excelled. Mistress Ann, in her childish but withal thoughtful way, chid me that in my own garden were only seen flowers which pleased the senses by their bright colours and perfume, and none of the herbs which tend to the assuagement of pain and healing of wounds; and she made me promise to grow some against the time of her next visit. As we went through the kitchen-garden, she plucked some rosemary and lavender and rue, and many other odoriferous herbs; and sitting down on a bench, she invited me to her side, and discoursed on their several virtues and properties with a pretty sort of learning which was marvellous in one of her years. She showed me which were good for promoting sleep, and which for cuts and bruises, and of a third she said it eased the heart.

"Nay, Mistress Ann," I cried, "but that must be a heartsease;" at which she smiled, and answered,

"My grandam says the best medicines for uneasy hearts are the bitter herb confession, and the sweet flower absolution."

"Have you yet made your first communion, Mistress Ann?" I asked in a low voice, at which question a bright colour came into her cheek, and she replied:

"Not yet; but soon I may. I was confirmed not long ago by the good Bishop of Durham; and at my grandmother's seat I am to be instructed by a Catholic priest who lives there."

"Then you do not go to Protestant service?" I said.

"We did," she answered, "for a short time, whilst we stayed at the Charterhouse; but my grandam has understood that it is not lawful for Catholics, and she will not be present at it herself, or suffer us any more to attend it, neither in her own house nor at his grace's."

While we were thus talking, the two little ladies, her sisters, came from the house, having craved leave from the governess to run

out into the garden. Mistress Mary was a pale delicate child, with soft loving blue eyes; and Mistress Bess, the youngest, a merry imp, whose rosy cheeks and dimpling smiles were full of glee and merriment.

"What ugly sober flowers are these, Nan, that thou art playing with?" she cried, and snatched at the herbs in her sister's lap. "When I marry my Lord William Howard, I'll wear a posy of roses and carnations."

"When I am married," said little Mistress Mary, "I will wear nothing but lilies."

"And what shall be thy posy, Nan?" said the little saucy one again, "when thou dost wed my Lord Surrey?"

"Hush, hush, madcaps!" cried Mistress Ann. "If your grandam was to hear you, I doubt not but the rod would be called for."

Mistress Mary looked round affrighted, but little Mistress Bess said in a funny manner, "Prithee, Nan, do rods then travel?"

"Ay; by that same token, Bess, that I heard my lady bid thy nurse take care to carry one with her."

"It was nurse told me I was to marry my Lord William, and Madge my Lord Thomas, and thee, Nan, my Lord Surrey, and brother pretty Meg Howard," said the little lady pouting; "but I won't tell grandam of it an it would be like to make her angry."

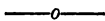
"I would be a nun!" Mistress Mary cried.

"Hush!" her elder sister said; "that is foolish talking, Madge; my grandmother told me so when I said the same thing to her a year ago. Children do not know what Almighty God intends them to do. And now methinks I see Uncle Labourn making as if he would call us to the house, and there are the horses coming to the door. We must needs obey the summons. Prithee, Mistress Constance, do not forget me."

Forget her! No. From that day to this years have passed over our heads and left deep scars on our hearts. Divers periods of our lives have been signalised by many a strange passage: we have rejoiced, and, oftener still, wept together; we have met in trembling, and parted in anguish: but through sorrow and through joy, through evil report and good report, in riches and in poverty, in youth and in age, I have blessed the day when first I met thee, sweet Ann Dacre, the fairest, purest flower which ever grew on a noble stem.

Recollections of an Old City.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.



SOME friends of mine, who have been visiting Geneva recently, said to me: "It is quite altered since you were there. You would not know it again. It is a splendid city now: all the shabby streets are gone." And they began to enumerate the changes which had taken place since we spent a summer by Lake Lemán, and which to me seemed deplorable.

There is something perplexing and provoking in being told that a place you knew is altered. You keep a certain image in your mind; you remember that this street was in the shadow, that such a corner house was sunlit; that through yon open gate you saw a quiet courtyard, with a trickling fountain, and a glimpse of green garden and waving trees and breezy sky; and you like the picture, such as it is: but, lo and behold you! improvement steps in, and your picture is gone for ever. The street has been widened; the corner house has been pulled down; the garden is built upon; and if you visit the spot again, you look upon it with sorrow and doubt, and feel that keen and bitter sense—the bitterest we can know, after that of sin—the sense of something lost.

The Geneva of to-day may be magnificent; but the Geneva of a few years back had charms which this has certainly relinquished. Its gates were already gone; but it still had its old fortifications—green mounds, where children played, and peaceful ditches, in which market-gardeners grew salad. Seen from the quays and the bridges, the city looked a fine modern city enough, facing the lake, and with a background of noble mountains. But behind that fair exterior what dear, delightful, dismal old streets,—some steep, like stairs, and provided with banisters,—lanes and alleys and vaulted passages! What ancient houses, with high turrets, conical roofs, and all sorts of projections! and to these houses what crazy wooden fronts, that seemed as if they must creak with every blast! Well might they look misanthropic and stern. Into these houses I confess I never entered. They were charmingly picturesque; but, like all pictures, they were evidently meant to be looked at. Some idea of them I got, however, by glancing over *La Feuille d'Avis*, a little sheet of advertisements which appeared three times a week. One of these advertisements referred to an apartment "on the second floor in the third yard." I often

tried to imagine this third yard. Another advertisement convinced me that, the territory of the Republic being small, lodging-room was naturally scarce. It ran thus: "To let: an alcove" (a recess for a bed in a room) "to a moral man."

Amongst the changes with which I cannot quarrel is that in the number of furnished apartments. They are abundant now, it seems; they were few and far between at that time, and travellers who did not like hotels or boarding-houses had to put up with indifferent accommodation. We lived in a large new house, commanding a fine view of the lake. It was one of the best, but it was certainly very strangely built; unlike a Parisian house, save in size, and at the antipodes of a London one. From under the arched gateway to the fifth floor rose a sort of wall, with banisters to it. The staircase was on one of the four sides of this wall, on the other three were four doors and four kitchen-windows to each floor. Heads were out of these windows from morning till night: children's heads, thick with curls; heads of idle servant-girls, whose persons leaned on red arms lazily folded. But this was not all: on the other side of the staircase there were arched windows that looked into a little triangular court, and in that court more windows appeared. The gossiping that went on from morning till night, the bickerings and the chatterings of that double Babel, words cannot tell.

Our landlady was a retired hotel-keeper, sharp, hard, and keen, a thorough business Genevese, with subtle black eyes and a quick tongue. She rented one of the flats in the house for her own benefit, and for that of foreigners in distress. Her only other lodger, besides ourselves, was an Italian refugee, who was also an artist. He was just then engaged in painting portraits of ancestors for a gentleman who was not sure that he had ever had any. One was that of a judge in a square beard, ruff, and ermine; another beamed forth from the canvas in long locks, Vandyke collar, red velvet, and armour; a third had an ample periwig and a laced coat; a fourth wore powder and sombre habiliments. There were also two ladies, one of whom was dressed as a shepherdess. This neat little family party were put out to dry at the artist's window—it was there I saw them; and as fast as they were finished, they were framed magnificently, and sent off to the mansion of their descendant.

Knowing but little of republics then—I mean, practically—I was surprised to find so much of aristocratic feeling in this one. But titles are only one of the forms of aristocracy; and according to all the accounts I heard, the English Howards, or the French Montmorencies, or the Scotch and Irish sept themselves, could not be prouder of their birth than the aristocracy of Geneva.

Their haunt was, and no doubt is still, around St. Pierre—far from the lake and the quays, and the shops and the noise of commerce. The upper town, as it was called, had a very solemn and antique look. Around the old cathedral extended cloister-like streets, so calm and silent were they, with fine old trees, and fountains that plashed in the shade. The stone houses were gray with age, the iron-bound gates and balconies were rusty and mouldering; the grass-grown courts seemed to know no tread; silence and repose marked the spot where the Genevese aristocracy then brooded over their defeat. For there had been a revolution in this territory fifty miles square, and power had been wrenched from the hands of the great old families, and a democratic mob had triumphed in the land.

This conquered oligarchy kept up its dignity, however. It consisted of old and honourable Genevese families, some of whom had won titles abroad in the service of foreign princes; and, titled or not, it was obstinately and unyieldingly exclusive. I was told that a first generation of parvenus was rarely admitted within its ranks, yet that wealthy tradesmen would be more welcome than men enriched by gambling in the stocks. Bankers were named to me who pined in vain to enter that charmed circle: the Peri had a better chance of Paradise than they had of Saint Pierre. Yet the Genevese are apt to boast that it takes three Jews to make one of their bankers.

We had friends in Geneva, natives of the city, and as kind and hospitable as strangers need ever wish to meet with. I did my best to obtain information from them concerning the social state of this the smallest, but in many respects the most interesting, of the twenty-two Swiss Cantons. It was no easy task: they were willing, but they were accustomed to all that was new to me. I had to observe and learn for myself: and not being able to go deep, I was satisfied, perforce, with a few glimpses of things.

Two facts struck me when we first arrived—the absence of handsome carriages and liveries, and a dearth of beggars. I thought at first there were no poor in the place. I learned afterwards that there were some, unfortunately, but that they were proud, and hid. I was not prepared, however, for a fact which, like most significant facts, I ascertained by chance, namely, that though vice, intemperance, and their companion poverty, were to be found in Geneva, there was no such thing in the whole place as that establishment over which we see the three golden balls in London, or the tricolour flag in Paris.

"What!" I said to my informant, "you actually have no pawn-broker?"

"No," he replied with a smile; "we have people who lend money on security, but they are much despised."

Amongst the modern changes which were contemplated in Geneva, I was told that one was the introduction of *rouge et noir*. Would it be wonderful if the *mont de piété* came in too?

Notwithstanding the aristocracy which dwelt in Saint Pierre, I found republicanism and commerce very plainly stamped on the Genevese. One feature in their language was significant of business habits. Like the English, they spared time by shortening words; a sure sign of the practical predominating over the poetic faculty. In talking of their streets they omitted the useless word "rue;" and I was rather startled to hear a pretty girl of their aristocracy mention the public library as "The Public." The working-classes I found independent, stiff, and scarcely civil. They never stand on ceremony with people for the sake of a finer coat or a better dress than that which they may themselves chance to wear. I once stood under an arched doorway in one of the popular streets, waiting for a shower of rain to cease. From the bottom of the alley a rough voice called out "Mademoiselle!" Not thinking I was the person addressed, I did not look round. "Ma bonne demoiselle," repeated the voice: this time I turned, and saw an old applewoman. "Do help me down with this basket," she said civilly, but familiarly; "here have I been waiting ever so long for some one or other to give me a lift."

That she should get "a lift" was evidently a matter of course in the old lady's republican creed. I felt very happy to give her the assistance she required; for her basket, I am proud to say, was not a light one. But this is only the friendly side of republican equality. I witnessed another of its aspects from our windows, which sickened me. Fearful cries made me look out, and in the street below, I saw a young man seized by four stout fellows, and tossed in a blanket till they were tired with the sport. No one meddled; many looked on and laughed. It was only a joke, I was told afterwards; and these sort of jokes, I was also told, were rather frequent in the working-classes.

This want of refinement, to call it by the very mildest word, was enough to shake one's faith in the power of book-knowledge. The Genevese working men and women are very well informed. The Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, who had a house for the education of Catholic children, told us that the standard of education which they considered good enough for Paris children would not answer the Genevese Catholics. On the subject of religion I could not get any thing like information. My friends, who were all Protestants, seemed to feel sore when it was alluded to; and all I learned was the general knowledge that atheism, and infidelity, and dissent were hard at work in this old and once formidable stronghold of Calvinism.

But I am bound to confess that Geneva social and religious did

not seem to me any thing so attractive as Geneva picturesque. Few cities have been so favoured by Nature as this. What do we know about skies and their aspects, about light and its changes, in cities built in plains? We saw the lake from our windows, and its changes seemed to me as infinite and as rapid as those of the sea. I have seen it crimson and gold at sunrise; glassy gray in calm weather; brilliantly blue when the north wind rose, with sudden dashes of emerald green, as some cloud passed over it; neutral tint, as the sky changed, with streaks of inky blackness and touches of white foam, on which followed violet, dark or pale. No artist would dare to paint such realities; as to the effects of light and mist, they were as marvellous as any Turner ever showed us. There were mornings when, without fog in the streets, the sky, the mountains, and the lake, visible, but not distinct, were seen through a soft yet glittering haze, that made it impossible to tell where each ended and the other began.

The lake is, of course, the great attraction of Geneva; next to it comes the Rhone. It was then spanned by little wooden bridges; and old rickety houses, also of wood, resting on pillars, rose from its waters. Rows of washerwomen knelt in roofed boats and scrubbed and slapped away Genevese linen. It was something to stand on one of those bridges and look at the populous city, with bits of blue mountain in the distance, whilst below the glorious river, after crossing the lake, rushed on swift as a torrent to meet the white Arve coming down from the glaciers of Mont Blanc. Its waters were of the darkest greenish blue, touched with foam, deep as a flood, yet so transparently clear, that from where we stood we could count every pebble in their bed. They sped on past the town, through banks of bright verdure, with old water-mills, above which rose pleasant gardens and white houses, and beyond them all the Jura deeply blue.

The country-houses around Geneva are numerous and very delightful summer abodes. So deep and exquisite is the luxury of a country residence in this beautiful scenery, that the very working-men often take a room for the summer, go to it on a Saturday night, and return on the Monday morning to their weekly toil. In one of these pleasant chalets we were frequent visitors. Love, peace, and joy then dwelt in that abode. Dreary changes have taken place since that time: death and sorrow have stepped in; the aged have sunk into the grave; children have bloomed into youth and died; the strong have been cut off in their prime; and those who were spared have made themselves another home in another land. Some other happy family now enjoys that pleasant old house, with its low dark rooms, and its garden, whence we so often saw the sun set on Mont Blanc.

Mont Blanc is the great lion of Geneva, but he is not a lion that can be seen daily. We spent six weeks watching for him from the bridge, whence he is seen best, before we could catch a glimpse of him. We began to think him a myth or an impostor, when one evening he suddenly surprised us by making his appearance. After that we saw him frequently; always towards sunset, if we could. It is a grand sight: as day declines, the lake, the mountains, become all gold; then dark creeping shadows invade them, stealthily stealing higher and higher. Whilst all beneath is cool and gloomy, Mont Blanc, triumphing in his height, turns rosy red on the pale sky. This is the time of his glory, fleeting, though exquisitely beautiful. Soon the vivid hues turn paler and paler and fade away, then vanish. A coldness like that of death gathers around every snowy peak; green livid tints settle in every cleft; mists shroud the whole; and, seen through them, still rises the great mountain—the giant spectre of the night.

The Genevèse are great pedestrians, and ladies think nothing of taking a twenty miles' walk in the surrounding mountains. We undertook one of these excursions with our friends. We walked up the Salève; lunched in Savoy; took a carriage and had a drive in France; and spent the evening in Geneva. There are other excursions less trying and even more beautiful than this, though it seemed magical then to me. Nothing could exceed the variety and loveliness of the wild-flowers on our way up the mountain; and what a prospect was that we enjoyed when we had reached its summit! On either side of us spread a vast cultivated plain, fertile and beautiful. The Jura bounded that to our left, Mont Blanc that to our right; descending from its glaciers, the Arve, whose waters preserve in summer the chillness of snow, flowed white and glittering through Savoy to meet the Rhone beyond Geneva. The city we had left in the morning now lay below us, like a field of tiles; whilst Lake Leman, a clear and calm mirror, spread away for miles. Whichever way we looked, whichever way we turned, our view was limited by nothing less than mountains or sky.

Excursions to the towns and villages on the banks of the lake are, thanks to steamboats, cheap and easy. I remember one which we took in the month of July, and during which—it lasted three days—we were favoured with unbroken fine weather, to the delight and admiration of our Genevèse friends, so variable and treacherous is the climate. We visited Lausanne, Villeneuve, Chillon, Montreux, and Vevay, and saw some of the most exquisite scenery mortal eyes can behold. The country around Geneva is very beautiful, but you must not expect the wildness or the romance of nature there; these

she keeps for the narrow but grand region which is called the *fond du lac*. Near Geneva the lake spreads large and clear between green and cultivated coasts, with here and there pretty-looking towns and villages that seem to dip in the cool waters. On the left, the long blue line of Jura bounds the horizon, enclosed on the right by the mountains of Savoy, beyond which, miles away, rise the white Alps and kingly Mont Blanc. This is fine; but it is as one approaches Ouchy, which lies at the foot of Lausanne, that the scenery becomes striking. The red-tile roofs and spires of Lausanne rise on a height; a steep road leads to the town—a real Alpine city. You see broad streets, houses, and shops, and you fancy yourself in the centre of tame, commonplace civilisation; but you chance to look up—lo! there is a green grassy bank rising above the roofs, with trees through which the breeze is blowing; you look down—behold a valley with a torrent and a noisy water-mill. A very fine bridge puzzled me much. I peeped over the parapet and saw green gardens, houses, orchards, banks of trees, any thing and every thing but the river, though I heard a low rushing sound of flowing water. The street staircases beat Geneva hollow. We went up and down some that might have led one to the tower of Babel.

I am not sure that Lausanne possesses many lions; at all events, we visited but one—the cathedral. The summer sun shone brightly in the clear cool aisles. But how vacant looked that noble church, now that it was deserted by the faith for which and by which it had been built, and possessed by that cold form of worship which vainly tried to fill it! I looked in vain for the pictures, the ex-votos, the altars, and, above all, for the poor and the needy and the sorrowful, who in former times would have been found here kneeling and praying, seeking and finding consolation. We were alone with the keeper, a decent woman, who in a monotonous voice told us the little there was to tell, and showed us a few tombstones. In one, significant relic of the past to the present, slept a Pope of the Middle Ages; I have forgotten his name and history, and do not know what strange storm of troubled times brought him so far from the See of St. Peter to a foreign shore, soon to become an alien one.

The views from Lausanne are celebrated: the finest is that from the Signal, a high commanding spot which looks down over the whole city. We went to it through a lovely green valley and a pleasant little wood; and though the heat was great, we stayed there until sunset. The Signal is a narrow green enclosure, shaded by a few trees. We found seats, a young woman who kept refreshments, a screaming baby, a lame dog, and a shabby, bearded, but intelligent-looking man with a telescope. He proved to be the husband of the

young woman, and the father of the baby. He entered into conversation with us, and informed us that he had made his telescope; that he could make clocks, watches, pictures on glass, and the prettiest little wire men and women, which, being enclosed in a bottle of water, proved, heaven knows how, the pressure of air. Seeing that I looked dull and stupid, he kindly stooped to an example. Having respectfully begged my permission, he took hold of my left thumb, informed me that I was to consider it the cork of an imaginary bottle, and, by a few good squeezes, illustrated the pressure of air on the said bottle to the full satisfaction of the poor cork.

I am afraid that all these mechanical inventions had done little for the poor fellow's prosperity. He questioned us about Geneva. He seemed to contemplate visiting it; he evidently suspected that people were fonder of looking through telescopes there than they were, it seems, in Lausanne. His wife was a sly little thing with a babyish voice. She told us how she made an Englishman look through the telescope. He was leaving the Signal without doing so, when quite carelessly, *sans faire semblant de rien*, she went and looked. "I see Thonon," she said to her husband; "I see Evian. I see a white cow; I see a red one." The red cow proved irresistible; the victim yielded to his fate, and, *généreux comme un étranger*, left a silver franc behind him. Now, in this seeming *naïveté* I saw a good deal of shrewdness. Your innocent people, who seem to open their little wiles to you, are the most dangerous schemers! What could we do after this but look through the telescope, and lay down our franc?

I confess I have completely forgotten the marvels the telescope showed us; but I never can forget the view from the Signal. Standing in Switzerland, we looked on Savoy. We saw the lake in its full extent, and in all its windings, for forty miles and more. The view was finest towards the Valais. There Lemane slept in the shadow of stern and rugged mountains—lovely child for so wild a cradle! Some of these mountains were half clothed with chestnut-trees, and had a look of southern softness and verdure; others were either covered with gloomy firs, or rose barren and dreary; immense quarries of stone, whence all the towns on the lake, from Geneva to Villeneuve, were built. The outlines of all were bold, precipitous, and fantastic. One spot, no doubt on account of its terrible beauty, was called La Roche d'Enfer. When the red sunlight fell upon it and defined it on the sky with its deep shadows, that seemed like yawning pits and unfathomed abysses, it did look as if scathed by fire of the Evil One. It gave me what I could not have thought that a mountain with a lake between it and me would give me—a sense of uneasiness and dread.

Views, however fine, are seldom perfect at noonday; the air quivers with heat, the intense light dazzles the eyes: but at sunset what a change! On this evening it was magical. The glorious disk went down without a cloud behind the darkness of Jura. The lake became of a deep liquid blue, light purple mists spread over it, and floated like a cool veil around the base of the opposite mountains, whilst their summits of rock or snow reddened fast in a pale sky. Alas! these are the aspects of nature that make one long to be lyrical: the subtle voice of song alone can give them back; and even then how weakly! There is but one great poet for every generation; and, whilst he alone can speak, the rest must feel and be mute, or acknowledge in their very language the powerlessness of words to tell the glories of that magnificence which the most ignorant as well as the most gifted can see.

The next morning we went down to Ouchy for the steamer which was to take us on to Villeneuve. We now entered the wilder and more beautiful, though also more restricted, part of the lake. The Jura was soon hidden, the larger towns vanished, every where the lake was enclosed by the mountains of Vaud and of Savoy, with here and there a white village rising among vineyards, or seen from beneath the broad shadow of chestnut-trees. We passed by Vevay and Chillon, which, as soon as we had left Villeneuve, an ugly little town, we went to visit. The massive and turreted old chateau rises from the lake in a wild spot, with nothing in view save waters smooth and deep, steep mountains, and beyond their rocks and snows the broad clear sky.

I had travelled but little then, and had no experience of cicerones. About Chillon I had kept myself in that state of vague half-knowledge which leaves something to the imagination; but, *bongré, malgré*, like the wedding-guest detained by the mariner, I now had to hear all about it. Our tormentor was the keeper of the place, a fat red man, melting with the heat of a July morning. He led us to Bonnivard's dungeon; and never feeling the rebuke of that solemn old vault,—with its slits through which daylight scarcely filters, its stone pillars to which prisoners were chained until their weary feet wore out the floor of rock, its walls that still bear the dreary mementoes of their captivity—all things that seemed to me to implore silence and peace,—he began in the following breathless style: "The origin of Chillon is lost in the gloom of time," &c. When he had despatched Bonnivard, he showed us the captive's pillar, and on the walls around the names of Byron, Shelley, Lamartine, and *tutti quanti*. So that whosoever felt tempted to add another name to so many names famous and obscure—and it required little celebrity to

be on this dreadful man's list—was aware beforehand of thereby belonging to this precious exhibition. We were next shown the black beam from which prisoners were hung, the stone on which Jews were massacred—in short, all the dismal horrors of a fortress in the Middle Ages. After which, we were coolly handed over to Caroline—a prim pale girl in a round straw hat. The papa—or the master of Caroline, I know not which—evidently kept to himself all the dainty tragic tit-bits of the chateau, and left her the dull uninteresting drudgery of empty rooms, old cannons, and so on. Epicurean old gentleman! Chillon was his book, which he was ever improving, rounding, smoothing, and publishing, without having ever had the trouble of writing it.

From Chillon we walked to Montreux. We left the high-road, which was burning, and went up a narrow and shady path high in the mountains. Above us green slopes rose on the blue sky, and descended below us to the very edge of the lake, as clear and as blue. There were few vineyards, but many pastures, thickly strewn with broad chestnut and walnut trees, beneath which we often rested. Every now and then we came on some mountain-stream leaping down the rocks. The views were fine, but often broken. Sometimes we walked in a grassy woodland. Then a sudden opening seemed to bring us to the very heart of the mountains; then trees parted, and the hidden lake once more appeared below us like a bright picture.

We stopped at Montreux, where we were to spend the night. From the church of Montreux we got our last glimpse of Chillon. This little house of God, which is too ancient not to have belonged to an older worship than that which now owns it, stands lone and gray on the slope of the mountain. Facing the porch is a low building: the rustic parish-library, with a poor-box, and English and French verses soliciting charity. A bench resting against the wall awaited the tired traveller; around extended a little terrace. An old woman, who sat and knitted whilst she minded children playing, pointed out to us an old stone font which lay buried in the grass; a low wall enclosed the whole place—ah, how small it was!—over which trees cast their shade. On that wall we sat, looking at Chillon. We saw it far below us, rising white and cool from the glassy lake, with its background of mountains. In the trees overhead the birds sang sweetly, and somewhere near us flowed an invisible stream, heard not seen. It seemed to me then that a spot more wild, more lovely, more fit to haunt memory, I should never see; nor have I seen such.

We left it, thinking we should assuredly return on some future

day. We walked to Vevay, following solitary paths, crossing shallow streams on shaking bridges of planks, every where surrounded by scenery so wild and romantic that when we reached Vevay, and saw the fine view for which it is celebrated, we regretted more what we had left behind than what we had now found. The next day the steamer took us back to Geneva.

This, too, when we left it a few weeks later for the south, we thought we should see again. Every time we passed through some pleasant spot, through some bright landscape, or fine old Italian city, we indulged in the same hope. But when was life shaped according to its desires? Time has consumed days and years since then, and of all the places we saw in the long space of two years, but one has been revisited; the rest remain in the background of memory, gradually fading away, until some chance word, some unexpected incident, calls them up once more. The new Geneva made me think of the old; and this brought with it a succession of bright and noble landscapes, of vivid images, which I should be glad to think that I have painted in words, if I did not know that words are cold and poor when they attempt such glorious realities.

The French Exhibition of 1864.

It is but a few years since the schools of French and English art were all but unknown to each other. Amongst the professors of each there were, doubtless, minds of more excursive range, who knew pretty well what their neighbours were about. They were, however, the minority in a mass. It cannot be said that the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* theorem was, in this instance, exemplified. On the contrary, the French gave the much-disrelished islander a mere minimum of credit for initiation into the mysteries of either palette or chisel; while the Briton, toiling sedulously, and with high ambition of rivaling, at least, the old masters of Holland and Flanders, associated the whole of Frenchmen's labours with the pseudo-classic school of David—with Napoleonic battle-pieces, and with such landscape as had been made ingeniously familiar with the walls of hotel saloons.

The great year 1855—that jubilee of art—which, in Paris, brought all the schools of the Christian world into concourse, terminated effectually this strange and unnatural mystification and alienation. Then, close beside those vast halls, where all the varieties of French pictorial inspiration, from its pretentious epic down to the diamond Meissonier miniatures, were ranged, like a *grande armée*, the English gallery presented an abundant array of its characteristic cabinet canvases. It must be confessed, however, that the recognition, on this occasion, of the British stranger was neither particularly courteous nor flattering. French artists and French critics affected a gape of wonderment at what they would fain have depreciated as something—take it for all in all—at once original, abnormal, and bizarre. In England we had been habitually firm in the faith that ours was a supreme school for colour. Whatever might be our weaknesses in other quarters, there, at all events, we had emulated the great spirits of the *cinque cento*; but, behold! all this vanished before the fastidiousness of the critics, whose lucubrations teemed through the French press; and About, their master-spirit, in his review of the British collection, after having dismissed unceremoniously Mulready, Landseer, and Maclise, condescended to concede thus far, and no farther:

“Cependant l'Angleterre a des colorists. Si je disais qu'elle en a beaucoup, je mentirais, comme M. Barnum; mais elle a quelques-uns. Comptons sur nos doigts: M. Knight, Sir C. Eastlake, M. Poole, M. Danby. Voilà quatre peintres de genre qui sont Anglais,

qui ont du talent, et qui peignent avec une brosse et non pas avec un clou."

Since the epoch, as it may be styled, when such good-tempered and honest strictures were distributed—when it was recorded that all English painters, except the happy four named, laid on their colours *rather with a nail than a brush*, a considerable and sustained intimacy has grown up between the two schools, though far more, it must be admitted, to the substantial advantage of French artists than of ours. A continuous series of exhibitions of their productions makes London cognisant of the merits of their *élite*, and, happily for them, directs a flow of British gold to their ateliers, with rates of return yielding, compared with ordinary continental prices, a most material *ad valorem* augmentation. There is but little reciprocity in this matter; for Paris sees but few English easel creations, and, for the most part, but knows of them through the ineffective medium of engravings. This is, in no slight measure, owing to London, in its vast wealth, being the market-gulf for all manner of produce, physical and intellectual. Thus the population of Paris is not unfrequently on the brink of *émeute*, when empty *halles* make known the fact, that all the vegetables of the day have been transmitted to the shores of *perfidie Albion*.

Familiarised, as we now are, with the merits of French art, as well as moved by a general liberal interest in its various presentments, a notice of the Exhibition which opened at the commencement of May will probably be not unacceptable to the readers of our periodical. It is rendered remarkable by this being the first year of the new annual system which has now been adopted in Paris, as it has been long the practice in London. New rules have also been introduced for trial in the management of the Exhibition, which cannot but prove interesting to the profession. In the first place, the merits of pictures, in reference to the occasion, are now submitted to a jury elected, for three-fourths of its members, by the body of artists, who have already received honours; the remaining fourth being nominated by the Government. By a jury also is the question of honours, *i.e.* medals, to be decided. No artist is to forward more than two works to be displayed. Without pausing to make any comment upon these innovations, we shall proceed to give all that can well be permitted, by our distribution of space, to a general review of the works exposed in the spacious saloons and the central garden of the *Palais de l'Industrie*.

Even on a first *coup-d'œil*, a marvellous change attracts attention between this and past French Exhibitions—*viz.* a diminution next door to disappearance of the military element, and the substitution, in

its place, of sacred subjects. Even on the walls of the noble vestibule of the central saloon, where the two great flights of stairs meet, instead of the accustomed miscellanea of subjects, five of a deeply religious theme meet the eye. One of these must arrest the visitor's attention, being a copy, by M. Paul Blaize, of Raphael's "Vision of Ezekiel," painted on tile, and rendered part and parcel thereof by encaustic process. Through the employment of this agent, a long-desired but hitherto unattained expedient for subjecting painting to the most severe atmospheric visitations—even on the exterior walls of churches—may be considered as attained. It is only to be hoped that the zeal of the operator in this experiment may be fully rewarded by the discovery of some further process, through which the glaring reflex from the surface of the tile may be modified away. As it is, here we have a potent copy of one of the most sublime inspirations of "*Il divino*," which may be exposed, without apprehension of injury, to the worst influences of sun or storm.

On passing from this vestibule into the great central saloon, a total and mysterious change seems to come upon us, "like the sweet south," or any other gentle, in place of a turbulent, element. Here the poor *pequin* of the Paris *pavé* had ever been, as it were, prescriptively plunged into all the horrors of war. The blind man associated the colour of scarlet, as described to him, with the sound of a trumpet; so all these battle-fields or blood-reeking breaches, obtruding their literal horrors upon one, on all sides, seemed to fill the air with the rattle of tin drums and rifled muskets, and one's nerves were paralysed with the imaginary thunders of artillery flashing far or near. All that is here, for the nonce at least, changed; one full-sized illustration of war alone seizes the attention of the visitor, and it is not of the truculent class; while, upon glancing round, we find no less than eleven religious subjects intended for church-walls: and, behold! full-length portraits of a cardinal, two bishops, and a judge or two beside, occupy those places of honour, which seemed to have been, by prescriptive right, monopolised by

"Captain, or colonel, or man-at-arms."

The like remark applies to pretty nearly every saloon of the Exhibition, and might be taken to indicate that a higher and better influence had wrought a redeeming revolution in the locality, were it not that a flaringly discordant tale is told in the extraordinary redundancy of those undraped immodesties, utterly gross, in the worst sense of the term, which assuredly, like their originals, should be reserved for the mysteries of the studio. In these we have but the glaring evidence of that prevalent pruriency which mingles disproportionately

in almost all French lighter works of either literature or art, and which vitiates Parisian printshop-windows—even in establishments of highest pretensions—with elegant obscenities :

—“ nec sævior ulla
Pestis et ira Deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.”

Recent death has deprived France of some of her school's greatest masters—Delaroche, Vernet, and Hypolite Flandrin—in whom, but more especially the first and last, that tone of genuinely elevated inspiration was found, which might best have rebuked and counteracted—cure it could not—this favourite vice. Successors worthy to fill the places they have vacated have not as yet appeared; although Cabanel, whose exquisitely poetic and solemn picture of “The Christian Martyr,” and Barrias, so well introduced, a few years since, from Rome, by the epic elevation and pathos of his “Exiles of Tiberius,” seem both to have in them the elements of a congenial ambition. Their loss might be supposed to cause a most serious void in the present Exhibition, more particularly as some of the younger favourites of the school—such as Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, and Cabanel to whom we have alluded—have not found it convenient to contribute on this occasion; but, singular as it may seem, so abundant has been the development of good art in France, more particularly in landscape and in the indefinitely wide range of composition styled *genre*, that no general impression of weakness will be felt by the skilled eye in a strict scrutiny of these saloons.

If, however, a void in native good things might have been discernible, it so happens that a corps of foreign auxiliaries comes in sufficient strength to redeem the default. Singularly enough it is, and equally felicitous, that almost all these contributions from the *extérieur* are above an average merit. This may be attributed to the probability that only those foreign artists, who have reason to entertain a conviction of having produced successful works, venture to forward their canvases to the judgment and award of a French jury. Mortifying, indeed, it would be to have a picture sent home across France, peradventure by *petite vitesse*, with a brand of rejection upon it. Be that as it may, it must be admitted by impartial observers that, taking the whole foreign pictures here exhibited *en masse*, they would counterbalance almost any equal number of French works selected from the vast collection in which they form so small a minority. It may also be emphatically affirmed, that in these works, for the most part, a special characteristic of style—an idiosyncrasy—is discernible; and this must be the more jealously insisted upon, inasmuch as we find one of the most popular French critics assert, in

most piquant self-sufficiency, most sparkling richness of witty protest, most—shall it be added?—refined effrontery, as follows :

“ En résumé, l'école anglaise est la seule au monde qui ne relève pas de la nôtre, et qui ait gardé une originalité marquée.”

The absurd recklessness of this assertion, when directed towards the great German school of Bavaria, is obvious. Although not so glaringly inapplicable to the men of Holland and Flanders, it is substantially scarcely less so; and these worthy successors of a noble line of progenitors in art may repel such modest suggestions with the ridicule they merit. The latter might challenge France, or indeed all Europe, to give a rival to that Gallait, who, to subjects of highest historic interest, has brought a transcendent ministration of art. Oh, most rare combination! But, after all, let the most facetious and satiric of French writers answer himself as to the originality and didactic authority of his French school. Some score pages onward from where the above extract came in, and in total oblivion of its past enunciation, he thus appreciates his countrymen :

“ Aujourd'hui l'école française n'est qu'une immense collection d'individualités diverses, ou plutôt il n'y a pas plus d'école française. Ce n'est pas que tous nos artistes soient originaux : l'un imite les Hollandais, l'autre les Vénitiens, l'autre les Florentins, l'autre les Espagnols, l'autre son voisin.”

While, as has been remarked, the field has in this instance been relinquished by the accustomed military phalanxes, and in their place came in a concourse of sacred illustrations, it must be confessed that the change has been to little purpose. No artist has, in fact, appeared worthy to succeed him who has just departed—that Hypolite Flandrin, through whom the sincere verve of solemn inspiration had breathed; whose processional frescoes (to proceed no farther) on the frieze of St. Vincent de Paul may rank amongst the most elevated and refined creations of modern art; who, in fine, well merited that glowing biographical tribute which, in one of the leading art-periodicals of the day, has been devoted to his memory by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Nismes.

There are but few, indeed, of the very numerous sacred canvases found in this collection of which the continued contemplation would not prove a severe penance; so generally do they amalgamate ambition and defective taste in both conception and execution. There are, however, two works by Jobbé-Duval—a pupil of Paul Delaroche and Gleyre—illustrative of the life of St. Francis de Sales, which are assuredly exceptions to this stricture. They display both feeling in expression and a subtle skill in grouping. They are alone deficient in power, not in harmony of colour. They well deserve the honours

of the chief saloon, and we trust will be the precursors of some future great things.

The single great military canvas—great from being worthy the vast halls of Versailles, and which holds the place of honour in the central saloon—is from the well-known pencil of Janet-Lange, pupil of Vernet. There is an artistic moral impressed upon this fine work which rebukes those wide scenes of slaughter, those accumulated commonplace horrors of battle, that go to illustrate how

“Ten thousand perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron,”

with which we have, in this quarter, so habitually offended. It tells in a single incident, expressed with the vividness of a lightning-flash, the story of a wide and fearful contest. The subject illustrated is the attack and defeat of the Mexican cavalry by Colonel Brincourt, at the head of the Chasseurs d’Afrique. A single gallant Mexican cavalier, in his most picturesque costume, occupies the whole front of the canvas. Man and horse, large as life, sweep transversely across, in wild retreat, through a wilderness of prickly cactus; while half-way turned round in his saddle, the rider prepares a desperate back-thrust of his lance for the French leader, who gains fearfully upon him. The dim forms of other chasseurs perceptible in the background, amid clouds of smoke and dust, indicate the headlong rout, of which this is the distinct revelation. All that is in the foreground here would have done honour to the hand of JERICHAULT. It seems to compel the spectator to hold his breath for a while.

In striking contrast to this Homeric canvas is one immediately beneath, also military, but comparatively—shall it be said?—

“In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman.”

Not exactly; but yet a very small surface; not more than would accommodate the head of the Mexican above. This, peradventure, is the gem of the whole collection—the long and eagerly expected historic miniature of Meissonier, “*L’Empereur à Solferino*.” It has a companion at the opposite side of the saloon—Napoleon, 1814, or Napoleon on his retreat after Leipsic. These meet the inquiry, how the dealer in daguerreotype *genre* and interiors would grapple with a high historic theme in landscape and daylight. He has come out of the trial *Arcadiâ judice*—that is, in the judgment, as it would seem, of his Arcadian professional brothers—with complete success and a great accession of honour. The first-named picture represents the Emperor Napoleon III. at the battle of Solferino, on horseback, somewhat towards the middle distance of the composition, with his staff be-

hind him, while he notes the progressive and final attack on the distant castled heights. He is on the edge of a ravine—around and beyond, the country is broken and undulating, until it swells up to the Austrian strong position. Although the chief figure is thus at a considerable distance from the eye of the spectator, and, in pose, turned nearly three-quarters away, yet the figure and contour of the individual is given with such singular fidelity, that it must at once be recognised. So also is it with that of General Fleury, which stands nearest; and it is probable that the same might be affirmed of each component part of the whole group. The entire picture is worked up with conscientious minuteness, without any meanness of effect. Gray clouds, rolled ominously in indication of rain-storm, which closed in the battle, cover the whole sky, and give something of monotony to the aspect of the landscape below. Nevertheless, the general effect of the work is extremely brilliant; and so it might stand beside a Wouvermans. As a historic composition, it has one palpable defect, and that is the absence of the phenomena of a great battle; but for some light lines to indicate files of soldiers mounting to Solferino, there is no revelation of the fearful scene which Napoleon III. contemplated, and with much-tried nerve, on the occasion here illustrated.

The second of Meissonier's pictures gives a view of *the Napoleon* riding at the head of a line of staff and guards over a road deplorably wintry and foul in half-melted snow; while parallel to this foreground line, and in the middle distance, the wayworn columns of the army move mistily along. A more dismal scene could scarcely be depicted. Each individual in its *dramatis personæ* seems to droop in despondency. In the brooding brow of the isolated leader alone, deep forethought and unconquerable resolution are stamped. This picture is finished up to the last-fallen flake of snow. The effect of air which separates the gray charger of the Emperor from the grizzled ground beneath and around, is masterly in the highest degree. When one turns from this retreat, set forth in such unsparing fidelity of horror, and notes the companion, successful Solferino, on the opposite wall—looking upon this picture and upon that, can the conclusion be avoided that M. Meissonier has resolved to lay a most supremely flattering unction to the soul of his good lord and master, Napoleon III.?

Portraiture, like the warlike vein, has been singularly discreet in this Exhibition. If this be owing to the jury system, it is an appreciable advantage. Perhaps, and more likely, it results from all-pervading photographic rivalry?

Winterhalter, as is his mode, flies at the highest game. We have from him a full-length portrait of the Prince Imperial, and a second

bust of the Empress—companion to that which is now so familiarly known from the exquisitely delicate engraving. The Prince's face is painted with great sweetness, but with a slight shadow of sadness, which had been better away. In deleterious harmony with this is an extremely cold and slate-coloured landscape background. On the whole, a more sunny thing would have been more to the purpose. Such we find to be the front face of the Empress, which is executed with the artist's purest tints and firmest touch. It is very lovely, but not more so, be it said, *pace tuâ*, than its original.

A full-length portrait in the chief saloon (No. 502) of a judge standing, in his scarlet robe, from the pencil of an almost unknown artist, Duban, cannot fail to attract the attention of amateur or artist. That difficult monotony of robe is subdued with a master's skill; and the face, thin, subtle, and sagacious, is painted with a *facile* power, which affects without obtruding. It will be surprising if M. Duban become not much more familiar with fame than he has been. A portrait of the Abbé Gabriel by H. Lehmann—a face and figure in which the full development of plumpness could no farther go—is quite a masterpiece of the Ingres school. It is rounded out like a billiard-ball, without perceptible touch—photography of painting. In something of the same style is a portrait by Gerome, but dryer and dryer still, and as far as possible removed from all reminiscence of Titian or Vandyke. In perfect and happy contrast with these will be found the portrait of a lady, by E. Faure. In this charming work there is a graceful and refined style of handling—an obvious handling—without a trace of coarseness, but sparkling with a transparent brilliancy, similar to that which, in a masterpiece of line-engraving, makes mezzotint appear dull. An Eve, by the same artist, ranks in the highest class of that division of subject. In a word, M. Faure progressively realises the hopes which he gave, in past Exhibitions, of winning some of the best honours of his profession. Madame Browne (French, notwithstanding her name), known so familiarly here and in London, since your last great art-review, by her picture of the Sister of Charity and sick child, sustains her repute of a forcible colourist by the portrait of a sweet young girl; and Madame Frédérique O'Connell (*née à Berlin*) still justifies the facetious eulogium of which she has been the subject: "Madame O'Connell peint comme un maître; aveugle qui ne le voit, et injuste qui le nie." Amongst other portrait-painters, who have fairly distinguished themselves on this occasion, we may note the Belgian, De Winne; the Prussian, Schauss; the American, May; the Italian, Marzocchi de Belluchi; the Russian, Tchoumakoff; and the Hungarian, Horovitz.

In the absence of Troyon from this Exhibition, it loses, perhaps, the best of the French landscape masters, who has made pure nature his model, and, without falling into imitation of the great bygone men of the Low Countries, has approached them in honourable rivalry. Daubigny is his best representative, with two scenes which one might fancy to have been dashed on to the canvas "under the greenwood tree," so fresh and pure are they in their deep rich tints. The pupils of this school are, however, too undefined and splashy in their foliage. Strongly contrasted with these, and more especially with their love for the dank verdure of nature, comes M. Corot, in whose poetic fantasies it would be difficult indeed to discover phenomena of this every-day world. His effects are wholly those of an idealist: he produces unquestionably singular effects of "air, thin air," and fables of scenery, perfectly consistent in themselves. His favourite tints are strongly *bleuâtre*—to use a French word—and his trees seem insubstantial in their ever-evanishing undefinedness. M. Corot is a favourite amongst his countrymen, possibly for his accomplished sleight-of-hand: he is decorated. Much his superior, although as yet unhonoured by a ribbon, we take to be M. Felix Thomas, who is *terque felix* in his Views on the Banks of the Tibur. In this the richest tones of the palette are, with exquisite delicacy as well as force, and a certain pearliness of effect very similar to passages in the works of Sir Augustus Calcott, lavished upon a wide and glowing landscape. The golden Tibur, which is inexhaustible in such scenes as these, wherewith all the hearts of the foreign students are gladdened and their pencils inspired, has had another worthy worshipper in M. Lanoüe ("premier grand prix de Rome"), whose view near the Aqua Acetosa, in the Campagna, strongly resembles that of M. Thomas, with much the same gorgeousness of colouring and strongly-felt aerial perspective. The work of M. Lanoüe is elaborated into a harder surface than what we should venture to consider its more masterly comrade-picture. Both artists are now well known to French exhibitions, and have realised the best hopes to which their early honours gave rise.

Amongst the numerous Belgian landscapes in this collection, two by De Cock—views in the neighbourhood of Ghent—will more surely attract notice. They also are stamped with the reality of zealously-studied nature. They are woodland, with rich marshy verdure below, and emulate the dark, deeply-clear tones of Ruysdael. The lighter leaves—those puzzlers of the pencil—pervade the air with an untoward spottiness. There is here a work by Mirani—Italian by name, Dutch by birth—of marvellous minuteness of detail. It represents a forest-scene in winter, finished into porcelain glaze, in which each

crack in the old oak bark, each bough with all its minute ramifications, each pebble on the ground, and every weed or blade of rank grass, is depicted with the semblance of perfect fidelity. Such would be the aspect of the place, seen through the finest order of stereoscope; that is, as little French as possible. Again, one finds the strong native characteristic in Muller of Norway's view of a savage mountain-scene—rock, torrent, heather—in his native land, painted with Scandinavian vigour, and with a faithful sense of harmonic tints in all its parts. The catalogue of this Exhibition is rich in landscapes of more than average merit, forwarded from almost every quarter of Europe.

Various as are the component parts of this collection of oil-paintings—close upon 2000 in number—its greatest interest will be found to lie in its department of *genre*. Contrasted subject and contrasted style in it meet the eye on all sides, with much to admire greatly, much to be amused withal. Perhaps the most remarkable of these, taking it for subject and treatment, is a picture by a Dutch artist, Alma-Tadema. It is named “Les Egyptiens de la xviii^e Dynastie,” and represents a supposed scene in one of the old massy and ponderous-pillared palaces of the Pharaohs; namely, two dancing-girls performing their saltatory evolutions, to the music of two harps, before a small court-circle. Unsparing toil seems to have been devoted by the artist to studying the wondrously transmitted evidence of the customs and costumes of the people at the period. The whole is wrought up with a most accomplished vigorous hand, and by its singularity and apparent reality attracts constant and inconvenient crowds. By a strange coincidence, a cabinet picture, with similar subject—illustrating Africa in our own times—viz. that of an Almée girl performing her voluptuous gyrations before a circle of military chiefs,—here represents the genius of M. Gerome; and from its exquisite delicacy and finish of execution—its picturesque composition and the blending into harmony of many contrasted tints—may be taken to be a masterpiece of that artist. Like the other productions of the same studio, for the most part, it is imbued with an especial pruriency; and in this it is contrasted, in a marked manner, with the work of the Dutch artist. It is to be regretted that so fine a faculty as M. Gerome possesses should be combined with a characteristic so thoroughly deleterious. To find a happy contrast to this work, we turn to a most amusing and masterly canvas of a Spanish artist, Bernardo Ferrandiz. It is entitled “The Tribunal of the Waters of Valencia in 1800,” and illustrates a special Spanish custom in that quarter. There are, it appears, seven canals with sluices for conveying the waters of the river Turia throughout the neigh-

bourhood of Valencia, each canal being under the guardianship of a syndic and sluice-man; and it is the custom for the seven syndics to meet, every Thursday, at the door of the cathedral,—then and there to hear any complaint which their sluice-men may have to make against wrongdoers to the canals. Suppose your New-River Company to have such jurisdiction. Well, this picture of Ferrandiz represents these worthy syndics in judgment-seat, all of a row, and hearing the defence of a dangerously-pretty peasant-girl against some charge. The whole scene here is thoroughly Spanish; and while the costume of the syndics is most picturesque in cut and colour, the expression of their physiognomies is full of quiet humour. The whole work is finely artistic, and gives most agreeable evidence, as do other pictures in this Exhibition, of the progress of fine art in the Peninsula.

The "*Lutteurs de Basse-Bretagne*" is very spiritedly depicted by M. Leleux. The scene is on the greensward, within a wood; a circle of spectators is formed, and within it two wrestlers are engaged in their struggle of strength and skill. There is an especial interest in the illustration of this popular custom to the British spectator. We doubt that the cultivation of the manly practice of wrestling is known in any other quarter of France. It has been transmitted from the old mother country, with the unchanging Breton. Here we have it as it still exists in England and Wales, and two such antagonists might have been seen grappling for the Cornish "hug" at old Chalk Farm, hard by Primrose Hill.

There are several views of interiors, with figures, in this Exhibition, quite masterpieces in their way. We should have placed M. Willems of Belgium at the head of the refined class; for his cabinet subjects of "*L'Accouchée*" and "*La Sortie*," but for the rivalry of the French Toulmache, whose "*La Confiance*" and "*Un Lendemain de Bal*," but more especially the former, unite all that is most delicate in composition, in handling, and in expression. It may be doubted that silk was ever more gracefully and with more silvery sheen represented on canvas than on these four. The spirit of Terburg assisted at their creation.

The two small cabinet pictures by G. R. Boulangers are also gems. The one, "*La Cella Frigidaria*," represents a Turkish bath, in which we may suppose a bevy of the Sultan's favourites enjoy the luxury of the ablution. Negro women attend to administer to the performance; and the contrasts of the fairest fair with the black diamond of the sex is thoroughly piquant. The pencilling of this scene and these figures is a perfect union of delicacy and force. A second small picture, from the same hand, represents a few Arab cavaliers on the scout in the Sahara wilderness. The chief, who

occupies the foreground, stands erect in his saddle, and strains to fix his eye on some far-distant object. This is also a gem. When using that very significant term, we should not overlook the charming embodiment of poetry in Hamon's "*Aurora*." This represents the goddess of the morning reaching on tiptoe to the bell-flower of the wild convolvulus, in order to imbibe refreshment from its rim. Showers of dewdrops, in prismatic scintillation, roll down the gossamer drapery of the ever-young divinity, and morning breaks around her in a golden haze. This is poetry indeed, and never has the Neo-grec artist appeared to more advantage. In his second picture, "*L'Imitateur*," the subject is a sorry jest, and the execution is not wholly felicitous. M. Hamon has no follower or imitator in all this crowd of artists.

M. Bellangé has, in the saloon of honour, a large highly-laboured subject of Napoleon welcomed by a crowd of peasants on his road to Paris, after the return from Elba. Notwithstanding much accomplished art herein displayed by the veteran's pencil, there is throughout a sense of heaviness of tone. This is not at all felt in a much smaller picture of his—"Paysans Badois allant passer le dimanche à la ville"—in which a theme of nice humour is as nicely touched off. A copious list of successful artists—successful, albeit not of a *première élite*—will be here found to sustain the class *genre* in a wondrous variety of detail.

F. A. Bonheur, the brother of Rosa, upholds the honours of the name in a vigorous highly-wrought mountain-landscape, with cattle in the foreground. In a large canvas, and group of oxen, by A. Verwee, of Brussels, we find rather his superior, in mellow, masterly colouring, which reminds one of Cuyt. There is, however, a depreciating set-off of tameness in the Flemish composition. The name of Bomblé, of Amsterdam, is honoured by a very small but exquisitely finished picture of horse and dogs, to which the name of Wouwermans might, without derogation to it, be affixed.

In flower and still-life subjects, Robie, of Brussels, takes the leading place. His picture, the subject being chiefly a vine laden with luscious grapes, is not a mere imitative elaboration, but presents a masterly breadth of effect, which gives it a high-class impress, and reminds us of Van Huysens' best works. It is suspended prominently in the central saloon.

We must now leave behind us, with but a passing glance, a considerable range of light *aquarelle* designs and engravings—with the latter the print-shops of London are doubtless destined to be familiar—invite our readers to breathe, after the saloon atmosphere, the pure air of the large enclosed quadrangle of this *Palais de l'In-*

dustrie, laid out as it is with verdant grass-plots and gravel-walks, wherein the works of the French sculptors are exhibited. What a prodigious advantage the latter have over their brethren on your side of the Channel, in this noble locale—*verdi prati ed ameni luoghi*—where their productions can be seen to the best advantage!

We have seen a much more abundant collection of marbles and casts ranged here than appears on this occasion; a circumstance that may be owing partly to sculptors not being prepared for the new annual exhibition system, and still more satisfactorily to the hands of many of them being wholly engaged on the decoration of public works. Stili, we find here several highly interesting works.

The most remarkable of these is, singularly and sadly enough, the masterpiece of a recently deceased sculptor, M. Brian. He was not spared to finish it. It is a rough cast, and is called a Mercury, although with more propriety it might have been designated as a Greek youth—which is all that the seated figure represents. One of the arms has been broken off just below the elbow. Notwithstanding its unfinished condition, so fine is the pervading style of its conception and modelling—so Greek without a trace of plagiarism, or too lively a reminiscence of the antique, that the jury of the department honoured it—not, alas! its creator, with the highest-class gold medal! What will become of it hereafter, is a nice question for solution—whether it be retained as a relic *in statu quo*, or delivered into the hands of some sympathetic professional brother to bring it to completion, and give it to the marble.

Another statue of great beauty, full-size, and cast in bronze, by A. Falguière, and named "*Un Vainqueur au combat de coqs*," represents a graceful youth exultingly bearing off a cock, which is supposed to be the conqueror in a fight; with one hand he clasps it to his side, while the other arm is flung up in the air, and its fingers are snapped in triumph. The grace and buoyant spirit with which the work has been executed seems to justify the "*premier prix de Rome 1859*," which is associated with M. Falguière's name. While we stood scrutinising it, two Italian *gentilhuomini* were also attracted (and they bore the stamp of artists) to its notice, and, after some moments' examination, interchanged a fervid *bello! molto bello!*—and we gave our full concurrence to the verdict.

Apropos of cocks—what subject will not genius elevate?—here, on a pedestal, is a group in bronze of two cocks in the very access of a combat. The spirit and wondrous vigour of the duello is marvellous—each particular feather of the birds starts into erection—not one is lost, and yet there is no littleness in the detail; it is broad and bold—and epic. The author, M. Cain, has further and still more

forcibly illustrated his powers by a sublime figure of a lioness of Sahara, seated and erect, with her whelps in full feeding. The plaster, wherein this is cast, has received a slight tawny tinge; and the Queen of the Desert seems all but to breathe—yet crowds of admirers habitually and recklessly cluster around her!

A statue, fancifully designated "*Jeune Fille à la Source*," by F. Truphème, cannot fail to charm the eye with the sense of its perfect modelling; while the sweet expression of its face, as the head bends gracefully downwards, to mark, as it were, the spouting spring at its feet, gives the whole a character of great completion.

Contrasted with this classic form is a very spirited statuette of a Negro girl—seated in a complex attitude, and playing with a toy. The picturesque symmetry of the work must insure its being transferred to marble, in which the pretty tinted ornaments so discreetly introduced on various parts of the figure will tell to much advantage. It comes from the *atelier* of M. Guillemin.

There are three statues of Napoleon I.'s brothers—Louis, Lucien, and Jerome—prominent amongst the works in this quarter. One alone, that of Lucien, is worth attention, and that is a masterpiece. It represents him in the costume of a Roman senator, with one arm firmly thrust forward from the folds of the robe, as if he addressed the Conscript Fathers; the lofty head—which came nearest into rivalry with that of the imperious brother—is most happily given here, beaming with resolution and intelligence. Looking on it, one feels led to pronounce, "This was the noblest Roman of them all." The sculptor, M. Thomas, in this instance, sustains a reputation already highly known.

The Emperor Napoleon I. has also given work to the statuary on this occasion. He takes the presentment of an equestrian figure—heroic in proportions, and cast in seeming bronze. This appears in front of the Palais de l'Industrie, as companion to a Francis I., both by Clesinger. This statue, in the Roman imperial and military costume, is in all respects a success, which cannot be affirmed of the stiff and, as it were, iron-cased figure of Francis. M. Clesinger is an artist of great vigour and various accomplishment, and he is not contented to appear amongst the sculptors alone, but like M. Angelo, as a painter also. Two small landscapes of his—Roman views—will attract attention in the chief saloon: they are masterly, and executed with a trenchant vigour which bespeaks a hand devoted to the chisel and the mallet.

"But this eternal blazon may not be;" or, in plain prose, your space is too precious for any further prolonged and detailed review of an exhibition sustained by some 3000 works of contrasted art. To

E

do thorough justice to even a moderate *élite* of these would require a critical disquisition voluminous and vast. We must, then, be content to have conducted your readers, in devious wanderings, through these some dozen picture-graced saloons, generalising, for the most part, in our appreciation; but ever and anon drawing in and dwelling upon special examples, making a select few illustrate the whole; recalling those graphic lines of Tennyson,

“Winding about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
With here and there a heavy trout,
And here and there a grayling.”

C.

Gulf out of the World.

THE eyes of ordinary mortals will sometimes, as well as those of the poet, cunningly "make pictures when they are shut;" and among the lasting enjoyments which travel—such travel, at least, as is not a head-long steeplechase over a kingdom or a continent—leaves after it, is the vivid impression of scenes the mind's eye receives and retains, and which the imagination conjures up with happy art at will, not so much in the shape of a bundle of facts as in the character of a bright field of vision. Amidst the pictures of this sort with which experience has enriched our private gallery, and which owe their interest more, perhaps, to the force and truth of the representation than to the beauty or strangeness of the objects imaged forth, there is hardly one we entertain ourselves so constantly with as the broad canvas on which the landscape and the life of the Belgian Campine are faithfully sketched from nature. A flat country, "an empty sky, a world of heather," are not in themselves strikingly picturesque, and so guide-books say little or nothing about Flemish *Kempenland*. Danger is scarcely to be apprehended, neither are telling adventures to be hoped for in traversing this particular tract of the Low Countries; and therefore the few of our wandering islanders who have, for one reason or another, directed their steps thitherward, returning without any inspiring details of "moving accidents by flood and field," serve as solitary examples of enterprise, but do not assume the position of pioneers of an army of invasion marching on that remote region. Remote the Campine certainly is not, if one goes by a matter of miles and latitude. But somehow the Belgians think it so; and, as things are usually measured by proportion, and judged according to prevalent ideas, a foreigner is likely to fall in with the common belief, and to consider the outlying districts of the otherwise populous, cultivated provinces of Antwerp, Limburg, and Brabant, a quite distant, if not wholly inaccessible, part of the kingdom. No doubt, having once left Antwerp or Malines some leagues behind, the wild open waste of marsh and moorland, extending on all sides beyond the border of cultivation which skirts the road and beautifies immeasurable tracts with a fringe of green and gold and fallow brown, powerfully impresses the imagination with a sense of remoteness, and forcibly conduces to a world-forgetting mood. The shifting gray of the long horizon is apt to be taken unconditionally for the incompact veil separating one vast

world of desert from another. Fancy obstinately refuses to entertain the idea that the congregated world is surging up to that line of cloud and morass; and in such circumstances, where is the use of proving in black and white what will not be granted to any argument?

Thus much accomplished, in spite of difficulties, Fancy has to be satisfied. Mere length and breadth are not very rich materials to work on; and so, finding no worthy stage on which to play out a fantastic rôle, Imagination retires with the best grace it can, and leaves the single eye of common sense to discover and enjoy what simple beauty there may be in the diversified surface of the wide-spread plain. Such a landscape none but De Koning or Rembrandt could worthily paint. A pendant to the marvellous landscape in Lord Overstone's collection, the Miller of the Rhine could have painted from the turret of the Chateau de Merode at Westerloo, or from the tower of the fortress-monastery of Tongerlo, or from one of the little sand-mounds on the way from Gheel to Turnhout. It would take this "King of Shadows" himself to make a charming picture of the dark stripes of pine-woods, the wilderness of purple heath, the pretty patches of corn and grass, the flight of quails, the partridge on "whirring wings" above the blossoms, the gleaming marsh, the bare sand, the brown-roofed hamlets up to their knees in broom, the quiet towns, with their unfailing spires, like masted ships far out at sea. Yes; Rembrandt might be trusted to delineate at once the features, and transfuse into the picture the spirit, of the place, and make the canvas radiant, as heaven itself glorifies the scene with the magic procession of cloud-shadows and floods of light soft and golden.

The sportsman can make himself comfortably at home in the Campine. Hares abound, and the mild excitement of fowling can be had in every direction; also the keen appetite, which is the consequence of copious draughts of wild air, almost as exhilarating as "wine alive with sparkles." But the man of the world, though he is supposed to be able to make himself happy any where, would not, we feel assured, content himself long here. If we know the man, he cannot do without other such citizens to keep him company; and in this quarter are to be found only quiet townspeople and rustic peasants, who concern themselves very little with persons and things in countries where furze and broom do not universally abound. For most people the contrast between other places and the scenery and life of the Campine, though apparent, is not violent enough to afford the excitement which, no matter how the fact is disguised, all are in search of when they leave their customary domicile. Almost any

one, after a season's dissipation, or a year's hard work, would rather rush out into the wilderness than put up for a month with dull life in the Campine. Clambering up mountains would be more attractive; and the roar of elemental war amidst crags and torrents and rent precipices would be far more sure of gaining a hearing than the "wind's low stave," to which the standing corn bends and bows, and the heath-blossoms tremble, and the stiff fir-branches rustle harmoniously. The monotony of this lonesome inland region would, to a certainty, be willingly exchanged for the wild sea-coast, the dash of breakers on a frowning headland, or the long roll of crested billows on a level strand. Of all places in the world, therefore, it may safely be inferred the Campine is the last place in which Nature would dream of rearing up a poet; the last, too, in which one ready-reared would be likely to pitch his tent even for the length of a canto, seeing it would not be possible to find throughout its whole extent a reasonable excuse for the indulgence of any "fine frenzy." Every thing around, in the life of the *Campinois*, as well as in the landscape of the strange region, seems reduced to first principles. It would be extremely difficult to be otherwise than commonplace in the midst of such surroundings; for which reason, no doubt, it is that besides the natives, who, in virtue of a certain *grâce d'état*, look upon their own country as the most delightful place to live in, and the best possible to die in, there is another class who do well and flourish in the Campine, and who, having come out into the *bruyère* in search of spiritual help and corporal healing, do often, by the blessing of God, return once more to their home "clothed and in their right mind." From time immemorial the wise folks of Belgium have been used to bring their poor lunatics through the heathy wilderness, and to leave them for solace and healing in the very heart of the Campine.

Gheel, the paradise of fools, as it is called, stands in an oasis of verdure and cultivation, and is about as peaceful and healthy-looking a place as ever we set foot in. Lunatics, we very well knew, formed a considerable section of the population dwelling in the town and nestled in the surrounding hamlets; but, like most people who have never seen the place, our idea of the strange *colonie* was the vaguest, falsest, and most ludicrous that can be conceived. Probably the most distinct notion we formed to ourselves was of a number of huts scattered thickly over the fields, or a long range of structures resembling fever-sheds, or a convict settlement, like that so well known to philanthropists on Lusk Common, near Dublin. The inhabitants of the *commune*, we fancied, must have much the character of the population of a Lunatic Asylum turned out to grass, with a strong and trusty troop of keepers appointed to hold, as much

as might be, the crazy settlers in order. Totally unprepared we therefore were to find a respectable town, with two fine churches, a *Grande Place*, two or three good inns, and a population of 11,000 souls, of whom about 800 are really lunatics. One or two excursions through the town, attendance at divine service in the parish-church of St. Amand and the church of St. Dymphna, the patroness of Gheel, and an extensive round of visits paid to different houses in the town and neighbourhood, under the direction of the excellent Dr. Bulckens, medical superintendent of the new infirmary, readily enabled us to gain a good general idea of both lunatic and rational life in Gheel. The poor *malades* really do live as boarders in the houses of the sane population, are completely domesticated with them, assist in their labours when at all able to do so, share in their amusements, join in their devotions, and, literally, form part of the family of the *nourriciers*, whose hereditary vocation it is to take charge of this afflicted class of human beings. Simpletons and idiots, persons subject to occasional fits of insanity,—such in fact, as are tolerably manageable,—are lodged with the townspeople, and may be seen in their houses working at different trades, engaged in household duties, or minding the children; or they may be met accompanying the family to church on Sunday, and enjoying an evening promenade through the fields; or be found in other hundred ways filling a place in the common life of reasonable people. Those who are fit to take a turn at field-work—and with most of them agricultural life agrees admirably—are settled in the hamlets clustered in the corn-fields a little outside the town. None are compelled to work; but when disinclined are coaxed and persuaded, and recompensed for every exertion they make. When their labour is really profitable, they are paid for it. Most of the peaceable patients, however, willingly follow the example set them of cheerful toil; they are much more happy when usefully employed; self-respect is preserved, and the rustic freedom they enjoy is in many cases a curative measure in itself far more effectual than the bolts, bars, inevitable gloom, and conscious imprisonment of even the best-regulated asylum. Monomaniacs, who might occasionally prove dangerous neighbours, are placed in houses more remotely situated. There they may be safely isolated, without feeling too irksome a restraint; while a safety-valve is supplied in the free air of the open moorland, to which they can address the wildest ravings of a disordered intellect, without fear of angry rejoinder or useless remonstrance, or the echo being returned of their frantic outbursts.

Lastly, for patients labouring under attacks of dangerous madness, or requiring medical treatment for any serious physical malady,

there is now the Government Infirmary, a handsome building situated near the town, and placed under the superintendence of a distinguished physician, who has devoted himself with great success to the treatment of mental disorders. An efficient medical staff, and a body of subordinate officers, are charged with the inspection and control of the sanitary department of the establishment and the colony in general. Altogether, the *police morale et materielle* seems well attended to in Gheel, since the present happy relations have been established between old customs and principles and new science and organisation. Patients brought to the town pass in the first instance through the infirmary, so that each case comes directly under the observation of the superintendent previous to being settled in one of the families of the neighbourhood. The *malade* is then placed under the care of the physician of the district in which he is lodged, who visits him constantly, prescribes for him when necessary, and reports regularly on his mental and bodily condition. Guards also are appointed to each district, and it is their business to see that no irregularity occurs, and to preserve order and propriety on occasions of unusual excitement, such as fairs, markets, and religious festivals, when the lunatics are generally abroad in considerable numbers. Evidently there is no great danger of serious disturbance, for the majority of the population are in possession of their senses, and all are interested in the good order of the *commune*. When desperately bent on absconding, the insane creatures are lightly fettered; just sufficiently restrained to prevent any attempt at flight, but not so as to hinder them taking ordinary exercise. The difficulties of running away are greatly increased by the peculiarities of the country, which affords no hiding-places for any thing larger than birds; and by the wise regulation whereby the *commune* is fined when one of the lunatics escapes. Considerable numbers are sent to Gheel by the municipalities or parishes on which they have become chargeable, in the same way as paupers in this country may be transferred from the workhouse to an asylum. A great many are placed there by their friends. The entire cost of patients of the poorer class amounts to no more than 10*l.* or 12*l.* per annum; and we can bear witness that they are extremely well lodged, comfortably clothed, and, to all appearance, well fed. Then, for the better class, the price of lodging and maintenance mounts up according to the kind of house they are received into, and the attendance they require. People can be very comfortably settled at an annual cost of 40*l.* or 50*l.*; but if a carriage and horses, a suit of rooms and servants, are wanted, the expense will reach one or two hundred pounds a year. Old and incurable cases are very often sent to Gheel; and no wonder, for it is a happy

home for such poor creatures, who would otherwise be confined for life in some more or less dreary madhouse. This must be taken into account in the return of average cures effected in the colony. Dr. Bulckens is of opinion that eighteen per cent of the general lunatic population are sent home after a time restored to reason. Of curable cases about sixty-six per cent were, during a period of four years, completely recovered.

Thus it will be seen, that healthy active work, domestication in peaceful, orderly family life, separation from other lunatics, and, as may be inferred, removal from painful irritating circumstances and associations, are found excellent means of restoring a disordered mind to a true balance. In a state of society such as we describe, the whims and oddities of *les aliénés* are not much regarded. To be treated as rational is a good means, it would seem, of being forced to become so. Then, again, such simple pleasures as the Belgian people indulge in are freely provided for the patients, who, in this as in other matters, get the full benefit of whatever is going with the general population. Characters undoubtedly eccentric are to be seen in the cafés, reading the *Journal de Bruxelles* or *L'Indépendance Belge*, indulging in mild potations of Diest beer, playing a quiet game of cards; or, on certain gala occasions, are to be found in the height of enjoyment at dancing parties, or contending seriously in public sports. Lastly, the poor souls have all the religious aid which they so greatly need in their affliction. The curé and vicaires have unrestrained access to them, and exercise as strict a surveillance over them in the spiritual as do the government officers in the medical line.* Besides which, they enjoy all the natural advantages of a life in the midst of a simple orderly congregation, in whom habits of piety are firmly established, and who, through tradition and the history of their home and their race, are closely linked with the ages of faith. Undoubtedly there is a halo of sanctity around the spot, proceeding from its close association with the martyrdom and the memory of St. Dymphna. It is a pious faith which has led the friends of the insane, during more than

* The Rev. John O'Hanlon, in a very interesting volume, entitled *The Life of St. Dymphna* (Duffy), says on this subject: "A perfect system of medical and nurse-tending intercommunication is maintained, whilst the local clergy contribute powerfully to assist scientific efforts by bringing calm consolation and devotional feeling into the bosoms of many bereaved but docile creatures. . . . A priest who thoroughly appreciates his exalted mission gives enlightened counsel and consolation to the afflicted; thus effectually aiding any curative treatment adopted by the resident physician. . . . During my visit to the infirmary, in company with two of the local clergymen, this happy concurrence of action was very pleasingly illustrated in more than one instance" (pp. 182, 183).

a thousand years, to bring them to the shrine of St. Dymphna for benediction and healing; it is a feeling of devotion which prompts them still to take the newly-arrived patients to the church of the virgin patroness, whom they believe has many times prevailed with Heaven in behalf of such sufferers, that prayers may be said for them before they are settled in the town; it is a truly Christian gratitude which brings back, year after year, to Gheel many of those who returned cured to their homes, to give thanks to God for the blessing they received, and to attend the novena, processions, and special services with which the Feast of St. Dymphna is celebrated in the town of her patronage. One cannot mingle with the large congregation of townspeople and their demented visitors in St. Amand's without being struck with the immense advantage the patients enjoy in being thus freely associated with the common of the faithful in the house of God; or see the poor *aliénés* muster strongly in the church of St. Dymphna, which they consider especially their own, without reflecting on the moral effect which their assembling thus round the altar, in the character of clients of a martyred virgin, royal, young, and beautiful, must produce on the mind in which a glimmer of reason still survives.* Here, indeed, in this old-world settlement, the excited brain has a fair chance of calming down to the standard of reasonableness. "Puisque l'aliénation doit dans l'immense majorité des cas son origine à nos vices, à nos passions, à nos misères, en un mot à la civilisation, il faut éloigner la victime des lieux qui lui rappellent son malheur." Is not he, the victim, well placed then and safely guarded in the remote Campine, with its advanced guard of pine-woods, its frontier line of marsh, and its magic ring of heather?

Gheel is not one of those institutions that can be reproduced by act of parliament, or closely imitated by any effort of science or philanthropy. It has been the growth of centuries. It owes its origin to the popular veneration for St. Dymphna, who somehow came to be regarded as the special friend among the heavenly host of the insane; and its success, under Providence, may be traced to the extreme felicity of its situation and the peculiar aptitude of its inhabitants for their work, which indeed they seem to look upon in the light of a religious vocation. But as we cannot, much as we might desire it, get up another Gheel here or any where else, is there no resource but to crush our poor maniacs, fools, and simpletons, by the score or the

* We need hardly say that in Gheel, as universally throughout Belgium, perfect liberty of worship prevails. But there are not, or lately were not, more than twenty-one Protestants, Dissenters and Jews, among the lunatic population of the *commune*. See *Rapport sur l'Etablissement d'Aliénés de Gheel*, par M. le Dr. Bulckens, Médecin-inspecteur; Bruxelles, 1861.

hundred, between the stone-walls of great public institutions, or hide them behind the cyclopean gates of lunatic asylums, to be cleverly managed by machinery or scientifically dealt with *en masse*? Certainly a vast deal has been done in our own day, both in these islands and in continental countries, to improve the condition of lunatics, and secure them in public and private establishments a greater degree of that judicious kindly treatment which their sad state requires. Much discussion has been entered into on the subject of plans and variously tested systems. In most instances, however, and indeed we may venture to say in all, whatever improvement has taken place can be traced to the good sense, kind feeling, and great personal devotion, of some one man who has had it in his power to carry out his views in the management of a public or private asylum for the insane. Despite, however, of the strong evidence of outer order, and the absence of unnecessary harshness, to say nothing of actual cruelty, there is often suggested to our mind, in visiting these establishments, that possible skeleton in the closet, the existence of which we always apprehend in institutions for the relief or refuge of misery and suffering, into the management of which do not largely enter voluntary benevolent ministration and avowedly strong religious action. Our ideal of a *maison d'aliénés* would combine the union as much as possible of the freedom and the out-of-door laborious life of Gheel with the security and constant attendance of a well-regulated hospital, and the controlling and administrative direction of a thoroughly enlightened religious community, trained and devoted to this special work. Such an institution, we need not inform our readers, does not exist in philanthropic England or even in Catholic Ireland. But we have seen a very near approach to it in the Hospice St. Julien, at Bruges, and in the branch establishment, under the same direction, at Cortenberg, between Brussels and Louvain.

Some two-and-twenty years ago, Canon Maes, whose time, thought, and fortune, had been devoted to the fostering of the religious establishments of Bruges (those in particular whose main object was the education of the poor), became particularly interested about the state of lunatics in Belgium, and the condition of the houses, both public and private, into which they were received. Having seriously studied the question at issue, and having travelled into other countries to observe the system adopted in the most famous asylums for the insane, Canon Maes became proprietor of St. Julien's, resolved to carry out therein the principles which he had become convinced were the true ones to follow in such an undertaking. The help and co-operation, so greatly needed in commencing and carrying out an enterprise of the kind, were not wanting. In one of the religious

houses of Bruges, a noble-minded woman was found ready to devote herself to the good work, and the carrying out of the Canon's views in the reëstablishment of St. Julien's. A few other members of the community to which this lady belonged likewise volunteered for the hitherto untried work; and in the true spirit of apostleship, if not of martyrdom, left the peace, seclusion, and happy labours of the school, and renounced the companionship of docile youth and healthy minds, for a life of strange trial and inseparable association with disordered minds of every stage of suffering and aberration. St. Julien's had been more than two hundred years a hospital for the insane; and up to the period at which Canon Maes assumed the direction of the establishment, the old system of cachots, chains, coercion, and terror, had been in full operation. One of the first things done was to liberate the wretched creatures who were fettered and imprisoned; and the good effect was soon observable in the restoration to a far greater degree of reasonableness of some poor sufferers, who, when decently clothed and allowed their liberty, became far happier and much more manageable. A new order of things, in every sense, began. The house, by no means a perfect structure of the kind, became enlarged and improved. The population doubled, and reached in time some four hundred; for the *communes* willingly sent their poor lunatics to this haven of refuge, and families brought their afflicted members from distant parts of the kingdom; and even from foreign countries there were no less than twenty-five patients confided to the Canon's care, before the institution had been two years under his direction. The city of Bruges, though suffering desperately from the almost complete annihilation of its once flourishing trade, and burdened with a pauper population amounting to the well-nigh incredible figure of 20,000 souls, nobly voted a large sum for the erection of additional buildings, and granted a plot of ground necessary for further extension of the plan. St. Julien's is well situated, just within the city boundaries, and close to the ramparts. The buildings, courts, and gardens occupy an enclosure of about seven acres; and not more than a hundred yards distant is a farm of close on fifty acres, cultivated by the patients. Notwithstanding the new erections, and the necessary regularity of the place, St. Julien's has wonderfully little the look of a lunatic asylum. This is due in a great measure to the old-world air of the original structures, which are in the style of the dark-red, gabled, and walled-up edifices so common in ancient Flemish cities; and also, in no small degree, to the busy, lively look of the place, when, as we last saw it, the men were occupied in various ways about the new buildings, under the Canon's active superintendence, and a number of the women were sitting in groups, knitting or sewing, in the garden,

or were gathered round the nuns, busily cutting vegetables in true continental style, for the rather numerous dinner-party of St. Julien's.

No one could see the poor in this establishment without concluding that it must be a very paradise for them. There is a certain open day—perhaps there are days—in the month, when the friends and relatives of the patients come to see them; and then indeed great are the rejoicings over coffee and bon-bons, and news and friendly faces. Also there are special days in the year when there is a feast in the *quartiers*, and other days when the good folks are taken out on an excursion to some of the villages in the environs of the city. And then add to all this the healthy excitement of work, the cordial attentions of the Canon, and the affectionate ministrations of the good Sisters. The poor, however, it was ruled by Providence, were not to enjoy a monopoly of these advantages. The rich came to claim a share of the nuns' devotion, and to profit by the Canon's immense experience: they were not turned from the door. St. Julien's not being laid out for the accommodation of a large class of such patients, they are usually, after a short stay, sent on to either of the branch establishments—St. Anne's near Courtray, or St. Joseph's at Cortenberg. The latter house is excellently situated midway between two cities, and in a fine open part of the country. Here, though the great majority are patients of the poorer order, there is a division set apart, and comfortable accommodation provided, for a much higher class. About twelve years ago removed thither from Bruges a large number of poor patients, some *malades* of rank, and a detachment of the St. Julien's community, which even then included a few English and Irish Sisters. Before long the new institution took a strange development. The relatives of a patient who had been brought from a foreign country, not wishing to be separated from the object of their solicitude, proposed to remain as boarders under the same roof; and arrangements were entered into enabling them to do so. By and by, other cases of the same kind occurred; and ladies who liked the society of the Sisters, or the holy quiet of the place, or the idea of being in a manner domesticated in a convent without any restriction of liberty, or who, for one reason or another, found it an advantage to live in retirement for a while, came to stay in the establishment; till gradually an ingredient of sanity, so to speak, leavened the society of the place, to the great advantage of the better class of patients, who derived immense solace and support from the sane companionship they had thought themselves doomed to be deprived of. The religious character of the house, and the spirit of charity which abode there, made that possible and advantageous, which in other circum-

stances would have been difficult, and probably conducive to disorder. There too, just as at Gheel, the house of God was the centre in which were united the various elements of that strange society. The corridor on which the apartments of many of the lady residents opened led directly to the little chapel; and all times of the day its sanctuary was open alike for the nuns, the patients, and the *pensionnaires*. It was quite touching, we thought, when the bell rang betimes in the morning, and the director and his clerk appeared, and the Sisters, and the residents, and the patients, and the visitors, came forth from all parts of the house to attend Mass in the pretty chapel of St. Joseph's. Even the poor *aliénés* derived advantage from the presence of the *pensionnaires*, for they used sometimes to go down to the *quartiers*, and see them at work in the laundry and kitchen, and procure little feasts for them, and join in the excursions from time to time arranged for their amusement to places of interest in the neighbourhood. It may also be mentioned that ladies who entered the house as patients not unfrequently remained in its shelter much longer than was at all necessary. The real seclusion and yet absolute freedom of the place was in itself comforting after a season of trial; and as they could enjoy the company of perfectly rational people, there existed no necessity to hurry away to the noise and tumult of the great world.

In the government of the house there is between the Sisters and the patients no intermediate class whatever; not a single hired nurse, warder, or servant. The only help the nuns have is such as can be afforded by the most rational of the *malades*, who are the only servants employed in any part of the building. What heroic abnegation there is in the life of this community! Their very dress shows what they must be prepared for: no sweeping train, no long veil; but close-fitting head-gear, and a habit made of strong fine cloth; for, as we were laconically informed, any thing else would soon be in ribbons! The retirement and peace of the cloister is not for them. They have no cells; they sleep in the common dormitories with the poor, or in the private rooms of the better class of patients who require particular attendance; and their troublesome charge, we are told, think very little of getting up in the night to have a talk with the Sisters, or perhaps to scold and threaten them. Nothing short of angelic patience and absolute heroism could get them through their day's work, so often are their exertions of no use, or their hardly-accomplished achievements perversely undone. We can never forget the scene we witnessed, of one of the nuns endeavouring to persuade a miserable creature to eat; the hopeless inanity of the one figure, and the sweet perseverance of the other, were indeed calculated to make a deep impression. Then the maniacs abuse and insult their kind guardians;

but, as one of the good Sisters said in her simplicity, "It is easy to bear it all, when one thinks of how the Jews spat on the face of our Lord." They are absolutely without fear. One young Sister, to our own knowledge, took charge, on one occasion, of four lunatics, one at least unmistakably dangerous, and brought the party five hundred miles by sea and land safe and sound to Bruges. In the quarter at Cortenburg, where the "furious" are confined, we found one nun occasionally assisted by another, in charge of as desperate-looking a troop of maniacs as ever we laid eyes on. To be sure there is this security, that mad people do not combine; and if one were to attack the person in charge, the chances are that the others, who would be sure to look on the aggressor as a "lunatic," would come to the rescue. Naturally the influence of religious over the insane is very great, owing to their indomitable patience and that tenderness of regard which their exceeding charity makes them ingenious in manifesting to the troublesome and the afflicted. In experience, too, they have the advantage over the staff of an ordinary asylum, seeing that they spend their whole life in the institution. Lunatics are naturally suspicious; and in houses under lay management they are always thinking that people are deceiving and cheating them, and leaguings with their supposed enemies, who, for their own private interest and to make use of their money, shut them up. But in houses managed by a religious community, who do not work for hire, and who have taken a vow of poverty, such suspicions do not enter their heads, and consequently they are far better disposed to respect those who care for and restrain them. In another respect, too, a religious body have great advantage. Insane people complain grievously of loss of liberty; a cause of discontent greatly aggravated when they see those who have charge of them going abroad and otherwise amusing themselves. The nuns can say: "We are just as much imprisoned as you are; we have given up our liberty, preferring to stay here all our lives to mind you." Such considerations as these brought before patients who complain of being imprisoned are very decisive, often make a deep and salutary impression, comfort and console them. Moreover, the nuns are living examples of patience, obedience, and self-denial; and they both live and die in the midst of them. When Sister Philomena's task was done, she lay like a dead saint in St. Joseph's, with her vows and her crucifix in her hands; and when they took her to the peaceful resting-place in the shadow of the village-church, the Canon and the director and the nuns followed, and so did some of the poor *malades*, and the *pensionnaires* joined and held the pall as the sad procession took its way across the fields.

The religious consolation which the directors and nuns have in

their power to administer to the afflicted in these establishments need not be dwelt on at length. Their great experience enables them to perceive when severe attacks of mania are coming on, and their knowledge of character helps them to give the sufferer—often scared at the approach of those fits—the support and comfort so sadly needed. In these circumstances confession is often made, and the Holy Communion received; the Viaticum, as it were, of the dolorous way through which the stricken spirit has to pass. The crisis over, the faithful ministers are on the watch to usher in once more the dawn of reason; and again the strengthening sacraments are at hand; this time in the character, so to speak, of a fresh baptism into a new life. The succours of religion are at such moments inexpressibly precious. In the one case, the failing mind—not for that “exiled from the eternal providence”—is brought patiently to accept the inevitable trial, and take as a cross the painful entrance into the dark night of unknown terrors closing round it; in the other, the released spirit is upheld, taught not to brood over the chaos of the past, but led courageously to meet the future, and earnestly work while it is yet day. Again, in cases of incurable madness, a lucid interval very frequently supervenes before death. It is remarkable that it is not always at the last moment that this occurs, but sometimes four, six, or even fifteen days before death. Often, too, this lucid interval is not of long duration; sometimes it lasts a day, sometimes not so long. The bodily strength growing exhausted, there comes a moment in which the mind resumes its empire, and the darkened intellect once more becomes enlightened. At such moments the patient can well receive the last sacraments. But the physical power presently sinking to a still lower level, the poor mind, which has need of an instrument through which to act, is forcibly drawn down with it, and death at last ensues. These are the moments for which the Sisters watch and wait, for days, and months, and years; these are the moments in which not only the wayworn spirit, awaking from its long trance, receives inexpressible consolation and the earnest of a new life, in which “the former things shall not be held in recollection, and they shall not come upon the heart;” but likewise these are the moments in which the angels of mercy, visibly standing by the death-bed, receive in their greatest earthly recompense a foretaste of the everlasting reward.

If we were a homely *Campinois*, and things went wrong with us, we might say: “Should sense fail and reason totter, take us to St. Dymna’s shrine, and lay us there in the wild moor, and with the simple peasant folk.” But being as we are, the growth of a not altogether wise civilisation, we should rather say: “If the Lord deal

heavily with us for our own or our fathers' sins, or 'that the works of God shall be made manifest,' shut us not up in one of your great asylums—models though they be—for 'sans la charité, nous ne disons par la philanthropie, il est impossible de vivifier aucune institution humaine ;'* but bring us to St. Julien's, and set us down in the shadow of the Apostles ; and let us live, or, if it be God's will, die, in the company of those ministering angels in whom His grace dwells so manifestly."

* *Considérations sur les Maisons d'Aliénés en Belgique*, par le Chanoine P. J. Maes, p. 9; Bruges, 1845.

Violet's Freak.

CHAPTER I.

"O SUMMER NIGHT!"

ON a certain fair night, one May, not many years ago, the fine old mansion of Summerfield Hall slept grandly under the stars. The moon, gazing at it from behind a dun bank of trees in the distance, had tenderly overspread it with a coverlet of silver, to save its brawny shoulders from the dew. Every leaf of its ivy was pointed with a diamond, and the great hall-door was supported by two pillars of light. It looked like a palace of peace. Alack-a-day, that any restless head should be pillowed underneath its tranquil roof!

Mrs. Dorothea de Coverley, spinster, could not sleep. She shut her eyes, and composed herself; opened them again, and discomposed herself. She counted the handles on her wardrobe, visible in the moonlight, at the other end of the room, sighed, and noticed that the curtain-rings of her bed were unequally divided. Poor Aunt Dorothea, she was sadly restless! What could it all be about?

She was a middle-aged lady, who, as far as any ordinary observer could discern, should have had no earthly shadow of care on her serene mind. Eminently sensible and amiable, and having the honour to be the sister of the late Sir Jasper de Coverley (lineal descendant of the celebrated Sir Roger); having also the happiness to be the beloved guardian of her brother's only daughter, a pretty and accomplished young lady, just returned from school,—what could there be to disturb her thus, and make her so terribly restless upon her nocturnal couch? Ah! just there we have hit upon Aunt Dorothy's secret. It was precisely because she was the guardian of the heiress of Summerfield Hall that she could not sleep.

Violet de Coverley, aged eighteen, was the cause of her uneasiness. "Susan Dorothea Violet," the young lady had been named; but a council of schoolfellows having set upon the question of whether or not Tennyson might, could, or should, ever be induced to write an ode to a Susan or a Dorothy, and having unanimously decided in the negative, the two first homely baptismals had been laid aside. Violet de Coverley, then, was the cause of her aunt's present disturbed state of mind.

It was not because her niece was stupid, nor ugly, nor yet cold-hearted, nor even extravagant,—though she did insist upon wearing

her silk dresses flowing a yard upon the ground, which made them come a great deal more expensive than was necessary;—it was not this that made Mrs. Dorothea groan upon her pillow. It was not because the young damsel preferred to wear a broad-leaved white hat with a lackadaisical bunch of flowers in the front, instead of the tasteful blue sunshade which the thoughtful aunt had taken pleasure in contriving for her with her own dexterous fingers. It was not even because she disliked grave reading and needlework. It was none of all this.

Mrs. Dorothea de Coverley counted the handles of her wardrobe again and again, suspending her thought, as it were, upon the friendly nobs. "One, two, three,—that poor absurd child!—three, two, one! I wonder if shower-baths would be of any service? Two, one, three! I must take some decided step; but in what direction? Oh, dear me! it is the most perplexing case I ever knew." Arriving at this decision, Aunt Dorothy groaned. "I wonder whether Sarah Singleheart will be able to assist me when she comes to-morrow. She has had so many girls of her own to manage, surely she will be able to advise me what to do. Oh, that I could get one comfortable night's rest, such as I used to have before this dear tormenting girl came home from school! But if I sleep now, I dream of Violet in the midst of some terrible mischief, and waken up in a fright. Last night, I thought I saw her dressed like Ophelia, walking down to the river to drown herself; and the night before, she flashed before me in a scarlet riding-habit, galloping after the hounds with that odious young Canterdale. And now, to-night—but, gracious Heaven! what noise is that?"

Mistress Dorothea sat bolt upright in her bed, and gazed around her dimly-lighted chamber. It was a handsome room, handsomely appointed. Two wide windows draped with airy curtains admitted the moonlight, which fell upon the floor in broad bright chequers. Pretty things here and there glimmered in the silvery shine and half asserted themselves. The light gushed with slanting ray over half the dressing-table, changing the good spinster's substantial ornaments into fairy trinkets. A watch hung there on its stand, ticking faithfully. Three full minutes it ticked off, while startled Mrs. Dorothea sat bolt upright and staring, transfixed with terror in her bed. For it was past midnight, and the house was sleeping; and she had heard a noise, a dreadful, a fearful, a most alarming noise.

She got up, and attired in her dressing-gown and nightcap threw open one of the windows and listened. There lay the silvered lawn and the stirless trees with their soft spreading shadows. Here glinted a little winding river; and there shone the blanched gable of;

a slumbering homestead. Over far in the distance a troop of sleeping clouds nestled in the uncertain undulations of dark wooded hills. A sweet and tranquil vision of the earth lay beneath the eyes of Mrs. Dorothea de Coverley, and a thousand fragrant scents came rushing from east and west to make the air she inhaled delicious. But the worthy lady only stared, as though Macbeth's haunting dagger flashed through the midnight air before her terrified gaze; and gasped as if the rich May odours from the neighbouring garden had carried some subtle poison into her lungs. But it was not through eye or nostril that the soul within her was assailed by fear. With parted lips and distended eyes Mrs. Dorothea leaned from her window and listened. She listened to a dreadful sound that smote upon her ear like the sudden tolling of an alarm. She grew white; she shivered; she grasped the window-sill; and finally sank into a neighbouring seat overcome with despair. For that noise, that dreadful sound that she had heard, it was, it was—the twang of a guitar.

Of all the various forms and phases which heroism assumes, there is none more sublime than that displayed by the lonely woman; who in a moment of horror, such as must curdle the blood, struggles to forget her own natural weakness, and succeeds in judging calmly and acting promptly. After a moment of feminine dismay Mrs. Dorothea became a heroine. She steeled her nerves; she smoothed her features; she stood erect and listened again. And, ah! yes, there it came once more, wafted on the moonlit air; mingled with the breath of the roses and lilacs; sinking and swelling softly like the subdued lights and shadows of the hour; sighing round the angle of the house, and transforming the sensible old building and grounds of Summerfield Hall into paradise, or a scene in a play. Hark!

“O sa-ummer na-ight!
 (Tum tum! tum tum!)
 So-o softly bra-ight
 (Tum tum! tum tum!);
 How swee-eet the bower
 (Tum tum! tum tum!)
 Where sleeps thy cra-adled flower!
 (Tum tum! tum tum! tum tum! tum tum!)”

Mistress de Coverley had steeled her soul, and she listened to this without flinching.

“Ridiculous! insufferable! intolerable stage-trickery!” she ejaculated; “and what a disastrously fine voice the audacious creature has got! Ah, Mr. Augustus Canterdale, and so you intend to sing away the fences that separate the goodly acres of Summerfield from your own impoverished estate. Upon my word, I admire your in-

genuity and perseverance. Poetry and hot-house flowers and accidental meetings were not enough, and therefore you have turned troubadour! You leave no means unthought of by which you may captivate the fancy of a silly school-girl. Ah, Violet, Violet! my poor little ignorant nursling! how nicely into the wilderness your own romantic folly and the schemes of a mercenary youth are leading you! But patience, Mr. Troubadour; sing your serenades, and lay your plans, and laugh at your successes! Mark my words, though, this sweet 'summer night;' for I vow that, harmless as you think her to be, simple Aunt Dorothy will yet find means to outwit your cleverness, and to save her silly child from your clutches!"

Having framed this sturdy resolve, Aunt Dorothea closed the window; and providing herself with no better light than the moonshine afforded her, quitted the room. She threaded stairways and passages till she came to a large landing, where the moonlight poured through a tall stained window, and flooded over the carpet. Here she paused before a door, and without the ceremony of knocking, opened it.

O shade of the great author of *Romeo and Juliet*! did ever summer moon shine upon a more blissful scene than that which at this moment greets the expectant eye of Mrs. Dorothea de Coverley? A balcony covered with clustering flowers, seen through a French window draped in lace, like a tall bride; a table covered with poetry-books in fine bindings, an extinguished lamp, a desk, and a vase of roses; and, though last not least, the slim figure of a young lady standing in the centre of the room in an attitude of rapt attention, her white robe sweeping the ground, and her long hair floating to her waist. Her eyes have been cast up to the ceiling, her hands clasped upon her breast, in the ecstasy of listening to that delicious "tum tum! tum tum!" which keeps twanging up to her window. But—the door opens, and Aunt Dorothea appears.

It was too bad: Violet de Coverley thought it was really too bad. It was always the same. So soon as ever she contrived to get herself fairly transported to the delightful seventh heaven of romance, so surely did Aunt Dorothy come and drag her down again, wrapping her up in a dismal wet blanket of a sermon about folly and imprudence and catching cold. Now, to-night it was just the same old story. This was her first serenade, and here it was fairly spoiled. But no: stay! A discovery, a persecution of this kind, was surely more romantic than if all had gone smoothly. Aunt Dorothy would reproach her, and forbid Augustus the house; she, Violet, would be awake all night, and go down to breakfast in the morning with eyes red with weeping. Ecstatic!

As these thoughts flashed through her mind, Miss de Coverley refrained from looking cross and foolish, as she had been on the point of doing; shrank backward with the air of a tragedy-queen, raised her hand and dragged the hair from her forehead with a distracted gesture, and then stood motionless, in the attitude of a martyr waiting for the blow.

"Violet," said Mrs. Dorothea, in a querulous tone,—“Violet, I wonder how you can be so foolish as to encourage open-air musicians to come playing about the house at this absurd hour of the night. Why have you not thrown the fellow some money and bade him begone?”

At this unexpected speech Violet stood aghast. Her hand fell from her hair: there was an end of attitudinising, for she was seriously dismayed. Had Aunt Dorothy really made this mistake? Did she suspect nothing but that the house had been disturbed by the performance of an unfortunate strolling musician? How, then, undeceive her? Violet stood crestfallen, and had not courage to say, “Oh, aunt, it is only Augustus Canterdale singing me a serenade!” She hung her head, and said nothing.

“It was very thoughtless of you, my love,” Mrs. Dorothy went on; “very thoughtless on account of other people, even if your own good taste could endure to hear that pretty song murdered as the wretch has been murdering it for the last ten minutes. But perhaps the poor creature is hungry, and you should have thought of that too. We will give him something to buy his breakfast with, at any rate.”

And so saying, before Violet had time to stay her, Mrs. Dorothea had opened the window and flung something wrapped in white paper from the balcony. Violet leaped up with a shriek, and Mrs. Dorothea looked down to see the eager musician plunge into a thicket of leaves in search of what seemed a precious missive. He snatched—opened the paper, and discovered—a penny! His strains were heard no more that night.

“And now, my dear,” said Mrs. de Coverley, while she held some sal-volatile to the nostrils of her almost fainting niece, “you must try and get a good night’s rest, and I will take care that you are not disturbed in this manner again. Tiger shall be unchained at night for the future, and I will venture to say our musical friend will not repeat his visit.”

After her aunt had tucked her in and departed, Violet sobbed aloud with mortification: “Oh, oh, oh!” she gasped; “was ever any thing so provoking? (*Sob.*) Just when every thing was going on so beautifully, and I was beginning to feel so like Juliet! (*Sob.*) I had rather Aunt Dorothy had scolded me to death!” (*Sob, sob, sob.*)

CHAPTER II.

AUNT DOROTHY'S PERPLEXITY.

NEXT morning both the ladies of Summerfield Hall were in bad humour. Violet de Coverley was pettish with her maid, and pouted at the sunshine as she stood at the window having her sash tied, and looking out on the garden below, where last night so fair a blossoming of romance had been nipped in the bud. As she stands so, we will sketch her. She is certainly a very pretty girl; being an heiress, she will be called beautiful. She has neat saucy little features; eyes to match her name, and a profusion of warm brown hair. The greatest beauty of her face is her fresh, delicate pink-and-white complexion. If trying to find fault, one might object to the extreme lowness of her forehead. This, however, when her hair is, as now, combed up in front, in the style of the old French pictures, strikes one as only an attractive peculiarity. If the same brown tresses were worn brushed straight across her brows, in a fashion most becoming to many, this unusual lowness of the forehead must proclaim itself a deformity at once, cutting off the top of the head, and throwing the lower features out of proportion. This little personal oddity of Miss de Coverley's, though seemingly a trifle, must not be lost sight of by the readers of this notable history.

Up to the age of fourteen Violet had been educated at home, under the superintendence of her aunt. Before her departure from Summerfield for a year at school, she had been chiefly remarkable for her merry temper and frank unaffected manners. Upon her return, however, all this had changed. She had grown too ethereal for simple uninteresting happiness. Smiles were commonplace, and laughing was essentially vulgar. She walked with a stately step, and carried her throat like a swan. She read poetry by moonlight. Her robust health annoyed her. To feel hungry put her out of temper. Upon a day that she chanced to look unusually pale, she experienced rapture. Riding, which had once been her favourite exercise, was now rude and unpoetic, unless one could carry a hawk on one's wrist, and be costumed like the ladies in Wouvermans' pictures. Her dressmaker was driven frantic by her incessant demand for picturesque draperies. She was always designing some extraordinary bodice or vest, or wanting some whimsical sleeve copied from an old picture; and the consequence was that, as she swept about the lawns and drawing-rooms of Summerfield, in her silks and velvets of fantastic cut, and with her hair dressed in her own quaint picturesque fashion, she was more like a vivid realisation of the

heroine of some poetic legend than an ordinary young lady of the nineteenth century. She would have given half her substantial possessions for a genuine robe of "samite without price,"

"In colour like the satin-shining palm

On sallows in the windy gleams of March ;"

though I am not at all sure that that exceedingly peculiar hue would have particularly suited her complexion. To glide by moonlight through perpetual gardens of lilies, attired in gossamer garments, and to feel like a nymph, or a peri, or an angel, was just at this present period of her life Miss de Coverley's beau-ideal of a delicious state of existence. Whether this state of feeling was doomed to be strengthened or weakened by time, we are about to show. What her Aunt Dorothy thought of it we will allow that good lady to declare in her own words.

For Mrs. Dorothea de Coverley had taken a decided step, and the consequence was that even now, while her niece sulked in the sun over last night's unlucky contretemps, the anxious guardian was eagerly looking out for the arrival of a friend in need. Sleepless nights and thoughtful days had failed to discover to her any desirable course to pursue. Frowns and sighs and wise saws had seemed to produce no effect on the delinquent. Aunt Dorothy had laboured during six months to convert the young heiress to more sensible ways, and daily she groaned to find that things were only growing worse. Night after night she counted the handles of her wardrobe; morning after morning her buttered toast was carried away untasted. Her favourite pudding was unappreciated at dinner; she cut out the charity-children's pinafores the wrong way of the cloth, and put the string-case at the bottom instead of the top; and yet the heart of the ungrateful Violet was no way touched.

This state of things had been going on, as we have said, for six months, ever since Violet's return from school. Ten days ago a crisis had arrived. After a showery spring, summer had all at once burst upon the world, and crowned it with a bewildering glory. May had suddenly transformed Summerfield into the land of poesie for Violet. Within doors she was constantly reminded of the dreadfully material state of things in the midst of which she was obliged to dwell. But now, in this splendid weather, she could spend hours with her poets under the trees, or wander to the river-side, and forget the uncongenial world while listening entranced to the warbling of the nightingales; and so things had come to a frightful crisis. Nature had cruelly declared herself on Miss de Coverley's side, and commenced hostilities against Miss de Coverley's distracted guardian. The sun shone upon the young lady, the buds

opened for her, the patriarchal trees waved their paternal benedictions over her wilful head, as she passed pensively beneath them, trailing her rich silk dresses over the dewy grass, to the serious detriment of the trimming on the hem, and the speechless dismay of Aunt Dorothy. And then there was the moon coming forth every night in unheard-of splendour, and doing more mischief at one shining than could possibly be accomplished in the odorous sunlight of three glowing days. Nor was even this all; for just at that point when Aunt Dorothy conceived that the measure of her perplexity was well nigh filled up to the brim, an unexpected inpouring of fresh bitters had suddenly set it overflowing at her lips. Inexorable Fate had flung a hero, a real living hero, upon his knees at the feet of the romantic Violet.

On this particular morning, as we have said, neither of the ladies of Summerfield was in a serene frame of mind. Violet moped about the grounds all the morning, sulking because of last night, and the spoiling of her serenade, while Aunt Dorothea tried a hundred occupations, and failed to persevere in any of them. She took her scissors and basket in hand, and tried to do a little gardening; but, finding that her nervous fingers were snipping off buds instead of rotting leaves, she gave up that employment as unsafe. She sat in the summer-house with her netting, but she made so many knots on her thread that her work got into a mess. She even ventured to turn over some pages of Miss de Coverley's novels, in order to beguile the time; but all the heroines were "Violet," and all the villains were named "Canterdale;" and this was tiresome, and so she gave them up. A dozen times she had looked at her watch; thrice she had walked half-way down the avenue and back again. At last, to her intense relief, the sight of a carriage rewarded her anxious eyes, and her friend Mrs. Singleheart arrived.

Mrs. Sarah Singleheart was the wife of a doctor, residing about fifty miles from Summerfield. She and Aunt Dorothy had been schoolfellows, and had kept up an unfading friendship ever since their fifteenth year. They corresponded frequently, and visited one another as often as circumstances would permit. Mrs. Singleheart was the mother of a large family, amongst whom were many girls. Two of these were married, and the rest were well-behaved, amiable young spinsters. It was not therefore wonderful that anxious Aunt Dorothy should look towards this experienced matron for help in her present dreadful difficulty. She had written, hinting at her dilemma, and her devoted Sarah had at once flown on the wings of friendship to her assistance.

In her younger, unaffected days Violet de Coverley had been a

favourite with Mrs. Singleheart, and it vexed the good matron no little to hear that the girl had been spoiled. She remembered her happy, truthful disposition, and was fain to believe that nothing very serious was the matter. "Poor Dorothea is inexperienced," she thought, as she progressed over the fifty miles towards Summerfield. "Her own life until now has been too much like a holiday. Ah! if she had had to manage five hundred a year, and to rear and educate ten boys and girls as I have done, she would not be so fidgety about trifles!"

Violet appeared at dinner, and Mrs. Singleheart thought she had grown to be a very pretty creature. True, she was rather rapt-away and lackadaisical-looking, and she did not eat; but then she was just at the poetry-reading age, and wanted to see a little more of the everyday life of the world. "Ah! if I had her at home," thought the thrifty matron, as she sipped her soup, "I'd set her to help Lucy to teach the children and darn the stockings; and a month of that would be better for her than a whole year of sermonising!" As for Aunt Dorothea, the vision of her friend's sensible motherly face at the opposite end of the table quite reassured her already. She felt her truant appetite return, and actually enjoyed her dinner.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. SARAH SINGLEHEART'S ADVICE.

"AND NOW, Dorothy, what is all this about Violet?"

Mrs. Singleheart sank into one of the drawing-room couches as she spoke, and filled it to overflowing with her comfortable person and her ample skirts. She had a handsome face, and wore a dignified cap, and that most becoming addition to a matronly toilet, viz. an elegant shawl. Her manner had an air of business-like attention, and there was an expression of sympathy in the folding of her white, firm, pink-tinted hands. Aunt Dorothy sat opposite to her with a disturbed countenance.

The two friends were alone. From the open window they could see Violet walking up and down the garden-paths in the sunset, with a rose in her belt and her eyes on a page of Tennyson. Her pretty brown curls fluttered on her shoulders, and the white lilies brushed her gown, and the laburnums kissed her shoulder as she passed. The rosy sky made a background for her light figure, and the trees stooped and framed her. The young lady's eyes were upon her book, but she could see through that open window of the drawing-room, in spite of the witchery of "Faintly smiling Adeline." All day she had been in low spirits about the vulgar ending of last night's adventure.

Now, seeing her two respected elders in close conversation together, with that wise, mysterious, solicitous expression on their faces which the countenances of kind mammas and aunts do assume when they are holding council over the follies or besetting dangers of their cherished girls; seeing this so soon after dinner, Violet guessed at once what was the object of Mrs. Singleheart's visit, and knew that the subject of the present conversation was herself. She felt persecuted directly, and her spirits rose several degrees.

This was really most consoling. It almost made atonement for the ignominious throwing of the penny last night. Sentimentalism will thrive in adversity; but a blast of ridicule, if it does not kill it with one breath, will at least drive it into the agonies of death at once. From the torments of these agonies, this fresh little evidence of persecution rescued Violet's thrilling romance. It administered to her wounds the healing balsam of importance. The young lady sighed profoundly, and felt elated. She turned over a page of her book, and tried not to wish that she had eaten her dinner, instead of through "sickness of soul," leaving the table with her natural desires unsatisfied. Hunger and Tennyson do not agree well together. "Mystery of mysteries, faintly smiling Adeline!" Fly away, gross idea of roast-chicken and cherry-tart despised. Must it be owned that a latent hope lingered in a corner of Miss de Coverley's heart—to wit, that dear good old Knox the housekeeper might, unprompted, conceive the brilliant idea of sending up some of her nice fresh shortbreads for tea?

"And now, Dorothea, what is all this about Violet? Nothing serious, I hope. I fear you are too anxious, and expect too much from a young thing just fresh from school. I daresay she is a little too fond of poetry; but that will wear away. The world is new to her just now; and she hasn't learned proper names yet, and mistakes one thing for another. By and by she will get accustomed to life. For my part, I think her a charming little creature. If I were a young man, instead of an old lady, I should be tempted to fall in love with her, in spite of dear Summerfield and her few nice thousands. I think you have no right to be dissatisfied."

Aunt Dorothy groaned. "Ah, Sarah," she said, "you have just hit the mark at random. A young man has fallen in love with her."

"My poor old friend!—why, how very dreadful!" said Mrs. Singleheart, with an amused smile at the despairing tone of this announcement.

"Don't laugh, Sarah, till you have heard all," said Aunt Dorothea, pettishly. "I am not so foolish as to be in trouble because a

pretty girl must be admired. But I am disturbed and anxious because a designing creature—a person whom I believe to be thoroughly insincere—is playing a game with my poor dear silly child against me. The stake that he plays for is Summerfield and those thousands you have mentioned. Violet, poor little goose, never dreams of a stake at all; but is simply enchanted with the novelty and excitement of the game. As for me, their opponent, I play for my child's future welfare and happiness. They have given me check upon check: for he is a clever young villain, and she is absurdly unmanageable. If I am checkmated in the end, the girl had better be dead."

Mrs. Singleheart looked sufficiently serious now. "I beg your pardon, Dorothy," she said; "this is a grave matter, indeed. And who is this very troublesome young man?"

"Young Canterdale, of Brushwood Park, our nearest neighbour. His father was once the owner of a fine estate; but has been living on the brink of ruin for the last twenty years. The elder Canterdale is a stupid man; but the son is clever, and thinks to amend his fortunes by marriage. I believe he had marked Violet for his prey before her return from school. There was a sort of playmate acquaintance between them when they were children, and the young man has made a great deal out of this little fact. The manner in which he introduced himself to her was most artfully contrived. Violet was walking out one evening, with her head, of course, filled with the catastrophes of the last new novel she had been reading. Just at that part of the Summerfield grounds where they are adjoined by those of Brushwood Park, a large dog sprang out of the bushes, and began barking at her in a most violent manner. The silly girl was nearly frightened to death, and imagined herself on the point of fainting, when a gallant defender rushed from among the trees in the person of Mr. Augustus Canterdale. He brought her home and the next day he called to assure himself that Miss de Coverley had not been mortally injured by the unfortunate barking of his dog. And he called again, and he called again; and I've never been able to shake him off since. For the most hopeless part of the matter is this—that Mr. Augustus Canterdale won't be snubbed."

"But are you sure he intends to make love to her, Dorothy?"

"Sure! Why, it is the most barefaced thing you can imagine! He cuts her name all over the trees; he has taken lessons on the guitar, expressly for the purpose of serenading her; he sends a carrier-pigeon, perpetually hovering about her window, with copies of romantic verses under its wing. I live in daily terror of the silly

little thing's coming to tell me that she has engaged herself to marry the wretch."

Aunt Dorothea paused and sighed profoundly. Mrs. Singleheart was silent, and tapped the carpet thoughtfully with her toe. At last she said:

"And you are quite convinced, Dorothy, of these two facts,—that the young man is unworthy, and that Violet's heart is not seriously engaged in the affair? Because, as you know of old, I am not a great advocate of worldly matches; and, unless there is some serious reason against it, I think it best, in general, to let young people have their own way in these matters."

"Ah! Sarah," said Aunt Dorothea, plaintively, "that would be very well, indeed, if those points were the only two matters we had got to consider. But, unfortunately, I have not told you every thing yet. The rest is an old story, though it will be new to you."

Aunt Dorothy buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief. Presently she recovered herself, and continued:

"You think, of course, with all the world, that Violet is the heiress of considerable wealth. And so she is—conditionally. Her father, for many years before his death, was not, as he was believed to be, a very rich and unembarrassed man. Poor Jasper had a mania for speculation, and he lost largely during the later years of his life. Our other brother, Andrew, who amassed money in India, was in reality the wealthy man of the family. From him Jasper borrowed immensely, keeping the knowledge of his difficulties from the world. The two brothers, unhappily, quarrelled over their money transactions, and lived estranged for years. On his deathbed, poor Jasper had really only a tithe to bequeath to his daughter of all that appeared to be his. Then Andrew came to his side, and said: 'Let us forgive one another. Don't be unhappy about the child; I will leave her all I possess.' And poor Jasper died at peace."

"Andrew lived only a year after this; and upon his death his will was found to be the most extraordinary affair ever penned. It appeared that before his sudden reconciliation with, and promise to, Jasper, he had intended bequeathing all his possessions to the son of an old and valued friend. He had even made a will to that effect; and had spoken so as to excite expectations in the minds of the parents of the boy whom he had selected for his heir. Andrew was always very eccentric, and I suppose he found himself in a difficulty. However, in his will he bequeathed the great bulk of his property, including Summerfield, to Violet, on condition that she married the son of his friend. Up to the age of twenty-one she was to enjoy the property as heiress; but if after that age she refused to comply

with the conditions of the will, it was to pass from her at once and for ever, and revert to the rejected gentleman. Now, Sarah, just think of this, and then consider the dreadful state that things are in at present; and tell me if I am not in the most difficult position in which any unhappy guardian was ever placed."

Mrs. Singleheart inhaled a deep breath of astonishment.

"Well, I must say, Dorothy," she said, "that I never heard of any thing so excessively whimsical and awkward out of a novel. And who is the young gentleman so strangely named in the will?"

"His name is Frank Forensic."

"Frank——? Why, is he a barrister, and the son of the celebrated Mr. Justice Forensic?"

Aunt Dorothea nodded her head in a despairing affirmative.

"Oh, Dorothea, my dear friend! this unfortunate, ridiculous affair must be ended at once. Frank Forensic! why he's the nicest, cleverest, kindest, most honest——" Mrs. Singleheart here lost herself in a crowd of rapturous superlatives. "Oh! I only wish one of my girls had such a chance. He is doing splendidly at the bar; and his father is most distinguished and exceedingly wealthy. And have you,—has he,—how does the young man himself feel disposed to look upon the matter?"

"I only saw him once," said Aunt Dorothea huskily; "but I must say that I was extremely pleased with him. He came down here one day before Violet's return from school, on purpose to have an interview with me on the subject. It was an exceedingly awkward arrangement, he thought, both for himself and for Miss de Coverley. 'Why, madam,' he said, laughing, 'it is enough to make her hate me.' He tried to cover the embarrassment which we both felt during the interview by appearing to treat the matter as a joke. 'If Miss de Coverley and I could meet and become acquainted,' he said, 'I daresay we should soon make up our minds as to whether or not Mr. Andrew de Coverley's arrangement should be allowed to hold good. In case the lady decides against me, of course I trust you understand that the will shall at once be set aside; I need hardly say that I could not take advantage of it.' 'Violet is just,' I said; 'and I know she would never endure that, Mr. Forensic.' 'Madam,' he answered, drawing himself up a little, 'I am just too.'"

"And how did the interview end?" asked Mrs. Singleheart.

"It ended by my promising to give him an opportunity of making Violet's acquaintance. Before he went away, he asked me (with a little manly becoming hesitation) whether I was in possession of any likeness of Miss de Coverley, and would be kind enough to

let him see it. I showed him a nice little miniature which was painted when the child was fourteen. She looks very pretty and saucy in it. He was very pleased when he looked at it. 'A very charming little face,' he said; 'a very sweet, sunny, piquant little face. I'm afraid she won't have me, Mrs. de Coverley.' He quite blushed up, and he looked so brave and modest that I felt almost an affection for him at once. He asked me to let him keep the miniature. I hope I was not wrong in yielding; but I was rather agitated, so that I could scarcely deliberate; and besides, I was very much delighted with the young man. It was only a child's likeness after all. He was very grateful. 'I will keep it, madam,' he said, 'till the original demands it back again.'

"Well, my dear Dorothy," said Mrs. Singleheart, "there is only one course for you to pursue. You must send Violet to London."

"Oh!" said Aunt Dorothy, "how I now wish that I had taken her there in April, and brought her out! I had meant to do so; but, finding her so silly, I judged that a year passed quietly in the country might benefit the child both in body and in mind. I had hoped too that she might have met Mr. Forensic here at Summerfield, before mixing with the world. Now, however, since this unlucky affair has arisen, it would be madness—perfect destruction to everything that is desirable—to ask him here."

"Decidedly. But not to send her to London. You must stay behind yourself, and let her go alone. You must think of some gay friends who will take her in. Why, there are her cousins, the Dashaways! They would be delighted to get her, and at their house she would be sure to meet Frank. There, Dorothea, my poor, dear, puzzled soul,—there is my advice. Get her an invitation, and send her off to the Dashaways as fast as you can."

"But, Sarah, what can be done if the silly girl really and seriously likes this dreadful Canterdale, and makes up her mind to hate Mr. Forensic before she sees him?"

"Well, as for the hating, I don't object to that at all,—just to give a little spice to matters at the beginning. It will only be a poetical sort of hating, which will serve to give him a dash of interest, and will be quite different from genuine dislike. And as for the child's having any serious feeling of regard for the other gentleman, why, that would be very miserable indeed. But we must discover all about that, I see. I have a plan. You must conceal your feelings a little, Dorothea, and invite Mr. Canterdale to tea on to-morrow evening. If you do, I will venture to promise to tell you pretty correctly by bed-time what is the true state of the case on this important point."

"I dislike the idea of that very much," said Aunt Dorothy. "Still, if you think—but see! there goes the white pigeon. Under its wing there is a poetic effusion. Violet has seen it already, and has disappeared. She will take the bird in at her window, and go into raptures over the verses. I am not afraid of her writing, even a word, in return, silly as she is; but she will probably tie a flower, or a scrap of ribbon, round the pigeon's neck, and send it off again. I have seen it flying home so decorated. And so things go on, getting worse and worse."

"But, Dorothy, we are going to set them right again. To-night you must despatch two notes; one to the Dashaways, and one to Mr. Augustus Canterdale. And now let us go in, my dear friend, for I very much want my tea."

Mr. Augustus Canterdale was sitting in the twilight at the open window of his own apartment at Brushwood Park. He was reclining upon a comfortable couch with a handsome rug spread over his extended feet. He was a good-looking young man with curling hay-coloured hair and blue eyes, at present half closed. In the lines of his face you might easily discern that he loved a lazy and luxurious life, and fully intended to lead no other, and yet that he was capable of making sudden and violent exertion when it suited him to do so. At present he held a cigarette in his fingers, and looked down through the green summer trees, and the cool twilight stillness twinkling with little early stars, down to the fair domain of Brushwood Park, that lay with its green lawns all fresh in the dew, and its thickets all softly wrapped in the purple mist of the hour.

"To think of losing this!" he said, with sudden animation. "This! To think of Brushwood going to the hammer like a superannuated chest of drawers or a cracked looking-glass! To think of somebody picking it up a bargain. Thank you. Not if I know it."

A knock came to the door, and a servant brought him a note. He turned it over, and his countenance elongated very considerably when he looked at the superscription. He gave vent to his feelings first by a discomfited whistle, and then—"The old dragon! what is she writing to me for?"

He tossed his cigar out of the window, and broke the seal.

"Mrs. Dorothea de Coverley presents her compliments to Mr. Augustus Canterdale, and requests the pleasure of his company to tea on to-morrow evening at seven o'clock."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Canterdale, "*By Jove!* how very condescending of the elderly person! So she's coming round, is she? How very nice! And it's all to be plain sailing henceforth? Well,

I don't object. Oh! I'll be there, old lady,—seven o'clock precisely; and if I can only contrive to get this little trinket," he added, tossing a glittering something in his right hand as he spoke,—“if I can only manage to get this slipped upon Miss Violet de Coverley's slender finger before I make my adieux—why, it won't be a bad evening's work.”

Literature in its Social Aspects.

PART I.

"SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY," as it is called, attracts to itself every day a larger portion of public attention. It remains to be seen how far the multitudinous speculations and theories, not seldom as changeable as they are ingenious, which claim that somewhat lofty name, are able to shape themselves into the consistency that belongs to a genuine philosophy. But the discussions of our "Social Science" Congress, and the subjects frequently chosen for popular lectures, are conclusive evidence at least as to the fact that the modern mind is not losing its interest in the inquiry. There is one section of this large subject upon which less attention has perhaps been bestowed than it deserves, the relation, namely, in which literature stands, not to the individual intellect, but to the general progress of Society. Upon that subject we propose to make some remarks, though we cannot find room for more than a part of them on the present occasion.

There was a time when books constituted a world of their own, and when that world and the world of men were "as kingdoms in oppugnancy." To be a man of letters was then looked upon almost as a monastic seclusion. But the cloistral days of literature, whether for good or for evil, are over. Not only do men of the world and men of letters mix in society, but to a large extent the pursuits of each class are of a mixed character, derived partly from the study and partly from the interests of life. Literature has acquired a history of its own; and in becoming acquainted with that history it is impossible not to perceive at how many points the literary and the social development of man have touched each other. These points of contact coincide in the intellectual and the social development of different nations sufficiently to suggest not a few inferences of some interest as regards social philosophy. In many respects such a survey tends to exalt literature in our estimation; but to exalt it, not so much for what it effects by premeditated effort, as for what it effects unconsciously, as the interpreter of instincts deeper than any which it originates. It brings home to us, above all, the conviction that literature cannot be made to advance in a groove of its own, subject only to its own laws; that it comes from the heart of human kind, and, for good or evil, gives utterance to all that is deepest there.

As to the vast amount of power exercised by letters in our day, there can be no doubt. That power may be more or less of a spiritual,

and therefore of a permanent, character; but it makes itself felt in the present, and does not lack confidence at least as regards the future. A celebrated German philosopher remarks that in ancient times the State was the great power; in the Middle Ages the Church; and that to these in recent days we have added two others—commerce and literature. In earlier ages the influence both of commerce and of letters was comparatively local and occasional. In the modern world both influences are permanent, and aspire to become universal. What railroads and steam effect for trade, that popular education effects for literature. Schools and lecture-halls and mechanic institutes have lent it wings. That which belonged of old to the few is now the inheritance of the many. Men are proud of their new possession, and proud for very different reasons. Some see in it a new gift of God to man, accompanied by a new responsibility; others value it as a human franchise, the result of human energies, and the triumph of natural powers. The religious see in it new means of acquainting man with his duties; the worldly new means of extending his sensuous enjoyments. In one thing they are agreed, viz. that in determining the future lot of man literature must have a great place; and consequently that to ascertain its relations to society is a problem not of mere speculation, but of practical philosophy.

We should have no reason to be surprised if we found that, high as are the services and just honours of literature, there is, among many, a disposition to exaggerate both. A temperate estimate of itself is not one of the characteristics of modern Intellect. It is like a youth who has come too lately into possession of a large estate to appreciate its resources aright. Conscious of great and new powers, it has not had time to learn their limitations. There are some who fancy that the day has gone by when the statesman in his study, or the great captain in the field, can exercise more than a seeming power, and that no genuine moral influence survives except that which proceeds from the author's desk. The "slave of the lamp" is the divinity in whom they believe, next to that great divinity of their worship—self. Such an exaggerated estimate of literary power proceeds, of course, mainly from an inadequate estimate of other things, and especially of revealed religion. The gifts such persons decline to accept from above, they claim exclusively as the spoil of human invention. A few years ago multitudes believed in a "reign of peace," of which commerce was the bond, and in which charity need have no part. There are still multitudes who look forward to a state of perfection as a thing guaranteed by the diffusion of general knowledge. It is thus that unbelief and credulity are ever allied, and that those who scoff at revelation and the Church become the fanatics of "spirit-rapping." To depreciate religion in order to exalt literature is a

crime against the latter as well as the former. It is to remove the buttresses and tamper with the foundations of a building, in the hope of raising still higher, with the materials thus provided, its pinnacles and towers. The over-estimate of the influence exercised by literature as compared with the power of the State proceeds no less from the intemperate haste of an intellectual movement that has not yet acquired the sedateness of experience.

The "pride of literature," as it has been called, is closely connected with an ignorance of the real dignity that belongs to letters, and the genuine service they are capable of rendering to man. Those who are most infected with this unworthy pride boast much of the influence of books: but they think more of that immediate and palpable influence, which is obvious to all, than of that more spiritual influence which, though it lasts long, rises imperceptibly and diffuses itself slowly. Bentham, not Plato, is the idol of such encomiasts; and if they can afford a word of praise to Bacon himself, it is only on condition of being allowed to represent that great lover of knowledge as one who valued it only for its material applications. The pamphlet of the hour interests them more than the moral treatise which was written three thousand years ago, and yet upon whose "lucid brow," as on the sea, "Time writes no wrinkle." The characters which they can spell must be as large as those over shop-doors; and harmonies less obtrusive than those of drum and trumpet are lost on their ear. It is not long since a distinguished man proclaimed in Parliament that the newspaper press was the most useful part of literature. The boldest but speaks what the many think, or what they will think when they come to know their own mind. Such is the degradation which literature must reach if it forgets its fountain-head, which is hidden on the mountain summits of Truth, and attaches itself mainly to those material applications which belong to it but incidentally, as, descending from the heights, it irrigates the fields and farms of common life. In the old fable of King Log, we have a type of such exaltations and their consequences. Literature is neither a divinity nor a drudge—converse errors very closely connected.

Before going further it may be well to explain in what sense we speak of literature when claiming for it high functions, and yet asserting its limitations. There are three senses in which the word is used. The widest, or etymological sense, would include in literature nearly all that is transmitted and circulated by letters, except what is obviously either technical, or intended to meet the meaner wants of the moment. The narrowest definition would include in the term little more than comes home to the "business and bosoms of men." In this last sense the language in which man expresses his highest aspirations, his deepest thoughts, and his most spiritual

sympathies, is not accounted part of literature, but classed apart as science or as song. In this sense the drama is literature, but the Orphic ode is not, and the philosophic idyl or elegy scarcely claims the name. In this sense a philosophy of society, cast in the form of maxims or witticisms, is literature; while the dialogues of Plato are not. A book of memoirs, though compiled out of letters not written for publication, is included in the term; while the earliest historical works, or the most interesting dissertations on the migration of races, are excluded. Used in this sense, the term "literature" corresponds in some degree with that of "belles lettres." Now, for literature in this very restricted sense, we make no exalted claim. It flourishes generally in times not remarkable for earnestness; and as it "lives to please," so it must "please to live;" in other words, its estimate of social actions and relations is not likely to be higher than that of the world. It eludes the great problems which belong to man in his wider humanity,—those which face him when he contemplates God, his own soul, and outward nature. The sense in which we use the term "literature" is intermediate between the two we have referred to. It includes those works which deal with the region of the humanities, and constitute, through written words, the expression of man as a human being. It excludes the accidental, the technical, that which is but instrumental, and that which, like abstract science, addresses itself to the few; but it includes poetry, history, and even philosophy, so far as the last is genial in its character, has its origin in man's universal needs, and challenges our total being,—the imagination and the heart, as well as the intellect. The three definitions of literature are, of course, all of them allowable and useful; but what we assert of it, using the word in one of these senses, would not apply to it if understood in a different sense.

In casting a glance back upon the history of literature, what perhaps strikes us most is the orderly sequence with which its different periods, characterised in most nations by analogous merits and defects, succeed each other. Were all these periods like the earlier, it would be impossible not to speak of them in words which we should call enthusiastic, if we did not remember how far short even they must fall of our feelings in youth, when first the new world of perdurable books come in upon us. Amid the fleeting pageants of time, the great poems of the world maintain an image of immortality. States, like men, drop back into the dust; that dust takes shape again, and again crumbles into dissolution; but the heroic song which thousands of years ago delighted the village circle on the shores of Asia Minor still pours life into the veins of successive generations in remote and unfriendly climes. Such is the mystery of musical words. The temples that seemed as stable as the quarries

of Paros and Pentelicus out of which they rose have melted away like snow-wreaths: yet Achilles lives as when fire flashed from the sightless eyes of the gray rhapsodist, and the youngest shepherd-boy amid the listening group clasped the crook like a sword. Not a picture of Apelles survives, but Helen remains as when her beauty launched the fleets of Greece. Philip and Alexander are gone; their bones lie as passive as those of the broad elephants which, beside the Persian or Indian rivers, once divided the iron ranks of the Macedonian phalanx; but Demosthenes still denounces 'the barbarian' as when he took his stand on the pnyx, and "in Athens there was but one voice." Dynasties have vanished; empires, foreshown to the sad prophet in dread symbolic image, are no more; hosts beneath whose tread the earth trembled have passed into earth; communities bright and fragile have risen like the flower, and broken like the bubble; yet no word is moved from its order of all those which Cassandra spoke in her madness, and Æschylus recorded. Time reveres that blind old discrowned head of Œdipus as, sitting beside the city-gates in the laurel-grove of the Eumenides, he bends it forward, listening to the Athenian nightingales. The song of those birds is unchanged; no link has been broken, from age to age, in the chain of the musical tradition. As secure against change is every modulation of that tragic chorus which celebrated their melody.

We enjoy our secure possession almost without memory either of the enjoyment or the debt. Let us try to realise what we should be without it. What if the world had lost—we will not say those great early poems which have triumphed over the competition of those whom they are always waking to rivalry—but the few and precious volumes of early History! To look back on the region of the Past, for us so beautified by the gradations of historical distances, so enriched by the boundary-lines of successive ages, so ennobled by the monuments of great events just touched by the sunrise of authentic annals;—to look forth on that region, never fairer than when scarred with convulsions passed away, or touched by the bleeding hand of ancient wrong, and to find in it but a waste! There are beings of a more exalted order than man, who abide in a region over which time has no sway; there are races below ours, who live but in an ever-shifting present; but for man to have no history, would be to exist in time, and yet know it only by its discords. The contemplatist would still gaze upward into the eternal and the infinite, nor would he gaze in vain: but the eye that looks along the labours of man, and fixes itself wistfully on the far horizons of life, would find little to reward its quest.

Still greater would be our loss if deprived of the earlier records

of Philosophy. Directly or indirectly, it is through literature that they have been preserved for us; and but for them the most deeply interesting parts of literature would never have existed. Problems which for us are solved have for us lost much of their attraction; we hardly understand how they can ever have presented themselves to the human mind as things of dubious interpretation. Yet whole volumes of literature—nay often of what we call ‘light literature’—are the touching memorials of intellectual strivings no longer ours, though labours analogous to them still remain for us. There is a profound pathos in those records of questionings and aspirations in days gone by. Man remembered his birthright, and therefore aspired after truth. No failures could drive him from the investigation; for he felt that in Truth the issues of his being were involved, and that disappointment in such a quest was nobler than success in meaner pursuits. Christianity had not yet illuminated man’s life; but with such lights as he possessed, whether derived from reason or tradition, man continued to meditate, and an irresistible instinct made him record his thoughts. The questions which haunted him were ever the same. “What Power is that which whispers Duty in our ears, commanding us to act or to forbear? Human polities, whence come they? what claim have they on our allegiance? Those other beings of our kind, are they indeed our brethren, or are they creatures on whom we may prey?” In many a light song the answer to such inquiries, or rather many rival answers, remains indirectly involved, no less than in the metaphysical treatise. Half of mythological poetry is but a reply to the questions the heart of man insisted on asking respecting external Nature. If to us some of those strange questionings appear fantastic or far-fetched, it is either because Revelation has set us at rest on such matters, or because in an age which science has made secure, and security effeminate, we find our rest in material occupations and conventional pleasures. It has been well observed that we can now hardly imagine the intense vividness with which such speculations presented themselves to the mind of man in the early stages of human societies. Such was especially the case in those happier climates of the south, where the bodily organs possessed a marvellous impressionability, and where nature played upon the nerve of man, in all her moods, as on an instrument. To children the outward world still remains a miracle. To too many of mature age it has become but a machine. We have acquired fixed habits of mind as regards nature. We regard it as a raw material which we are to turn to account, or as a power of which we are, through inductive science, to ascertain the laws. These habits, once impressed on the general mind of society, mould the intelligence of every member of

it, even of those not addicted to science, and consequently exclude the opposite and imaginative habit of mind.

Far other was the aspect under which Nature presented herself to the human mind before the idea of physical law had grown familiar. The imagination became her interpreter, whether the interpretation was presented in the form of poetry or of philosophy. In man's poetic moods the torrent could not rend its way down the mountain without wearing the semblance of a Divinity, terrible or beneficent. In his philosophic moods the commonest herb that rose from the sod made him ask himself, "And I—whence do I come?" Poetry was but the flashing eye, and philosophy the brooding brow, of the same contemplative Intelligence. The artist may have laboured but to give pleasure or gain sympathy; but Art worked under an imperious necessity of expressing human needs. "What," the human mind was ever asking,—“what is this material universe around us, with all its moving imagery, now remote as a vision, now thrilling us like the limbs through which our life-blood flows? What means it? What relations has it with the Divine? Is it one great whole; or are its several parts disconnected? Does it live? Shall we call it mortal, since all its products fall back again into stillness; or immortal, because from its decay new life, and nobler, is quickened. There is in it nothing solitary, nothing divided. Stream flows to sea; and sea revisits in cloud the failing stream. Nature! Is she finite? Is she infinite? We cannot trace her out. Her circles wind back into each other, and are lost. Her harmonies are manifold, and we catch them but in fragments. We, we;—it is we who are the disjointed fragments, not Nature. Is the Universe, then, eternal as well as infinite, if infinite it be? Is it a God; or is there a God unseen who has created it? or is it the outward semblance of a Divine Being, a robe of matter which is joined to him, as with us body and soul are joined?" Such were the questions which in all lands asked themselves, and patiently waited for an answer. Such were the strivings of the human mind after Truth. The permanent literature of every age, not the philosophic literature alone, is their memorial.

Not less solicitous was the inquiry when Nature was thought of in her relations principally to man and his needs, by those who had not received, in Revelation, a clue to the labyrinth. "Is not Nature our mother and our nurse? Does she not wonderfully, in darkness, shape us, looking down into our being ere we are conscious of being, as the geometrician bends his brow over his theorem? Does she not breathe into us her own breath; command her mountain marble to pass into herb and air, and build up our bones? Does she not feed us as the panther feeds its young; lure us to walk by her side; send forth her winds to be as wings on

our shoulders; and challenge us from crag and cliff? She is far from us, yet gives us strength to follow her voice. She promises to become ever more to us. She discloses herself to us in orderly gradations of Sense, and Intellect, and Soul. In our first days we *felt* her, and only felt her, like an infant lying on its mother's knees, blind and helpless, yet with a vague sense of protection. Afterwards she woke in us new instincts, and through the windows of growing intelligence communicated herself to us in ampler measure. At first we had but heard her singing lullabies above our cradle; but now she put forth her hand, as if from infinite space, and touched our lids, and we looked up upon a countenance awful yet full of love. A third time she imparted herself to us. Infancy and childhood had both passed away: youth had come with its marvellous energies, its generous hopes, and boundless resources. Nature was with us still. She sent aspirations into our soul capable of directing the efforts of the intellect, and controlling the passions of the body. Beneath us we felt the mighty parent still, but motionless no more. Singing loud hymns, and sustaining her young brood on her bosom, the Maternal Goddess seemed to ascend toward that heaven of which she sang. Newer knowledge streamed in upon us; but around us glowed the dawn of a life that seemed to transcend all knowledge. Such were the stages of our advancing estate. The first was the blind infant life of the senses: the second was that of the mental faculties blended with the animal; the third was that of spiritual aspirations, sent most abundantly when needed most, and mounting to regions dimly remembered, but remembered as our native place."

But too soon the voice of man's questionings lost its exulting tone. The lessons of Time by itself sound like a sour pedantry; and the teaching of mere experience is grievous to those who have not learned from a higher source that, if man is weak, a strength greater than any that Nature can give him is perfected in such weakness, a strength that belongs to the supernatural, descends from above, and alights on the humble. The Pagan appeal to Nature became at last but a reproach. "Is Nature," it murmured, "indeed our mother? Trial fell upon us. We woke as one stunned by a fall, or as the Maenad on the frosty mountain side. Nature helped us not. Her ear was turned on us as a rock in its sullenness. We turned from her to the Will within us. Youth and its dreams past, there remained the resolute strength of manhood. We scorned to submit: we fought; we conquered. From the adversities of every clime new daring reaped new wisdom. What Nature would not give, we took. We clave open her niggard fields with the plough, and dragged up the reluctant increase. We felled the pine, and bridged the sea. The mine yielded us the weapons of our battle with Nature, and the trumpet that sang

our triumph. Nature, then, is not our mother, but our slave; and we, what are we? Are we Divinities that rule her;—her wonder, and her worship?" Thus man questioned in every land, and Nature made answer from a million of graves, "Thou conquerest me but through my laws, and through making thyself subject to my laws. The end of my law is death. Descend, and question of me in the darkness."

There was a time when in such questionings nothing strange or exaggerated would have been found. Probably every early nation passed through such a stage, if it ever reached to any thing mature or added a bequest to man's inheritance. In literature we find the memorial of these inward strivings. Among its great lessons is this—that man is ever the same. It is not improbable that all the modern schools of metaphysics and moral philosophy were anticipated by those of Greece before the days of Alexander. The Pantheism of recent Germany had its prototype, as we are assured, in the Ionian school founded by Thales of Miletus. A more spiritual philosophy, which also has its disciples in our day, was anticipated by the Eleatic school founded by Zenophanes. Parmenides asserted the "subjective" character of space and time no less than the followers of Coleridge, and insisted, like our Transcendentalists, on the distinction between pure reason and the faculty that judges by sense. Pythagoras anticipated those who found a political system upon theological views; and embodied his own in social institutes almost of an ecclesiastical character, insisting upon the close connexion between speculative principles and practical life. These anticipations are to be found in the earliest Indian as well as in the Greek philosophy, and it is through literature that we learn the substantial identity of the human mind. The Berkeleyan theory respecting matter is as clearly expressed in the Sanscrit hymns as in the treatises of the Irish prelate. To the end of time the lesson will probably be the same. The old Epicureans will always have their followers in materialism, and the Academicians in scepticism. It has been said that every one is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian: and doubtless, in proportion as the reason and the imagination predominate on the one side, or the understanding and the fancy on the other; as the faculty that creates or that which analyses is in the ascendant; as the instinct of the mind is ideal or is dialectic,—thinkers will, however unconsciously, range themselves under the one school or the other.

In preserving the monuments of thought, even on the most abstract subjects, Literature discharges a function graver than that which her votaries often claim for her—a twofold function. She attests the fact that, even in periods we sometimes look on as half-barbarous, man refused to believe that nothing concerned him except what belongs to the senses. Amid all our boasted civilisation, how many

there are to whom the dignity and preciousness of Truth are alike unknown! The World is with them. They believe in her with the faith of martyrs, advance her material interests with the zeal of missionaries, and commonly carry off those prizes which are the just reward of undivided energies. But what shall we say of those who can go no further than all this? Nations do not live by bread alone. How do such persons stand as relates to the spiritual good of nations or of individuals? How as relates to Truth? They do not deny her existence. In our day it is not safe, nor in good taste, to do so. They agree that her existence should be recognised; nay, that she should be allowed to "reign," on condition of not "ruling." Admitted truths are to be enthroned on high—so high, that like statues "mast-headed" at the top of lofty pillars, their features become invisible. Truths not universally recognised (and only for that reason not regarded as truisms) are to be let alone. All search after them is to be stigmatised under the opprobrious names of speculation or of controversy. At no period and in no country has the love of Truth existed among men self-occupied, or mainly devoted to external things. As much of Truth as chances to receive the sanction of public opinion will be nominally theirs: but it is in them only as the motion of a carriage is in a man while he continues to sit in the carriage. It is in them, not of them. Truth does not abide in the temples preoccupied by the money-changers. She haunts rather the ruined precincts of some "creed outworn," where at least a nobler divinity than Plutus was worshipped, and where, amid Pagan follies and superstitions, some traces yet remain of man's primitive belief and deathless aspirations. How sternly is a practical indifference in the midst of light reproved by the noble industry of great minds, labouring at early periods and under adverse circumstances, to find that truth which its possessors can neither enjoy nor turn to account!

The second function exercised by these early records of man's strivings is one of rebuke, not directed against the indolence but the pride of human intellect. It addresses itself to those who seek Truth but to gratify self-love or extend the empire of Mind. Such persons value knowledge, on the condition that they are themselves to discover it. They are eager for fresh lore, but indifferent as to the preservation of truth already known. They care nothing for its purity, so only that its apparent bulk may be added to, and by their hands. In their pursuit of truth there may be courage and zeal, but there is neither reverence nor fidelity. To the human intellect alone they are loyal. In each new philosophy they expect the regeneration of the world. Such persons stand rebuked by the efforts of the past. They find that human intelligence revolves in the same track, and reproduces nearly the same systems in the same order.

They leap forth upon a shore supposed to be virgin, but the trace of a man's foot on the sand tells them that another has been before them. The same monuments which commemorate the strivings of the human heart confess the limitations of human intellect, and affirm that while the physical sciences advance by their own energies, in spiritual things man owes his progress not to Discovery but to Revelation. The same divine hand which imparted to him his natural faculties has been stretched forth again, and, raising him from his low estate, has enabled him to exercise those faculties with added lights, and to advance along a higher level.

In an age in which literature aspires to become universal, it is impossible for even the trifling not to perceive that nothing else connected with it is so momentous as the moral relations which it establishes with man. A serious tone of mind is forced upon any one who reflects on this great moral problem. There are many who look upon the subject with despondency. Knowing the manifold temptations connected with books, temptations from which, till lately, the great mass of mankind have been preserved by the urgency of daily toil and the absence of literary culture, they ask what is to be the consequence when the snares that assail the palace beset the cottage no less? Hitherto, they remark, the lot of the many has been one of physical toil, but of intellectual rest. It has lain in a valley thick-set with fair households. On the one side has risen the great mountain of inductive science, and on the other that of Scholastic Theology; but the poor man's foot has tarried by the stream that turns his mill, and no one has challenged him to scale the crags. Still less to him has literature played the siren's part. Is all this to be changed? Among books there will always be the good and the bad; but the supply of each kind will depend on the demand. Which class will the many prefer? Will literature, on the whole, be a nurse of the virtues or a pander of vice? There is neither a rural village nor a mighty city the peace of which will not one day depend upon the answer which time must make to such questions. We can but offer a few suggestions on the subject. Let us begin with the more hopeful.

There are, then, virtues as well as vices which we commonly associate with the few, and which, notwithstanding, sound literature tends to impart to the many. Let us name, for instance, magnanimity. One who ranges among the great men of all ages, and recognises that far-reaching influence by which, silently, unostentatiously, and grasping at no power, they have built up the empire of thought, is less likely than another to join in the stress and strain of petty emulations. He does not need the lordship over a narrow circle. To him there are sceptres not made of iron or gold, and spiritual thrones

to sit at the foot of which is better than vulgar rule. The remoter power, he knows, is the more permanent. The senate amid which he may, if he pleases, be present, includes all the great men who have ever lived; yet in it there is no clamour and no pressure at the door.

Nor is literature less a promoter of unworldliness and self-sacrifice. It is the noble bequest of men who gathered up intellectual treasures while those around them snatched at gewgaws, or lay passive in listlessness. It denounces self-indulgence. "Who is he," says the great Tuscan bard,

"So pale with musing in Pierian groves?"

Those whose ears were open to "the whispers of the lonely Muse" were supposed of old to have closed them against the "Lydian airs" of the frivolous or sensual. Literature was thus regarded as a manly art, the foe of luxury, and the inspirer of heroism; while in some languages the very term that denoted a life given to the imaginative arts was the same that meant "virtue." If, in later times, literature has been cultivated but as a means to a selfish end, if vanity has been the student's stimulus, if an intellectual voluptuousness, more insidious than coarse sensuality, has turned the haunt of the Muses into a garden of epicurean delights,—the loss sustained by literature has avenged the wrong. She possesses a healing power; but, like other physicians, she may catch the malady while she bends over the sick-bed. Men of letters have often, and not always unjustly, charged the clergy with learning worldliness from the world it was sent to reform. Strange that they should not have observed that their own order bears no talisman against a similar infection. What sense of her genuine functions belongs to a literature which flatters where it should instruct, and flings itself in fawning dedications at the feet of a public more adulated than ever was Oriental despot? For excuse it can but take refuge in wit like Aristippus, who, on being reproved for falling at the feet of Dionysius while presenting a petition to him, replied, "that it was not his fault if Dionysius had ears in his feet."

Servile men of letters are reproved by the very name of the "liberal arts." Such arts are liberal, because, drawing us out from the false centre of self, and the narrow circle of merely conventional interests, they dilate our individual being to the dimensions of a world-wide humanity, imparting to us thus the freedom of "no mean city." In this respect, as in some others, the loftiest literature is a shadow of religion, though the difference between the substance and the shadow is of course infinite, and though the latter is often distorted by the inequalities of the surface along which it is projected. Contented ignorance is bounded by the senses. Literature breaks

down that limit. A shelf stored with books of travel enables the artizan at his daily toil to send forth his thoughts through all lands. A few volumes of history, and Time is to him a grave that has given up its dead. Add a few volumes of poetry to a few of history, and the present catches a radiance from the past. They remind us that if the things round us seem to us but little, so seemed to those who lived at an earlier day those things the fame of which has lasted for centuries. They tell us that in the present, too, virtue and genius retain that immortalising touch which changes dust into gems. It is through landscape-paintings that we learn best to appreciate nature, and perceive that weed and weather-stain has its beauty as well as mountain and lake. So it is through a Homer or a Herodotus that we learn to understand human life. In every rural scene are to be found the fair gradations of a Poussin or a Claude, if only those great men have taught us first to spell the alphabet of nature and then to read her page. So likewise in every parish there is a whole Iliad of action and of passion, if only we have been taught to trace their workings by one of those men whom Nature has chosen for her expositors. Every where around us there spreads the Infinite, but we need the optic glass to bring it out. A true book is such a glass. Such a book is now a telescope, bringing the distant close; now a microscope, magnifying what is near. It is thus that nature's largeness is made to break through the limits of our littleness; and that matter, subjecting itself to the interpretation of mind, becomes elevated, as it were, into spirit.

Influences such as these must ever be diffused in proportion as education—an education not based upon vanity—extends its sphere. They work for the many, because they work through those sympathies that exist in all. For the poor and the rich alike there is but one mode of being delivered from the thralldom of self: it is that of taking interest in things unconnected with self. The negative evil can only be obviated by the positive good. Can any one doubt that a cultivated Imagination helps us in this matter? It is the ideal power that alone enables us to realise what belongs to the remote and the unseen, and by realising, to love it. If from the far distance of past time objects flash out as with a magic distinctness, like that which, in the evening of a rainy day, draws near to us the mountain-range, till bush and scar leap forward to catch the "discriminating touch" of a setting sun, it is not wonderful that our affections too should attach themselves to beings thus suddenly made known to us, beings in whom we descry at once all that we are and all that we fain would be! Which of the virtues is not fostered by this noble emulation? Sophocles, it has been generally thought, can belong but to the few. But it was to the many that he addressed himself.

In his most touching tragedy, *Antigonè* is warned that whosoever buries the dead bodies of her brothers shall share their fate. She replies that this mandate may be the law of a tyrant, but that it has never issued from Jove nor from that sceptred Justice which reigns among the Shades;—that she will be true to the dead, and bear her fate. Is her resolve more a lesson of fidelity to the nursling of the palace than to the son of the shepherd, the fisherman, or the artizan? Heroic arms of old cut down the Pelian pines, and pulled the oar all night long through the foam of an unknown sea. Is this more a lesson of courage and perseverance to the Arctic discoverer than to the village boy who finds a brave resolution checked by a trivial obstacle? Men read these things, and their physical aspect itself, mien, and step, are altered. A breath from far summits sends strength into their souls. Experience not their own is imparted to them; the heart is made more single; but the mind is made many-sided; and the faculties of the individual are multiplied into those of his kind.

The arts that do these things for us may well be called "liberal arts." They have the noblest freedom, that of just dependence and true service; and what they possess they impart. In conferring freedom on responsive minds, they confer empire also. We are told that "the meek inherit the earth." They do so doubtless because humble hearts are large hearts, and possess, through love and through the absence of pride and fear, the reality of those serene enjoyments which belong to our universal nature, and which are grasped but in name by those who make the world their prey. The enlarging influence of an imagination developed by the higher class of literature does for the intellect of man something analogous to that which a holier power does for him at the depths of his being. It creates a communion of intelligences; it abolishes isolation; it bestows on each what belongs to all. It cannot therefore but abate prejudice, break through narrowness, destroy littleness. All this, we are sometimes told, may yet but create a good the enemy of some higher good. Doubtless it not only may, but must do so if the gift be perverted; but the very adage, "*Corruptio optimi res pessima est*," includes the statement that the gift is good, though the corruption of it be fatal. Fatal indeed is the influence of a literature, however able, which forgets its true vocation, and seeks its reward in what is below, not in what is above it. An allegiance broken is commonly an allegiance transferred. When literature ceases to be the servant of Truth, it becomes the slave of the world, and ministers but to bondage. The breath of vanity changes what was a "palace of the Humanities" into a splendid prison, and the pictures with which its storied walls were hung are replaced by mirrors reflecting but self-love.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR elapsed betwixt the period of the so brief, but to me so memorable, visit of the welcomest guests our house ever received—to wit, my Lady Mounteagle and her granddaughters—and that in which I met with an accident, which compelled my parents to carry me to Lichfield for chirurgical advice. Four times in the course of that year I was honoured with letters writ by the hand of Mistress Ann Dacre; partly, as the gracious young lady said, by reason of her grandmother's desire that the bud acquaintanceship which had sprouted in the short-lived season of the aforesaid visit should, by such intercourse as may be carried on by means of letters, blossom into a flower of true friendship; and also that that worthy lady and my good mother willed such a correspondence betwixt us as would serve to the sharpening of our wits, and the using our pens to be good servants to our thoughts. In the course of this history I will set down at intervals some of the letters I received at divers times from this noble lady; so that those who read these innocent pictures of herself, portrayed by her own hand, may trace the beginnings of those virtuous inclinations which at an early age were already working in her soul, and ever after appeared in her.

On the 15th day of January of the next year to that in which my eyes had feasted on this creature so embellished with rare endowments and accomplished gracefulness, the first letter I had from her came to my hand; the first link of a chain which knit together her heart and mine through long seasons of absence and sore troubles, to the great comforting, as she was often pleased to say, of herself, who was so far above me in rank, whom she chose to call her friend, and of the poor friend and servant whom she thus honoured beyond her deserts. In as pretty a handwriting as can well be thought of, she thus wrote:

“MY SWEET MISTRESS CONSTANCE,—Though I enjoyed your company but for the too brief time during which we rested under your honoured parents' roof, I retain so great a sense of the contentment I received therefrom, and so lively a remembrance of the converse we held in the grounds adjacent to Sherwood Hall, that I am better pleased than I can well express that my grandmother bids me sit down and write to one whom to see and to converse with once more

would be to me one of the chiefest pleasures in life. And the more welcome is this command by reason of the hope it raises in me to receive in return a letter from my well-beloved Mistress Constance, which will do my heart more good than any thing else that can happen to me. 'Tis said that marriages are made in heaven. When I asked my grandam if it were so, she said, 'I am of opinion, Nan, they are made in many more places than one; and I would to God none were made but such as are agreed upon in so good a place.' But methinks some friendships are likewise made in heaven; and if it be so, I doubt not but that when we met, and out of that brief meeting there arose so great and sudden a liking in my heart for you, Mistress Constance,—which, I thank God, you were not slow to reciprocate,—that our angels had met where we hope one day to be, and agreed together touching that matter.

"It suits ill a bad pen like mine to describe the fair seat we reside in at this present time—the house of Mr. James Labourn, which he has lent unto my grandmother. 'Tis most commodious and pleasant, and after long sojourn in London, even in winter, a terrestrial paradise. But, like the garden of Eden, not without dangers; for the too much delight I took in out-of-doors pastimes, and most of all on the lake when it was frozen, and we had merry sports upon it, to the neglect of my lessons, not heeding the lapse of time in the pursuit of pleasure,—brought me into trouble and sore disgrace. My grandmother ordered me into confinement for three days in my own chamber, and I saw her not nor received her blessing all that time; at the end of which she sharply reprov'd me for my fault, and bade me hold in mind that 'twas when loitering in a garden Eve met the tempter, and threatened further and severe punishment if I applied not diligently to my studies. When I had knelt down and begged pardon, promising amendment, she drew me to her and kissed me, which it was not her wont often to do. 'Nan,' she said, 'I would have thee use thy natural parts, and improve thyself in virtue and learning; for such is the extremity of the times, that ere long it may be that many first shall be last and many last shall be first in this realm of England. But virtue and learning are properties which no man can steal from another; and I would fain see thee endowed with a goodly store of both. That great man and true confessor, Sir Thomas More, had nothing so much at heart as his daughter's instruction; and Mistress Margaret Roper, once my sweet friend, though some years older than my poor self, who still laments her loss, had such fine things said of her by the greatest men of this age, as would astonish thee to hear; but they were what she had a right to and very well deserved. And the strengthening of

her mind through study and religious discipline served her well at the time of her great trouble; for where other women would have lacked sense and courage how to act, she kept her wits about her, and ministered such comfort to her father, remaining near him at the last, and taking note of his wishes, and finding means to bury him in a Christian manner, which none other durst attempt, that she had occasion to thank God who gave her a head as well as a heart. And who knows, Nan, what may befall thee, and what need thou mayst have of the like advantages?"

"My grandmother looked so kindly on me then, that, albeit abashed at the remembrance of my fault, I sought to move her to further discourse; and knowing what great pleasure she had in speaking of Sir Thomas More, at whose house in Chelsea she had oftentimes been a visitor in her youth, I enticed her to it by cunning questions touching the customs he observed in his family.

"Ah, Nan!" she said, "that house was a school and exercise of the Christian religion. There was neither man nor woman in it who was not employed in liberal disciplines and fruitful reading, although the principal study was religion. There was no quarrelling, not so much as a peevish word to be heard; nor was any one seen idle; all were in their several employs: nor was there wanting sober mirth. And so well-managed a government Sir Thomas did not maintain by severity and chiding, but by gentleness and kindness."

"Methought as she said this, that my dear grandam in that matter of chiding had not taken a leaf out of Sir Thomas's book; and there was no doubt a transparency in my face which revealed to her this thought of mine; for she straightly looked at me and said, 'Nan, a penny for thy thoughts!' at the which I felt myself blushing, but knew nothing would serve her but the truth; so I said, in as humble a manner as I could think of, 'An if you will excuse me, grandam, I thought if Sir Thomas managed so well without chiding, that you manage well with it.' At the which she gave me a light nip on the forehead, and said, 'Go to, child; dost think that any but saints can rule a household without chiding, or train children without whipping? Go thy ways, and mend them too, if thou wouldst escape chastisement; and take with thee, Nan, the words of one whom we shall never again see the like of in this poor country, which he used to his wife or any of his children if they were diseased or troubled: "We must not look at our pleasures to go to heaven in feather-beds, or to be carried up thither even by the chins."'" And so she dismissed me; and I have here set down my fault, and the singular goodness showed me by my grandmother when it was par-

done, not thinking I can write any thing better worth notice than the virtuous talk with which she then favoured me. •

“There is in this house a chapel very neat and rich, and an ancient Catholic priest is here, who says Mass most days; at the which we, with my grandmother, assist, and such of her servants as have not conformed to the times; and this good father instructs us in the principles of Catholic religion. On the eve of the Feast of the Nativity of Christ, my lady stayed in the chapel from eight at night till two in the morning; but sent us to bed at nine, after the Litanies were said, until eleven, when there was a sermon, and at twelve o'clock three Masses said, which being ended we broke our fast with a mince-pie, and went again to bed. And all the Christmas-time we were allowed two hours after each meal for recreation, instead of one. At other times, we play not at any game for money; but then we had a shilling a-piece to make us merry; which my grandmother says is fitting in this time of mirth and joy for His birth who is the sole origin and spring of true comfort. And now, sweet Mistress Constance, I must bid you farewell; for the greatest of joys has befallen me, and a whole holiday to enjoy it. My sweet Lord Dacre is come to pay his duty to my lady and tarry some days here, on his way to Thetford, the Duke of Norfolk's seat, where his grace and the Duchess my good mother have removed. He is a beauty, Mistress Constance; and nature has so profusely conferred on him privileges, that when her majesty the Queen saw him a short time back on horseback, in the park at Richmond, she called him to her carriage-door and honoured him with a kiss, and the motto of the finest boy she ever beheld. But I may not run on in this fashion, letting my pen outstrip modesty, like a foolish creature, making my brother a looking-glass and continual object for my eyes; but learn to love him, as my grandam says, in God, of whom he is only borrowed, and not so as to set my heart wholly on him. So beseeching God bless you and yours, good Mistress Constance, I ever remain

“Your loving friend and humble servant,

“ANN DACRE.”

Oh, how soon were my Lady Mounteagle's words exalted in the event! and what a sad brief note was penned by that affectionate sister not one month after she writ those lines, so full of hope and pleasure in the prospect of her brother's sweet company! For the fair boy that was the continual object of her eyes and the dear comfort of her heart was accidentally slain by the fall of a vaulting horse upon him at the duke's house at Thetford.

“MY GOOD MISTRESS CONSTANCE” (she wrote, a few days after his

lamentable death),—"The lovingest brother a sister ever had, and the most gracious creature ever born, is dead; and if it pleased God I wish I were dead too, for my heart is well nigh broken. But I hope in God his soul is now in heaven, for that he was so young and innocent; and when here, a short time ago, my grandmother procured that he should for the first, and as it has pleased God also for the only and the last, time, confess and be absolved by a Catholic priest, in the which the hand of Providence is visible to our great comfort, and reasonable hope of his salvation. Commending him and your poor friend, who has great need of them, to your good prayers, I remain

"Your affectionate and humble servant,

"ANN DACRE."

In that year died also, in childbirth, her grace the Duchess of Norfolk, Mistress Ann's mother; and she then wrote in a less passionate, but withal less comfortable, grief than at her brother's loss, and, as I have heard since, my Lady Mounteagle had her death-blow at that time, and never lifted up her head again as heretofore. It was noticed that ever after she spent more time in prayer and gave greater alms. Her daughter the Duchess, who at the instance of her husband had conformed to the times, desired to have been reconciled on her deathbed by a priest, who for that end was conducted into the garden, yet could not have access unto her by reason of the Duke's vigilance to hinder it, or at least of his continual presence in her chamber at the time. And soon after, his grace, whose wards they were, sent for his three stepdaughters to the Charter-house; the parting with which, and the fears she entertained that he would have them carried to services and sermons in the public churches, and hinder them in the exercise of Catholic faith and worship, drove the sword yet deeper through my Lady Mounteagle's heart, and brought down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, notwithstanding that the Duke greatly esteemed and respected her, and was a very moral nobleman, of exceeding good temper and moderate disposition. But of this more anon, as 'tis my own history I am writing, and it is meet I should relate in the order of time what events came under my notice whilst in Lichfield, whither my mother carried me, as has been afore said, to be treated by a famous physician for a severe hurt I had received. It was deemed convenient that I should tarry some time under his care; and Mr. Genings, a kinsman of her own, who with his wife and children resided in that town, one of the chiefest in the county, offered to keep me in their house as long as was convenient thereunto—a kindness which my parents the more

readily accepted at his hands from their having often shown the like unto his children when the air of the country was desired for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Genings were of the religion by law established. He was thought to be Catholic at heart; albeit he was often heard to speak very bitterly against all who obeyed not the Queen in conforming to the new mode of worship, with the exception, indeed, of my mother, for whom he had always a truly great affection. This gentleman's house was in the Close of the cathedral, and had a garden to it well stored with fair shrubs and flowers of various sorts. As I lay on a low settle near the window, being forbid to walk for the space of three weeks, my eyes were ever straying from my sampler to the shade and sunshine out of doors. Instead of plying at my needle, I watched the bees at their sweet labour midst the honeysuckles of the porch, or the swallows darting in and out of the eaves of the cathedral, or the butterflies at their idle sports over the beds of mignonette and heliotrope under the low wall, covered with ivy, betwixt the garden and the Close. Mr. Genings had two sons, the eldest of which was some years older and the other younger than myself. The first, whose name was Edmund, had been weakly when a child, and by reason of this a frequent sojourner at Sherwood Hall, where he was carried for change of air after the many illnesses incident to early age. My mother, who was some years married before she had a child of her own, conceived a truly maternal affection for this young kinsman, and took much pains with him both as to the care of his body and the training of his mind. He was an apt pupil, and she had so happy a manner of imparting knowledge, that he learnt more, as he has since said, in those brief sojourns in her house than at school from more austere masters. After I came into the world, he took delight to rock me in my cradle, or play with me as I sat on my mother's knee; and when I first began to walk, he would lead me by the hand into the garden, and laugh to see me clutch marigolds or cry for a sunflower.

"I warrant thou hast an eye to gold, Con," he would say; "for 'tis the yellow flowers that please thee best."

There is an old hollow tree on the lawn at Sherwood Hall where I often hid from him in sport, and he would make pretence to seek me elsewhere till a laugh revealed me to him, and a chase ensued down the approach or round the maze. He never tired of my petulance, or spoke rude words, as boys are wont to do, and had a more serious and contemplative spirit than is often seen in young people, and likewise a singular fancy for gazing at the sky when glowing with sunset hues or darkened by storms, and most of all when studded at night with stars. On a calm clear night I have noticed him for

a length of time, forgetting all things else, fix his eyes on the heavens, as if reading the glory of the Lord therein revealed.

My parents did not speak to him of Catholic faith and worship, because Mr. Genings, before he suffered his sons to stay in their house, had made them promise that no talk of religion should be ministered to them in their childhood. It was a sore trial to my mother to refrain, as the Psalmist saith, from good words, which were ever rising from her heart to her lips, as pure water from a deep spring. But she instructed him in many things which belong to gentle learning, and in French, which she knew well; and taught him music, in which he made great progress. And this wrought with his father to the furtherance of these his visits to us. I doubt not but that when she told him the names of the heavenly luminaries, she inwardly prayed he might one day shine as a star in the kingdom of God; or when she discoursed of flowers and their properties, that he should blossom as a rose in the wilderness of this faithless world; or whilst guiding his hands to play on the clavichord, that he might one day join in the glorious harmony of the celestial choirs. Her face itself was a preachment, and the tones of her voice, and the tremulous sighs she breathed when she kissed him or gave him her blessing, had, I ween, a privilege to reach his heart, the goodness of which was readable in his countenance. Dear Edmund Genings, thou wert indeed a brother to me in kind care and companionship whilst I stayed in Lichfield that never-to-be-forgotten year! How gently didst thou minister to the sick child, for the first time tasting the cup of suffering; now easing her head with a soft pillow, now strewing her couch with fresh-gathered flowers, or feeding her with fruit which had the bloom on it, or taking her hand and holding it in thine own to cheer her to endurance! Thou wert so patient and so loving, both with her who was a great trouble to thee and oftentimes fretful with pain, and likewise with thine own little brother, an angel in beauty and wit, but withal of so petulant and froward a disposition that none in the house durst contradict him, child as he was; for his parents were indeed weak in their fondness for him. In no place and at no time have I seen a boy so indulged and so caressed as this John Genings. He had a pretty wilfulness and such playful ways that his very faults found favour with those who should have corrected them, and he got praise where others would have met with chastisement. Edmund's love for this fair urchin was such as is seldom seen in any save in a parent for a child. It was laughable to see the lovely imp governing one who should have been his master, but through much love was his slave, and in a thousand cunning ways and by fanciful tricks constraining him to do his bidding. Never was a more way-

ward spirit enclosed in a more winsome form than in John Genings. Never did childish gracefulness rule more absolutely over superior age, or love reverse the conditions of ordinary supremacy, than in the persons of these two brothers.

A strange thing occurred at that time, which I witnessed not myself, and on which I can give no opinion, but as a fact will here set it down, and let such as read this story deem of it as they please. One night that, by reason of the unwonted chilliness of the evening, such as sometimes occurs in our climate even in summer, a fire had been lit in the parlour, and the family were gathered round it, Edmund came of a sudden into the room, and every one took notice that his face was very pale. He seemed in a great fear, and whispered to his mother, who said aloud, "Thou must have been asleep, and art still dreaming, child." Upon which he was very urgent for her to go into the garden, and used many entreaties thereunto. Upon which at last she rose and followed him. In another moment she called for her husband, who went out, and with him three or four other persons that were in the room, and I remained alone for the space of ten or fifteen minutes. When they returned, I heard them speaking with great fear and amazement of what they had seen; and Edmund Genings has often since described to me what he first, and afterwards all the others, had beheld in the sky. He was gazing at the heavens, as was his wont, when a strange spectacle appeared to him in the air. As it were, a number of armed men with weapons, killing and murdering others that were disarmed, and great store of blood running every where about them. His parents and those with them witnessed the same thing, and a great fear fell upon them all. I noticed that all that evening they seemed scared, and could not speak of this appearance in the sky without shuddering. But one that was more bold than the rest took heart, and cried, "God send it does not forbode that the Papists will murder us all in our beds!" And Mistress Genings, whose mother was a French Huguenot, said, "Amen!" I marked that her husband and one or two more of the company groaned, and one made, as if unwittingly, the sign of the cross. There were some I know in that town, nay and in that house, that were at heart of the old religion, albeit, by reason of the times, they did not give over attending Protestants' worship.

A few days later I was sitting alone, and had a long fit of musing over the many new thoughts that were crowding into my mind, as yet too childish to master them, when Edmund came in, and I saw he had been weeping. He said nothing at first, and made believe he was reading; but I could see tears trickling down through his fingers as

he covered his face with his hands. Presently he looked up and cried out,

"Cousin Constance, Jack is going away from us."

"And if it please God, not for a long time," I answered; for it grieved me to see him sad.

"Nay, but he is going for many years, I fear," Edmund said. "My uncle, Jean de Luc, has asked for him to be brought up in his house at La Rochelle. He is his godfather, and has a great store of money, which he says he will leave to Jack. Alack! Cousin Constance, I would that there was no such thing in the world as money, and no such country as France. I wish we were all dead." And then he fell to weeping again very bitterly.

I told him in a childish manner what my mother was wont to say to me when any little trouble fell to my lot,—that we should be patient, and offer up our sufferings to God.

"But I can do nothing now for Jack," he cried. "It was my first thought at waking and my last at night, how to please the dear urchin; but now 'tis all over."

"Oh, but, Edmund," I cried, "an if you were to be as good as the blessed saints in heaven, you could do a great deal for Jack."

"How so, Cousin Constance?" he asked, not comprehending my meaning; and thereupon I answered:

"When once I said to my sweet mother, 'It grieves me, dear heart, that I can give thee nothing, who gives me so much,' she bade me take heed that every prayer we say, every good work we do, howsoever imperfect, and every pain we suffer, may be offered up for those we love; and so out of poverty, and weakness, and sorrow, we have wherewith to make precious and costly and cheerful gifts."

I spoke as a child, repeating what I had heard; but he listened not as a child. A sudden light came into his eyes, and methinks his good angel showed him in that hour more than my poor lips could utter.

"If it be as your sweet mother says," he joyfully cried, "we are rich indeed; and, even though we be sinners and not saints, we have somewhat to give, I ween, if it be only our heartaches, Cousin Constance, so they be seasoned with prayers."

The thought which in my simplicity I had set before him took root, as it were, in his mind. His love for a little child had prepared the way for it; and the great brotherly affection which had so long dwelt in his heart proved a harbinger of the more perfect gift of charity; so that a heavenly message was perchance conveyed to him that day by one who likewise was a child, even as the word of the Lord came to the prophet through the lips of the infant Samuel.

From that time forward he bore up bravely against his grief; which was the sharper inasmuch that he who was the cause of it showed none in return, but rather joy in the expectancy of the change which was to part them. He would still be a-prattling on it, and telling all who came in his way that he was going to France to a good uncle; nor ever intended to return, for his mother was to carry him to La Rochelle, and she should stay there with him, he said, and not come back to ugly Lichfield.

"And art thou not sorry, Jack," I asked him one day, "to leave poor Edmund, who loves thee so well?"

The little madcap was coursing round the room, and cried, as he ran past me, for he had more wit and spirit than sense or manners:

"Edmund must seek after me, and take pains to find me, if so be he would have me."

These words, which the boy said in his play, have often come back to my mind since the two brothers have attained unto a happy though dissimilar end.

When the time had arrived for Mistress Genings and her youngest son to go beyond seas, as I was now improved in health and able to walk, my father fetched me home, and prevailed on Mr. Genings to let Edmund go back with us, with the intent to divert his mind from his grief at his brother's departure.

I found my parents greatly disturbed at the news they had had touching the imprisonment of thirteen priests on account of religion, and of Mr. Orton being likewise arrested, who was a gentleman very dear to them for his great virtues and the steadfast friendship he had ever shown to them.

My mother questioned Edmund as to the sign he had seen in the heavens a short time back, of which the report had reached them; and he confirming the truth thereof, she clasped her hands and cried:

"Then I fear me much this forebodes the death of these blessed confessors, Father Weston and the rest."

Upon which Edmund said, in a humble manner:

"Good Mistress Sherwood, my dear mother thought it signified that those of your religion would murder in their beds such as are of the Queen's religion; so maybe in both cases there is naught to apprehend."

"My good child," my mother answered, "in regard of those now in durance for their faith, the danger is so manifest, that if it please not the Almighty to work a miracle for their deliverance, I see not how they may escape."

After that we sat awhile in silence; my father reading, my mother and I working, and Edmund at the window intent as usual upon the stars, which were shining one by one in the deep azure of the darkening sky. As one of greater brightness than the rest shone through the branches of the old tree, where I used to hide some years before, he pointed to it, and said to me, who was sitting nearest to him at the window:

"Cousin Constance, think you the Star of Bethlehem showed fairer in the skies than yon bright star that has just risen behind your favourite oak? What and if that star had a message for us!"

My father heard him, and smiled. "I was even then," he said, "reading the words of one who was led to the true religion by the contemplation of the starry skies. In a southern clime, where those fair luminaries shine with more splendour than in our northern heavens, St. Augustine wrote thus;" and then he read a few sentences in Latin from the book in his hand,—*"Raising ourselves up, we passed by degrees through all things bodily, even the very heavens, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth. Yea, we soared yet higher by inward musing and discourse and admiring of God's works, and we came to our own minds and went beyond them, so as to arrive at that region of never-failing plenty where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth."* These words had a sweet and solemn force in them which struck on the ear like a strain of unearthly music, such as the wind-harp wakes in the silence of the night. In a low voice, so low that it was like the breathing of a sigh, I heard Edmund say, "What is truth?" But when he had uttered those words, straightway turning towards me as if to divert his thoughts from that too pithy question, he cried: "Prithee, Cousin Constance, hast thou ended reading, I warrant for the hundredth time, that letter in thine hand? and hast thou not a mind to impart to thy poor kinsman the sweet conceits I doubt not are therein contained?" I could not choose but smile at his speech; for I had indeed feasted my eyes on the handwriting of my dear friend, now no longer Mistress Dacre, and learnt off, as it were by heart, its contents. And albeit I refused at first to comply with his request, which I had secretly a mind to; no sooner did he give over the urging of it than I stole to his side, and, though I would by no means let it out of my hand, and folded down one side of the sheet to hide what was private in it, I offered to read such parts aloud as treated of matters which might be spoken of without hindrance.

With a smiling countenance, then, he set himself to listen, and I to be the mouthpiece of the dear writer, whose wit was so far in ad-

vance of her years, as I have since had reason to observe, never having met at any time with one in whom wisdom put forth such early shoots.

"DEAR MISTRESS CONSTANCE" (thus the sweet lady wrote),—"Wherefore this long silence and neglect of your poor friend? An if it be true, which pains me much to hear, that the good limb which, together with its fellow, like two trusty footmen, carried you so well and nimbly along the alleys of your garden this time last year, has, like an arrant knave, played fast and loose, and failed in its good service,—wherein, I am told, you have suffered much inconvenience,—is it just that that other servant, your hand, should prove rebellious too, refuse to perform its office, and write no more letters at your bidding? For I'll warrant 'tis the hand is the culprit, not the will; which nevertheless should be master, and compel it to obedience. So, an you love me, chide roundly that contumacious hand, which fails in its duty, which should not be troublesome, if you but had for me one-half of the affection I have for you. And indeed, Mistress Constance, a letter from you would be to me, at this time, the welcomest thing I can think of; for since we left my grandmother's seat, and came to the Charter-house, I have new friends, and many more and greater than I deserve or ever thought to have; but, by reason of difference of age or of religion, they are not such as I can well open my mind to, as I might to you, if it pleased God we should meet again. The Duke of Norfolk is a very good lord and father to me; but when there are more ways of thinking than one in a house, 'tis no easy matter to please all which have a right to be considered; and, in the matter of religion, 'tis very hard to avoid giving offence. But no more of this at present; only I would to God Mr. Fox were beyond seas, and my Lady of Westmoreland at her home in the north; and that we had no worse company in this house than Mr. Martin, my Lord Surrey's tutor, who is a gentleman of great learning and knowledge, as every one says, and of extraordinary modesty in his behaviour. My Lord Surrey has a truly great regard for him, and profits much in his learning by his means. I notice he is Catholic in his judgment and affections; and my lord says he will not stay with him, if his grace his father procures ministers to preach to his household and family, and obliges all therein to frequent Protestant service. I wish my grandmother was in London; for I am sometimes sore troubled in my mind touching Catholic religion and conforming to the times, of which an abundance of talk is ministered unto us, to my exceeding great discomfort, by my Lady Westmoreland his grace's sister, and others also. An if I say aught thereon to Mistress Fawcett (a grave and ancient gentlewoman,

who had the care of my Lord Surrey during his infancy, and is now set over us his grace's wards), and of misliking the Duke's ministers and that pestilent Mr. Fox (I fear me, Mistress Constance, I should not have writ that unbeseeming word, and I will e'en draw a line across it, but still as you may read it—for indeed 'tis what he is; but 'tis from himself I learnt it, who in his sermons calls Catholic religion a pestilent idolatry, and Catholic priests pestilent teachers and servants of Antichrist, and the holy Pope at Rome the man of sin)—she grows uneasy, and bids me be a good child to her, and not to bring her into trouble with his grace, who is indeed a very good lord to us in all matters but that one of compelling us to hear sermons and the like. My Lord Surrey mislikes all kinds of sermons, and loves Mr. Martin so well, that he stops his ears when Mr. Fox preaches on the dark midnight of papacy and the dawn of the gospel's restored light. And it angers him, as well it should, to hear him call his majesty King Philip of Spain, who is his own godfather, from whom he received his name, a wicked popish tyrant and a son of Antichrist. My Lady Margaret, his sister, who is a year younger than himself, and has a most admirable beauty and excellent good-nature, is vastly taken with what she hears from me of Catholic religion; but methinks this is partly by reason of her misliking Mr. Fulk and Mr. Charke's long preachments, which we are compelled to hearken to; and their fashion of spending Sunday, which they do call the sabbath-day, wherein we must needs keep silence, and when not in church sit still at home, which to one of her lively disposition is heavy penance. Methinks when Sunday comes we be all in disgrace; 'tis so like a day of correction. My Lord Surrey has more liberty; for Mr. Martin carries him and his brothers after service into the pleasant fields about Westminster Abbey and the village of Charing Cross, and suffers them to play at ball under the trees, so they do not quarrel amongst themselves. My Lord Henry Howard, his grace's brother, always maintains and defends the Catholic religion against his sister of Westmoreland; and he spoke to my uncles Leonard, Edward, and Francis, and likewise to my aunt Lady Montague, that they should write unto my grandmother touching his grace bringing us up as Protestants. But the Duke of Norfolk, Mrs. Fawcett says, is our guardian, and she apprehends he is resolved that we shall conform to the times, and that no liberty be allowed us for the exercise of Catholic religion."

At this part of the letter I stopped reading; and Edmund, turning to my father, who, though he before had perused it, was also listening, said: "And if this be liberty of conscience, which Pro-

testants speak of, I see no great liberty and no great conscience in the matter."

His cheek flushed as he spoke, and there was a hoarseness in his voice which betokened the working of strong feelings within him. My father smiled with a sort of pitiful sadness, and answered :

"My good boy, when thou art somewhat further advanced in years, thou wilt learn that the two words thou art speaking of are such as men have abused the meaning of more than any others that can be thought of; and I pray to God they do not continue to do so as long as the world lasts. It seems to me that they mostly mean by 'liberty' a freedom to compel others to think and to act as they have themselves a mind to; and by 'conscience,' the promptings of their own judgments moved by their own passions."

"But 'tis hard," Edmund said,—"'tis at times very hard, Mr. Sherwood, to know whereunto conscience points, in the midst of so many inward clamours as are raised in the soul by conflicting passions of dutiful affection and filial reverence struggling for the mastery. Ay, and no visible token of God's will to make that darkness light. 'Tis that," he cried, more moved as he went on, "that makes me so often gaze upward. Would to God I might see a sign in the skies! for there are no sign-posts on life's path to guide us on our way to the heavenly Jerusalem, which our ministers speak of."

"If thou diligently seekest for sign-posts, my good boy," my father answered, "fear not but that He who said, 'Seek, and you shall find,' will furnish thee with them. He has not left Himself without witnesses, or His religion to be groped after in hopeless darkness, so that men may not discern even in these troublous times where the truth lies, so they be in earnest in their search after it. But I will not urge thee by the cogency of arguments, or be drawn out of the reserve I have hitherto observed in these matters, which be nevertheless the mightiest that can be thought of as regards the soul's health."

And so, breaking off this discourse, he walked out upon the terrace; and I withdrew to the table, where my mother was sitting, and once more conned over the last pages of *my lady's* letter, which, when the reader hath read, he will perceive the writer's rank, and her right to be thus titled.

"And now, Mistress Constance, I must needs inform you of a matter I would not leave you ignorant of, so that you should learn from strangers what so nearly concerns one whom you have a friendship to,—and that is my betrothal with my Lord Surrey. The ceremony was public, inasmuch as was needful for the solemnising of a

contract which is binding for life,—‘until death us do part,’ as the marriage-service hath it. How great a change this has wrought in my thoughts, none knows but myself; for though I be but twelve years of age (for his grace would have the ceremony to take place on my birthday), one year older than yourself, and so lately a child that not a very long time ago my grandmother would chastise me with her own hands for my faults, I now am wedded to my young lord, and by his grace and all the household titled Countess of Surrey! And I thank God to be no worse mated; for my lord, who is a few months younger than me, and a very child for frolicsome spirits and wild mirth, has notwithstanding so great a pleasantness of manners and so forward a wit, that one must needs have pleasure in his company; and I only wish I had more of it. Whilst we were only friends and playmates, I used to chide and withstand him, as one older and one more staid and discreet than himself; but, ah me! since we have been wedded, ’tis grand to hear him discourse on the duty of wives, and quote the Bible to show they must obey their husbands. He carries it in a very lordly fashion; and if I comply not at once with his commands, he cries out what he has heard at the play-house:

‘Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she’s froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
**What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?**
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, or sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.’

He has a most excellent memory. If he has but once heard out of any English or Latin book so much read as is contained in a leaf, he will forthwith perfectly repeat it. My Lord Henry his uncle, for a trial, invented twenty long and difficult words a few days back, which he had never seen or heard before; yet did he recite them readily, every one in the same order as they were written, having only once read them over. But, touching that matter of obedience, which I care not to gainsay, ’tis not easy at present to obey my lord my husband and his grace his father, and Mistress Fawcett too, who holds as strict a hand over the Countess of Surrey as over Mistress Ann Dacre; for the commands of these my rulers do not at all times accord: but I pray to God I may do my duty, and be a good wife to my lord; and I wish, as I said before, my grandmother had been here, and that I had been favoured with her good counsel, and had

had the benefit of shrift and spiritual advice ere I entered on this stage of my life, which is so new to me, who was but a child a few weeks ago, and am yet treated as such in more respects than one.

"My lord has told me a secret which Higford, his father's servant, let out to him; and 'tis something so weighty and of so great import, that since he left me my thoughts have been truants from my books, and Monsieur Sebastian, who comes to practise us on the lute, stopped his ears, and cried out that the Signora Contessa had no mercy on him, so to murder his compositions. 'Tis not the part of a true wife to reveal her husband's secrets, or else I would tell you, Mistress Constance, this great news, which I can with trouble keep to myself; and I shall not be easy till I have seen my lord again, which should be when we walk in the garden this evening; but I pray to God he may not be off instead to the Mall, to play at kittlepins; for then I have small chance to get speech with him to-day. Mr. Martin is my very good friend, and reminds the earl of his duty to his lady; but if my lord comes at his bidding, when he would be elsewhere than in my company, 'tis little contentment I have in his visits.

"'Tis yesterday I writ thus much, and now 'tis the day to send this letter; and I saw not my lord last night by reason of his grandfather my Lord Arundel sending to fetch me unto his house in the Strand. His goodness to me is so great, that nothing more can be desired; and his daughter my Lady Lumley is the greatest comfort I have in the world. She showed me a fair picture of my lord's mother, who died the day he was born, not then full seventeen years of age. She was of so amiable a disposition, so prudent, virtuous, and religious, that all who knew her could not but love and esteem her. And I read a letter which this sweet lady had written in Latin to her father on his birthday, to his great contentment, who had procured her to be well instructed in that language, as well as in her own and in all commendable learning. Then I played at primero with my Lord Arundel and my Lady Lumley and my uncle Francis. The knave of hearts was fixed upon for the quinola, and I won the flush. My uncle Francis cried the winning card should be titled Dudley. 'Not so,' quoth the earl; 'the knave that would match with the queen in the suit of hearts should never win the game.' And further talk ensued; from which I learnt that my Lord Arundel and the Duke of Norfolk mislike my Lord Leicester, and would not he should marry the Queen; and my uncle laughed, and said, 'My lord, no good Englishman is there but must be of your lordship's mind, though none have so good reason as yourself to hinder so base a contract; for if my Lord of Leicester should climb unto her majesty's throne, beshrew me if he will not remember the box on the ear your

lordship ministered to him some time since;' at which the earl laughed too; but my Lady Lumley cried, 'I would to God my brother of Norfolk were rid of my Lord Leicester's friendship, which has, I much fear me, more danger in it than his enmity. God send he does not lead his grace into troubles greater than can well be thought of!' Alack, Mistress Constance, what uneasy times are these which we have fallen on! for methinks 'troubles' is the word in every one's mouth. As I was about to step into the chair at the hall-door at Arundel House, I heard one of my lord's guard say to another, 'I trust the white horse will be in quiet, and so we shall be out of trouble.' I have asked Mr. Martin what these words should mean; whereupon he told me the white horse, which indeed I might have known, was the Earl of Arundel's cognisance; and that the times were very troublesome, and plots were spoken of in the North anent the Queen of Scots, her majesty the Queen's cousin, who is at Chatesworth; and when he said that, all of a sudden I grew red, and my cheeks burned like two hot coals; but he took no heed, and said, 'A true servant might well wish his master out of trouble, when troubles were so rife.' And now shame take me for taking up so much of your time, which should be spent in more profitable ways than the reading of my poor letters; and I must needs beg you to write soon, and hold me as long as I have held you, and love me, sweet one, as I love you. My Lady Margaret, who is in a sense twice my sister, says she is jealous of Mistress Constance Sherwood, and would steal away my heart from her; but, though she is a winsome and cunning thief in such matters, I warrant you she shall fail therein. And so, commending myself to your good prayers, I remain

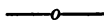
"Your true friend and loving servant,

"ANN SURREY."

As I finished and was folding up my letter the clock struck nine. It was waning darker without by reason of a cloud which had obscured the moon. I heard my father still pacing up and down the gravel-walk, and ever and anon staying his footsteps awhile, as if watching. After a short space the moon shone out again, and I saw the shadows of two persons against the wall of the kitchen-garden. Presently the hall-door was fastened and bolted, as I knew by the rattling of the chain which hung across it. Then my father looked in at the door and said, "'Tis time, goodwife, for young folks to be abed." Upon which my mother rose and made as if she was about to withdraw to her bedchamber. Edmund followed us upstairs, and, wishing us both good-night, went into the closet where he slept. Then my mother, taking me by the hand, led me into my father's study.

A Glimpse of Northern Italy.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.



EVERY road leads to Rome, says the ancient proverb; thus bearing a magnificent testimony to the supremacy of the Eternal City; but two roads have been especially favoured by modern travellers—the sea, and the mountains. If you choose the sea, and if you are so fortunate as not to be troubled with sea-sickness, you certainly enjoy a succession of varied and stirring sights. Boulogne, Marseilles, the Mediterranean, and the Bay of Genoa compensate for the ugliness of Civit  Vecchia and of the short land-route to Rome. Besides, the sea-route has an immeasurable advantage in the eyes of the large tribe that is always in a hurry: it is the shortest. But to the lazy traveller, who likes to linger, who is not stinted for time, and wants to take his pleasure slowly, there is nothing like the mountains. Put matters at the worst, he is sure not to go fast; and though he should be ever so tired or out of humour, the sights on his way are so many that neither temper nor fatigue can spoil them all. Now, the mischief of a sea-route is just this: your sights are few and striking, and must come at the right time. A bad berth may spoil your grandest sea-effect, and five minutes more of that dreadful sea-sickness will take all its charms from the Bay of Genoa. All these cogent reasons, combined with the fact that we were in Geneva at the very foot of the mountains, made us resolve on crossing the Alps, and passing through Northern Italy, on our way to Rome. So, on a clear September morning, with a blue sky and a bright sun, we stepped on board one of the Geneva steamers and began our journey by crossing the lake.

It looked very calm and very beautiful. Peace seemed to dwell in all the pretty towns and dwellings on its shores: it was almost a pity to leave spots so fair in search of other places as yet unknown. But when Rome calls, who would not heed the mighty voice? Two pleasant middle-aged ladies got on board at Lausanne. One of them seemed unable to live without eating bonbons, of which she courteously begged us to partake. "They are so nice!" she said, pressing them upon us; "they come from Genoa." "And we are going to Rome," we said. To Rome! Dismay appeared on her cheerful face: she gave us one of the most compassionate looks I ever received, and said with a sigh: "To Rome! *Pauvres dames!*" All the fatigue,

anxiety, and worry which the pleasure of the journey concealed from our view she saw. I wonder what temptation would have made her give up her decorous little home in Lausanne, her walks to the Signal, her excursions up and down the lake, her journeys to Geneva,—though I daresay she did not often venture so far,—for the expedition on which we were bent? We thought little of it, nor was it in any sense of the word a formidable undertaking; but if we had been going to the Pyramids, or had spoken of visiting the Australian Continent, this gentle lady's sympathy for our future toils could not have been greater than it was when she parted from us at Vevay.

We went on to Villeneuve, which we left the same evening, after seeing a glorious sunset on the lake. Night had gathered on the mountains to our left, and daylight still spread on the lake to our right. Between both, the sun's burning disk just touched a dark ridge of rock, then suddenly appeared almost as burning and as bright reflected in the blue lake below. Earth, sky, water seemed charmed into stillness; and the height of the mountains gave such depth of shade, the glow of the sun so much brightness, that a few dark yet vivid outlines defined the whole picture.

There is no giving a minute account of a journey across the Simplon. Swiss scenery is very fine; but *toujours montagne*, especially in writing, gets wearisome. And yet how beautiful these said mountains are, with their wild crags and white waterfalls! How fresh and pure rise their outlines on the morning sky! How grand and mysterious they look in misty moonlight! And then those little towns perched here and there on the rocks, with convents, churches, castles, and ruins—what strange ideas of the life led in them do they not give you! Brigne, where we slept, lies at the foot of the Simplon. It is a curious old place: its churches and edifices are adorned with metallic cupolas; and the head-dress of the women is as peculiar as that of the houses. They wear a sort of cap or crown of the brightest ribbons, trimmed with gold-lace. This being the day of one of their patron-saints, we saw them in all their finery; they looked a square, ruddy, good-humoured race of beings enough. We had time to spare, and went about the little place. In climbing up a steep height to look at a church—it is all climbing in these Swiss cities—we suddenly came upon a peasant who knelt without the closed gate, whilst the bell within rang for elevation. He was young, fair-haired, not handsome; but he prayed there in that solitary spot, where none save prying travellers like ourselves could have found him out, with an intensity of devotion striking and beautiful to see. Was he doing penance for some secret sin, or did he in his humility think himself unworthy to kneel in the house of God? I know not; but if I had

been a painter, I would have made a picture of him as he knelt, of the old church rising gray and lone, of the morning on the mountains, and of the mountains on the sky: and the half-open door, with a glimpse of the hushed congregation within, would have told the story according to the fancy of the looker-on.

A few hours later we were crossing the Simplon. The road—one of the really great deeds of Napoleon—is splendid; the scenery grand and dreary beyond description. Yet people live there, and our postillion wanted to get a kiss from a buxom dame who brought him out a glass of wine; and we met shepherds and their flocks, and a priest walking with a book under his arm; and as we passed the Grimsel hospital, two monks came out to get their newspaper from the conductor. What a place to live in is that said hospital! A sort of dull horror steals over one's heart as one looks at these cold barren rocks, savage without the grace of wildness or the charm of solitude. Surely it is no life, but a living death to dwell here; raised above earth and its homes and its beauty, surrounded by a sterile desert, and with no other refuge from that prospect than that of a bleak and cloudy sky. Yet wherever man is, he rules: even in the most dreary of villages, that of the Simplon, civilisation pursued us under the shape of an incensed innkeeper, who opened the carriage-door, and all but compelled us to alight and eat, and looked injured and indignant when we declined. Yet even in this village, where there are eight months of winter, and which looks a little Siberia of cold and barrenness, there seemed to be neither poor nor beggars; men, women, and children were all decently and comfortably clad.

We went down the Simplon by moonlight. There is said to be no real danger in the undertaking; but it has a perilous look. Our little carriage danced down the road as merrily as if there were no fear of the horses taking us to the torrents we heard roaring past, or to the dark precipices we saw right and left; and yet how narrow seemed that road in the darkness of the night, how small the space that divided us from a horrible death! The lady from Lausanne might well have gloried in her wisdom if she could have witnessed our uneasiness. Whilst we were nervously longing for a gleam of daylight, she was taking her first sleep, dreaming of a quiet game of cards; or if by chance she lay awake in her warm bed, she was surely hugging herself over the thought that, thank Heaven, *she* was not going to Rome. Early the next morning we saw the sun rise on Lago Maggiore; and from that time forward we were not much troubled with mountains and precipices.

There is always something wonderful in the first view of a new country. Nature often wears another aspect than that we are used

to, and man is not as we have seen him until then. His face is different, his attire is often strange, his speech and his ways are new to us. My first thought was for the Italian sky. Tired as I was, I looked out eagerly for it. I had fancied it deep in colour, pure lapis lazuli; instead of this, I saw a vault of pale but most delicate azure, pervaded with light, and high and deep beyond describing. Oh, how cold and hard seemed Northern skies compared to this! At once I lost my heart to Italy, even in this her least-favoured and least Italian region. Lago Maggiore was not so large nor yet so beautiful as Lake Lemán; its waters were not so clear, its banks so picturesque; yet the charm and the sweetness of the more favoured climate so stole on me, that I preferred it to my old friend. Even flat Lombardy enchanted me. There was novelty, and more than novelty, in that fertile country. Every where we saw green arcades of vines; not clinging to walls as in England, not twining around low stakes as in France, but running from tree to tree in rich and graceful festoons. And then there were picturesque and sunburnt peasants, straggling churches with square flat-roofed turrets rising high, walls covered with frescoes of saints, and suggesting much sunshine and little rain, and over all a yellow Southern warmth, giving beauty to things in themselves scarcely beautiful.

We travelled by diligence; and if we moved with a sleepy, lazy slowness, which was both amusing and provoking, we had also the opportunity for observation which railway speed inexorably denies. We were struck with the absence of panes in the windows of village-houses, also with the quantity of frescoes on the walls. It likewise seemed to me that some of the women might spare the silver pins stuck round their head like the rays of a halo, to buy themselves an odd pair of stockings. But *chaque pays a ses mœurs*. As the diligence stopped at a relay between Sesto Calende and Milan, the door suddenly flew open, and in bounced two girls smartly dressed, with handsome embroidered sleeves and habit-shirts, and neither cap nor bonnet on their smooth black hair. One sat down and fanned herself like a lady; the other, who dangled a living hen in one hand, and clasped a baby with the other, tossed the hen in her lap, then with Italian vivacity set down the baby on the luckless bird, who did not mind it a bit. Both girls had the brightest of dark eyes and lively tongues. A fellow-traveller, a sly German, undertook to tease them. He persuaded one that she would have heavy duty to pay for her hen at the gates of Milan, and suggested various plans for its concealment. She heard him with innocent dismay; then detecting the hoax, laughed merrily; and in speech, manner, and look, both these peasant girls preserved the grace of ladies; a Southern

gift with which I became familiar later, but which was then new to me.

We were not going through Northern Italy for the sake of seeing it, but because it was our way to Rome. So we purposely neglected much that was well worth seeing, and were often satisfied with mere glimpses of things. We had more than a glimpse of Milan, for we spent a week in it. A very handsome city was Milan then, with spacious well-built streets, rather cleaner than the staircases of its houses. We were in one of the hotels on the Corso; in the season it is thronged with carriages, but we found it quiet enough, for the aristocracy were all in the country. Well-dressed women were few, and pretty women rare; but the black veil and fan, relics of Spanish rule, were plentiful. The Duomo is the great sight of Milan, and we saw it daily. It is one of those piles which men built when they still thought in stone. It is pure marble within and without. Its statues are beyond reckoning, and are niched up on columns, or rise on pedestals, where mortal eye can never reach to detect their faults or scan their beauties. There is a noble prodigality in this worship of art for art's own sake, in this indifference to admiration, blame, or praise. Through the kindness of a friend we were allowed to see the original model of the Duomo. The ancient architect intended the cathedral to be more lofty, more Gothic, and as it seemed to me far more beautiful than the moderns have made it. But Napoleon, with his usual haste and impatience, as one who knows that his time is but short, caused it to be finished off, if it can be said to be finished; for I know not how many statues are still wanting there, and workmen were always engaged upon it, mending it up like a rare piece of old lace.

The ascension of the Duomo is one of its marvels. We went up early: the morning was gray, and the Lombard plain remained in shadow; but beyond it, miles away, rose the sunlit Alps. I never saw, even in Switzerland, any thing so glorious. For the first time Mont Blanc appeared to me the mighty mass of snow I had imagined, and I beheld it lit with gold from its summit to its base.

The great saint, Charles Borromeo, whose statue we had seen by Lago Maggiore rising high, and seeming to bless for ever his native shores, sleeps in the Duomo of Milan, and guards the city which was witness to his admirable life and his heroic virtues; but two other saints more ancient, and, from the age in which they lived, more illustrious, than the Milanese bishop, will ever endear the church of Sant Ambrogio to Christian hearts. It was once a heathen temple; but for the last fifteen hundred years it has belonged to Catholic worship. It is the most venerable of old places. This was the

church which St. Ambrose forbade the blood-stained Emperor Theodosius to enter; an act so noble and so courageous as to compel the admiration of Voltaire. Here this Father of the Church expounded the divine word, and ruled his flock; and his episcopal chair and pulpit, both of stone and evidently of great antiquity, are still shown. Here the holy Monica wept and prayed for the conversion of her erring son; and here that son, the great Augustine, penitent and converted, was moved to tears by the singing of the persecuted Christians.

Numerous, and often splendid, are the churches of Milan; but they are not to be described minutely. We visited them almost all, and the only impression left was that of shrines of gold and precious stones; of a profusion of the most beautiful marbles, and close to them wretched and uncalled-for imitations of the same; of much splendour and as much bad taste, yet withal of a quick sense of light and colour; in short, of the Southern charm that pervades this lovely country. To the churches I preferred the houses and palaces of the nobles. The finest were barracks for the Austrian soldiers, who lounged at the doors or looked out of the windows; a dreary sight. Some handsome abodes still remained, however, in the possession of the rightful owners. They were built in a large and elegant style, with arched gates that generally stood open, and beyond which one got a vista of a broad court, a light gallery, and walls painted with blue skies, clear lakes, green scenes; and beyond these again of fresh and real gardens.

Every large city has its sights; and as we had friends in Milan, we escaped none of its lions. Memory, however, is a great rebel, and knows few laws save those of its own pleasure and good-will. The exhibition of modern pictures, the Ambrosian library itself, the Brera with its curiosities, among which was included a lock of Lucrezia Borgia's hair, fair and silky as a child's, have faded away; when two noble hospitals, Fate bene Fratelli and Fate bene Sorelle, and Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Supper," are clear and vivid as if beheld yesterday. These two hospitals—one for men, the other for women—were magnificent as palaces. Fate bene Sorelle, the most recent, was also the finest. We called at an unseasonable hour; however, being foreigners, we were admitted at once by the courteous Sister who opened the door. Flights of marble steps, adorned with the statues of two Milanese ladies, benefactresses of the establishment, led to a vast ward painted pale green. The ceiling, of polished oak-beams crossing at right angles, was very lofty, and supported by noble columns of green marble. The floor of red brick or tile was immaculately clean; the pretty and elegant altar dedicated

to the Blessed Virgin, the neat little beds with their snow-white curtains, the pure air and freshness of the whole place,—made one almost forget the presence of pain and disease.

The wreck of what was Vinci's famous picture was one of our last sights. It was painted on the wall of the refectory of a convent. The convent was turned into barracks for the Austrian soldiers, and the refectory into stables for their horses. It is miserably defaced, and quite beyond restoring; yet truly, and without exaggeration, the pale dimmed face of Christ is still divine. No copy, no engraving, that I have seen can do justice to the heavenly sorrow and sweetness of the betrayed Redeemer. And yet all that was mortal in the painting has perished; the genius of the painter alone survives; but for how long a time? asks the saddened beholder.

Having exhausted Milan, we left this fair white city for Venice. This was not exactly a direct road to Rome; but who would be within reach of Venice and not go and see it? Verona was in our way; we spent half a day there; but fatigue would let us see nothing. Of all decayed old towns, this is surely the oldest and the most decayed. Palaces, where generations of Capulets and Montagues might have lived and flourished, crumble away in the silent streets. Oh, to be an antiquary, and to muse there for long summer-weeks! The same dreary tokens of ruin and age met us in Venice. If ever I had a wish, it was to see this famous city. The wish was fulfilled, and brought with it a sense of disappointment. I had expected a fair and sunny Venice, and I forgot that she must wear, as she does, something of the North and the seas in her mien. The canals looked cold and bleak in this October weather, and the marble palaces dark and dingy; but this first impression over, I found Venice silent and beautiful in her decay. Pictures, engravings, descriptions, had made me so familiar with her, that I seemed to have lived there a long time ago, and to be only returning to a place that I knew. But when I lived there, Venice was not quite so desolate and fallen a city. Some life was left to her. The Queen of the Seas, though long dethroned, was still a lady and a princess, stately even after her fall. And what was she whom I saw? All the elegies I had read had not prepared me for so much degradation, for palaces rotting away in the canals, or closed in deadly stillness. The Piazza of St. Mark, the Basilica, the Palace of the Doges, the Grand Canal, were still splendid mementos of the past. But I looked in vain for the monarch of that once noble kingdom—man. Where were the Venetians? In the country, perhaps, enjoying themselves on the banks of the Brenta; spending in forced idleness days which were no longer needed by their country. Assuredly they were not in Venice. Under

the galleries, which encircle three sides of the Piazza, we saw in tasteful shops the elegant glass-wares in which Venice still excels. Austrian officers, in their handsome white uniforms, lounged around the coffee-houses; coquettish flower-girls sold their bouquets, and foreign ladies walked up and down. On the Piazza, flocks of pigeons basked in the sun, or perched in rows along the Palace or the Basilica; barefooted waterwomen, in men's hats, ran about carrying their pails; beggars slept and sunned themselves under the arches of St. Mark. On the piazzetta, still vainly adorned with the famous winged lion, cannons and soldiers looked at us from behind the iron railings that now guard the Palace of the Doges. In the grand canal, dingy gondolas and a few decayed-looking ships seemed to be all that was left to Venice of her maritime greatness; and along the still noble quay of the Schiavoni serious Turks walked, saying their beads, and reminded me that she once held Eastern commerce within her grasp; but every where I searched in vain for the dark princely men whom Titian painted; for those divine women, with the warm complexions of the South and the golden hair of the North, that have remained as the type of Venetian beauty. The race seemed lost and gone; the mother had outlived her children, and scarcely looked as if she would bear such again. Well, all cities and all nations have their day. This one had hers, and a long day it was, for her sun rose early and set late; but it is set, truly set, now; the ocean-waves have closed over it for ever, and the well-wishers of Venice can only say to her what we say to the dead: May she rest in peace!

One of the wonders of Italy is, that you cannot tread one of her remotest corners without finding in it some marvel of art, some spot consecrated by religion or history. If that is true of out-of-the-way places, how much more so is it true of once famous cities? It would take many weeks to know Venice well, and a volume to describe her correctly. We remained a week; saw the most famous churches, buildings, and galleries, and carried away with us but a few vivid pictures.

The Basilica is one of the most wonderful churches which man ever reared to God's glory. The façade is barbaresque, and striking beyond description. I still seem to see the depth of the arched doors, the brilliant mosaic front on its background of gold, the bronze horses (spoils of Greece), the rising cupolas, that had such a strange Eastern look. Within, it resembles no other Christian church that I have seen; and I have seen some. It has no pictures, but grand and majestic mosaics, fresh and vivid in colour, on a background of gold. Its mingled brilliancy and gloom, its great size and imposing proportions, are strangely impressive. Moreover, its splendour and gorgeousness are inexhaustible. There is something more than mere

gold and gem in this grand old church. Man's mind, fancy, and imagination have been lavished here in magnificent profusion. We spent hours in examining the pavement alone. It is all mosaic, and formed of the most precious marbles, such as a verd antique, porphyry, &c.; and though sunk and in many places decayed, it is still a noble record of the past greatness and splendour of the Venetian Republic. Strange and expressive beasts and birds, flowers, stars, vases, musical instruments, all forms save the human, are scattered in endless variety over this marble carpet.

The same splendour is to be found in almost all the churches of Venice. Some are one mass of precious marbles; and glorious Venetian pictures make them more precious still. Good taste is often absent; wealth never. Her churches and her palaces attest what Venice once was. A city rich and powerful as a nation, who scorned to rear her homes or her shrines from the waters unless she could also build them out of the most costly and beautiful marbles. But nothing gave me so great an idea of the old Republic as the tombs in those churches. There marble Doges sleep with closed eyes and folded palms, piled one above the other, with a court of the statesmen, warriors, and great ladies of Venice around them. And on these tombs—some of which are both grand and beautiful—are inscribed the names of those Venetian families whose ambition extended to the conquest and the rule of empires; of the Dandoli, the Falieri, the Foscari, the Capelli, Loredano, and more than I can reckon or remember.

The Palace of the Doges abounds in the same historic associations. But one should stand and look at it from without; call it the Tomb of Venice, and pass on. It does not do to enter those vacant garish rooms, adorned with pictures commemorating the victories and triumphs of the dead Republic. The hall where the Senate met, that where the council of ten assembled, and the apartment of the Doges, have too cold and forsaken a look. More congenial are the prisons, grim stone vaults, fit to quell or madden the strongest mind. In one no light penetrated; in another, when the prisoner had confessed his crime or betrayed his accomplices, a faint glimmer of light was allowed him by way of reward. Truly the heart of man is ingenious. To see this prison we crossed the famous Bridge of Sighs. It is roofed and walled in; the windows give little view; and it is hard to imagine how, standing there, Byron could see Venice rise from the waves. The true way to see her in all her strangeness is to ascend the campanile of St. Mark. Then, indeed, you behold the sea-girt city rise from the waters, whom her Doges, with all the pride and insolence of strength, vainly professed to wed. But of all

brides, the sea is the most faithless; of all glories, the maritime is the most fleeting. There is another way of seeing Venice; it is in a gondola. Well, there are pleasant things in this world of ours; and sitting in a gondola, on a fine lazy autumn-day, not too hot nor yet too cool, is one. Seven hours at a time we spent one day in gliding along the canals and canaletti of Venice. We saw her thus in all her beauty and in all her desolation. Though the waves which wash their foundations affect all her buildings more or less, her palaces still look fit to be the abodes of merchant princes. They were so once; but when we saw them, what were they? A few, still inhabited by the descendants of old Venetian nobles, seemed to be kept in repair. There were shutters and blinds to the windows, and flowers on the balconies; and yet they too had a sad and silent air. The finest of all were offices for the Austrian government; several belonged to a celebrated dancer; one was an Armenian college; another was the property of an exiled princess; a few had been turned into hotels and furnished houses. In many that we passed the elegant Moorish windows and balconies were decorated with clothes hung out to dry. But as our gondola led us into the heart of the city, into narrower and less frequented canals, we saw dwellings still more decayed and more melancholy. Weeds grew thick on the walls; the sculptured ornaments were defaced or gone; the shutters and gates mouldered away uncared for; and a ripple of water washed idly the broken stone steps. Some houses were wholly deserted. One, with its broken windows and rotten gate, looked a mere ruin.

These canaletti have a strange charm, monotonous and tranquil. But for the cry of the gondoliers warning one another, and the light splash of the oars, they would be silent as death. The day was fine, and the sun shone in a blue sky; but the green waters slept in the dark shade of their high houses reflected deep below. Here and there a sunbeam stole down an old wall red and warm; then just touching the water with gold, it broke and vanished. Every now and then we passed under a narrow bridge; then we came upon a silent church and piazza, or we met a black hearse-like gondola like our own; and so we glided along until we came out in the open sea, as soft and as blue as the sky above, with a distant and magical view of snowy mountains melting on the horizon.

Venice thus seen is a wonderful picture. Thus should the traveller enter her, and thus should he leave her. We did neither. We had entered her on a dark night, when the stars shone dimly after a land-storm; and we left her in the gray of a cold autumn morning, when she looked chill and dreary, slowly waking after her night's slumber.

After the strangeness of Venice every thing seemed poor and tame. On looking back to that time, I find that Padua has vanished from my mind; that Bologna remains there connected with a fine gallery and a rainy day; and that of Ferrara I remember but its silent grass-grown streets. A few hills, crowned with old sunburnt castles, dusty roads, and long plains, gave few charms to the scenery.

Our only fellow-travellers for a considerable part of the way were an Italian gentleman and his little girl; and there is something very strange no doubt in the human interest, for this little dark-eyed lady I have not forgotten. When we left Padua, she looked out of the window and screamed shrilly, "Addio Padua!" And Padua very rudely failed to acknowledge this parting salutation. She was as full of tricks as a kitten. She smelt a nosegay, she nibbled bonbons, she emptied her pockets. First came out a paper Madonna sadly torn, several saints much the worse for wear, then the apostle Peter in a gilt frame, then a whistle. Seeing me use my purse, she whispered to her father, who lent her a handful of silver, which after a while she produced with an assumed carelessness that nearly disconcerted my gravity. A fit of whistling followed; then she suddenly pounced on her papa, and began platting and twisting his moustachios. In vain he begged for mercy. She frowned, and threatened him with her tiny hand; then she half hid her head on his shoulder, and from that refuge she looked at us, smiling shyly.

This little Italian sunbeam left us as we bade Northern Italy farewell. We now entered the garden of Italy,—that beautiful and courteous Tuscany, where the purest Italian speech is that which is heard on the lips of the peasant girls, where Italian song was ever sweetest, and Italian art has left its most glorious relics.

The Legend of Limerick Bells.

THERE is a convent on the Alban hill,
 Round whose stone roots the gnarlèd olives grow,
 Above are murmurs of the mountain rill,
 And all the broad Campagna lies below;
 Where faint gray buildings and a shadowy dome
 Suggest the splendour of eternal Rome.

Hundreds of years ago these convent-walls
 Were reared by masons of the Gothic age:
 The date is carved upon the lofty halls,
 The story written on the illumined page.
 What pains they took to make it strong and fair,
 The tall bell-tower and sculptured porch declare.

When all the stones were placed, the windows stained,
 And the tall bell-tower finished to the crown,
 One only want in this fair pile remained,
 Whereat a cunning workman of the town,
 (The little town upon the Alban hill,)
 Toiled day and night his purpose to fulfil.

Seven bells he made, of very rare devise,
 With graven lilies twisted up and down;
 Seven bells proportionate in differing size,
 And full of melody from rim to crown;
 So that when shaken by the wind alone,
 They murmured with a soft Æolian tone.

These being placed within the great bell-tower,
 And duly rung by pious skilful hand,
 Marked the due prayers of each recurring hour,
 And sweetly mixed persuasion with command.

Through the gnarled olive-trees the music wound,
And miles of broad Campagna heard the sound.

And then the cunning workman put aside
His forge, his hammer, and the tools he used
To chase those lilies; his keen furnace died;
And all who asked for bells were hence refused.
With these his best, his last were also wrought,
And refuge in the convent-walls he sought.

There did he live, and there he hoped to die,
Hearing the wind among the cypress-trees
Hint unimagined music, and the sky
Throb full of chimes borne downwards by the breeze;
Whose undulations sweeping through the air
His art might claim as an embodied prayer.

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But those were stormy days in Italy:
Down came the spoiler from the uneasy North,
Swept the Campagna to the bounding sea,
Sacked pious homes and drove the inmates forth;
Whether a Norman or a German foe,
History is silent, and we do not know.

Brothers in faith were they; yet did not deem
The sacred precincts barred destroying hand.
Through those rich windows poured the whitened beam,
Forlorn the church and ruined altar stand.
As the sad monks went forth, that self-same hour
Saw empty silence in the great bell-tower,

The outcast brethren scattered far and wide;
Some by the Danube rested, some in Spain:
On the green Loire the aged abbot died,
By whose loved feet one brother did remain,
Faithful in all his wanderings: it was he
Who cast and chased those bells in Italy.

He, dwelling at Marmontier, by the tomb
Of his dear father, where the shining Loire
Flows down from Tours amidst the purple bloom
Of meadow-flowers, some years of patience saw.
Those fringed isles (where poplars tremble still),
Swayed like the olives of the Alban hill.

The man was old, and reverend in his age;
And the "Great Monastery" held him dear.
Stalwart and stern, as some old Roman sage
Subdued to Christ, he lived from year to year,
Till his beard silvered, and the fiery glow
Of his dark eye was overhung with snow.

And being trusted, as of prudent way,
They chose him for a message of import,
Which the "Great Monastery" would convey
To a good patron in an Irish court;
Who, by the Shannon, sought the means to found
St. Martin's off-shoot on that distant ground.

The old Italian took his staff in hand,
And journeyed slowly from the green Touraine,
Over the heather and salt-shining sand,
Until he saw the leaping crested main,
Which, dashing round the Cape of Brittany,
Sweeps to the confines of the Irish Sea.

There he took ship, and thence with labouring sail
He crossed the waters, till a faint gray line
Rose in the Northern sky; so faint, so pale,—
Only the heart that loves her would divine,
In her dim welcome, all that fancy paints
Of the green glory of the Isle of Saints.

Through the low banks, where Shannon meets the sea,
Up the broad waters of the River King
(Then populous with a nation), journeyed he,
Through that old Ireland which her poets sing;

And the white vessel, breasting up the stream,
Moved slowly, like a ship within a dream.

When Limerick towers uprose before his gaze,
A sound of music floated in the air,—
Music which held him in a fixed amaze,
Whose silver tenderness was alien there;
Notes full of murmurs of the Southern seas,
And dusky olives swaying in the breeze.

His chimes ! the children of the great bell-tower,
Empty and silent now for many a year !
He hears them ringing out the Vesper hour,
Owned in an instant by his loving ear.
Kind angels stayed the spoiler's hasty hand,
And watched their journeying over sea and land.

The white-sailed boat moved slowly up the stream ;
The old man lay with folded hands at rest ;
The Shannon glistened in the sunset beam ;
The bells rang gently o'er its shining breast,
Shaking out music from each liliated rim :
It was a requiem which they rang for him.

For when the boat was moored beside the quay,
He lay as children lie when lulled by song ;
But never more to waken. Tenderly
They buried him wild-flowers and grass among,
Where on the Cross alights the wandering bird,
And hour by hour the bells he loved are heard.

BESSIE R. PARKES

Romana Robertson.

AN EPISODE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE few surviving representatives of Dublin society 'fifty years ago' will probably remember a somewhat remarkable personage, who for a time attracted considerable notice under the designation prefixed to these pages. He was a low-sized man, but of portly figure, rather beyond middle age, with an air of mingled sagacity and enterprise, and a gait which bespoke a union of activity and self-reliance. His dress, without being decidedly clerical, was grave, and in no respect contravened the few rules of professional costume, which, in that primitive period of Irish society, before the rival churches had begun to distinguish themselves respectively by such marks as 'Roman collars,' or 'M. B. waistcoats,' were considered essential to the externals of a clergyman. Little was popularly known regarding him beyond the fact that he enjoyed the confidence of the Duke of Wellington, and that, with no small personal risk, he had rendered an important public service in connexion with the Spanish army in the north, commanded by General Romana. The circumstance of such a service being rendered by a clergyman, and perhaps still more that of a Catholic priest becoming the agent of the British government, cast an air of mystery around Mr. Robertson, and increased the interest with which he was regarded.

The details of the curious transaction of which he was the hero had remained unexplained for above half a century. It was known in all its substantial outlines to Sir W. Napier; but neither in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, nor in any other of the official records of the war, had any authentic history of the origin or the incidents of this secret mission ever been made public. At length, when almost all who had a share in it, either as actors or as interested parties, have passed away, a minute and authentic narrative of the affair has been published by the nephew of the secret agent himself, from the Ms. which was drawn up by him at the successful termination of the mission, and which has since remained in the hands of his family.

A great crisis had just arisen in the affairs of Spain—a crisis indeed upon which, in a certain sense, the fortunes of Europe and the world depended. The proclamation of June 6th, 1808, which

assumed for Joseph Bonaparte the crown of Spain and the Indies, was for that unhappy country the last drop in the cup of national discontent, which had long been swelling under French influence and French dictation. On the very day on which this proclamation appeared, the Junta of Seville issued a thrilling manifesto, formally declaring war against France. A few days afterwards an important blow was struck by Spain in the capture of the French fleet in the harbour of Cadiz; and, spreading rapidly from south to north, the revolt, before the end of the month of June, had not only assumed most formidable proportions at home, but had enlisted in its favour the sympathies not merely of the enemies of France, but of all the lovers of freedom throughout Europe.

Amidst the universal enthusiasm with which this gallant struggle was regarded at home and abroad, a band of Spaniards, the *élite* of the soldiery of Spain, was detained, shut up at a distance from their native country, inactive, or employed in uncongenial service, and in utter ignorance as well of this chivalrous outburst of national feeling, as of the painful series of insults and oppression which had called it forth. In the beginning of 1807 the weak and vacillating government of the Prince of the Peace had been induced to place at the disposal of the Emperor Napoleon a body of the choicest soldiers of the Spanish army, amounting on the whole to 20,000, to serve as a corps of observation on the Hanoverian frontier, and to aid in carrying out the Emperor's favourite scheme—the maintenance of the Continental blockade. The command of the principal part of the Spanish contingent had been given to the celebrated Marquis de la Romana. In the July of that year, 1807, on the outbreak of war between England and Denmark, the Spanish troops were ordered to the Danish islands, to form the vanguard of the great northern army, under the supreme command of Bernadotte; and in the early spring of 1808, they were distributed through various positions in Zealand, Jutland, and Fünen.

It would be difficult to imagine a more striking illustration of the iron rule of Napoleon, and of the completeness of the control which he maintained over the sources of public opinion and the channels of public intelligence, than is exhibited in the incidents of this secret mission. That he should have been able to conceal from the knowledge of hostile governments the extent and the dispositions of the military resources of his own empire, may not be considered extraordinary. It is not difficult to understand that the British government should have been kept in ignorance of the position of General Romana and the Spanish forces under his command. But to our modern notions as to the transmission of intelligence, it will

seem almost incredible that the Spanish army, engaged in his own service, encamped within his own territory, in direct communication with France, and without a single mile of hostile territory to separate them from the centre of information, and even from Spain itself, should have been kept for months together without the slightest knowledge of the startling events which were passing in Spain, and through which the fortunes of their native country had undergone a complete revolution. A French army had been marched into Spain; the great frontier fortresses had been treacherously seized; the king and his son Ferdinand had been decoyed into France, made prisoners, and compelled to abdicate; the general rising of the population, which these outrages provoked, had been repressed by most savage and sanguinary massacres; finally, Joseph Bonaparte had been proclaimed king. And yet we learn from these memoirs that, after a lapse of more than six months, not a whisper of all these startling occurrences had reached the Spanish army, or even the Spanish general himself, beyond the simple statement which it had pleased Napoleon to communicate—that Spain had chosen Joseph Bonaparte for her king. We can hardly help thinking that this complete sealing-up of all the sources of intelligence is one of the greatest marvels in the history of that marvellous period.

To break the spell of silence which this mighty enchanter had cast over the minds of his entrapped auxiliaries, and to convey to the Spaniards of the army of the north intelligence of the thrilling events with which all Spain was ringing, was the earnest desire of the mission of the British government. Sir Arthur Wellesley's far-seeing mind had early felt the importance of restoring to their country's cause the hardy veterans ingloriously shut up among the islands of the Baltic. More than one effort had already been made to open a communication, and more than one life had been sacrificed in the fruitless attempt. At length, just as he himself was about to enter on the command in the Peninsula, circumstances threw into his way the subject of this curious memoir—a man who seemed in every way fitted to succeed in what had hitherto appeared a desperate undertaking.

It jars strangely on the stricter notions of our day to find a priest engaging by choice in an office so questionable as that of a secret political agent. But it is only fair to carry ourselves back into the circumstances and feelings of the period. It must be remembered that the vicissitudes of that time had strangely disturbed and confounded all the relations of society, ecclesiastical as well as social. In the necessities of the emigration, some of the noblest and most venerable ecclesiastics had been compelled to turn themselves to

many a strange and uncongenial occupation ; and of these not a few were directly connected with the politics, and even with the warfare, of the time. The great European war had in it, especially for the adherents of the *ancien régime*, a great deal of the character of a sacred war ; this was especially true of the struggles of the Peninsular campaign ; and it is not difficult to understand how a priest, even of the highest ecclesiastical feeling, might throw himself into any enterprise connected with that war, with somewhat of the same impulse which nerved the feeble frame of Peter the Hermit, or inspired with martial ardour the modest and shrinking spirituality of the recluse of Clairvaux.

The Rev. James Robertson was a Catholic priest, a native of Scotland, and a member of the Scottish Benedictine monastery of Ratisbon ; one of those interesting Continental asylums which, in the penal days of their religion in Britain, had remained open as places of education, or as retreats in old age for Catholic ecclesiastics. Mr. Robertson, from long residence in Germany, had acquired not only a thorough knowledge of German, but a perfect familiarity with German manners and institutions. The Duke of Richmond, in the course of a visit to Ratisbon, towards the end of the last century, had made the acquaintance of Mr. Robertson ; and this acquaintance having been renewed in 1807, on the appointment of his grace to the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, in which country Mr. Robertson was then resident, the duke proposed his ancient Benedictine friend to Sir Arthur Wellesley, then chief secretary, as well qualified to be employed in confidential service. When the idea of opening a communication with Romana was started, it at once struck Sir Arthur that Mr. Robertson was the very man for such a service. His familiarity with Germany and the German language would facilitate the success of his journey, and his priestly character would give authority to his mission in the eyes of the Spanish general.

The preliminary negotiation was speedily concluded, and Father Robertson, in an interview with Mr. Canning, received the communication—a merely verbal one, in order to avoid compromising the bearer—which he was instructed to make to Romana on the part of the British government. It was simply to the effect that the British government was ready to place three transports at the marquis's orders for the conveyance of him and his troops to any country he might select, without exacting any condition or engagement from him in return ; and that their representative would be in waiting at Heligoland to receive the marquis's decision. Not a moment was now lost. Father Robertson was entered at the Alien Office as a foreigner who was to be conveyed out of the kingdom ; and on June

4th, 1808, sailed from Harwich to Heligoland. It was at this point that the difficulties of the expedition really began.

Father Robertson had first to effect a landing on the Continent, every point of the shore being carefully guarded both by the military and by the officials of the douane. Even after he should have safely obtained an entrance, it remained for him to travel the whole extent of Holstein and Schleswig, and, from some port or station of the Baltic coast, to pass secretly to the island of Fünen, on the extreme eastern coast of which the Spanish general was quartered. It need hardly be added, that in addition to the ordinary risks and difficulties of transit through a hostile territory, the communication with this particular district was rendered at that period infinitely more perilous by the minute and harassing restrictions of the well-known Continental blockade (which was at that time in the very height of its rigour); and although as soon as Father Robertson landed in Heligoland an embargo was laid on all ships in the island, in order to guard against the news of such an arrival from England being transmitted to the mainland, the precaution proved ineffective.

Nevertheless, through the convenient agency of a smuggling lugger, he was landed, after several alarms, in the shallows of the Weser; and by the assistance of a friendly merchant (who having left Bremen in his private carriage, accompanied by his clerk, in the morning, was enabled to take up Mr. Robertson in this clerk's place, without incurring suspicion) he reached that city safe and so far unsuspected. Here, however, he was thrown again on his own resources. The merchant failing, after many and persistent efforts, to extract from him the object of his journey, not only refused to aid him further, but even to give him the shelter of his roof. In his attempt to furnish himself with a passport, an incident occurred which had well-nigh led to his discovery, and the consequences of which he only evaded by a representation, which it needs all the casuistry of 'war morality' to justify. He had provided himself before leaving England with the baptismal certificate of a Bavarian friend, named Adam, in whose name he caused application to be made at the town-house of Bremen for a passport to Hamburg. "This was granted," he continues, "without difficulty; but it was necessary that I should make my appearance and sign my name; and such is the force of habit that I began *with the initial letter of my real name*, J; which the town-clerk observing, suddenly called out to me, 'How, sir, did you not tell me your name was Adam?' It was really an unpardonable blunder, and might have proved fatal but for one of the luckiest thoughts that ever occurred to me in a moment of difficulty. 'Sir,' I replied (and certainly with some embarrassment), 'in the palatinate

of Bavaria, where I was born, we are in the habit of prefixing Johann (John) to every man's baptismal name, as we do Mary to every woman's; so that we do not say George, Peter, Adam, &c., but Hans (the familiar abridgment of Johann) George, Hans Peter, or Hans Adam.' This is really the case. The explanation had the air of truth, and saved me for the time. The passport was made out, and the French resident at once granted his *visé*."

Having once secured this most indispensable of credentials, a regularly recognised passport, he pushed boldly onwards to Hamburg. There he learned from the merchant on whom his letters of credit from the home government were drawn, that General Romana was quartered at Nyborg; but this merchant, to whom, as possessing the confidence of the government, he disclosed the secret of his mission, openly laughed at the folly of such an expedition, and refused to run the risk of conveying any message to Romana. Father Robertson encountered a similar refusal from the Spanish chaplain of the hospital for the Spaniards at Altona, and from an invalid Spanish officer to whom the priest introduced him; and was thus finally satisfied that he could only hope to succeed through his own exertions. He therefore provided himself at Hamburg with a small but choice supply of cigars and chocolate, and went forward in the character of a commercial agent to Lübeck, and afterwards to Kiel. At the latter place he embarked for one of the Danish islands, Arøe; but the captain, becoming distrustful of his assumed character, and fearful of compromising himself by conveying so questionable a personage, compelled him to disembark at the mouth of the river and return to Kiel; and in the end, Father Robertson was obliged to proceed by post from Kiel, and trust to the chance (which he was fortunate enough to secure) of obtaining a passage in a fishing-boat to the little island of Assens, midway between the mainland and the island of Fünen. On landing at Assens he met some trouble about his passport, owing to the ignorance of the officials, who were unable to read German; but was at length allowed to proceed, and crossing over to the west coast of Fünen, he had little difficulty in making his way across the island to Nyborg, where, in his assumed character of cigar-merchant, he finally succeeded in fixing his quarters in the very hotel occupied by General Romana and the officers of his staff.

The difficulty of communicating with the general was tenfold increased by the constant presence of the general's French valet, an inquisitive and suspicious knave; but Fr. Robertson at last succeeded in obtaining a private interview. It is one of the most curious circumstances of this strange mission, that not only was the secret agent

not furnished with any written proposals from his government to Romana, but was utterly unprovided with credentials, even such as might establish his identity, much less such as would be a guarantee of his authority to act in a matter of such momentous importance. Robertson's only means of satisfying Romana as to his authority was a verbal message from the under-secretary, Mr. Frere, who had been ambassador in Spain, which might be a token to Romana that the bearer had his commission from Mr. Frere. Mr. Frere desired Fr. Robertson to remind the general, on his (Mr. Frere's) part, of the first occasion of their meeting at Toledo, and of some particulars of the conversation which had passed between them regarding a picture by Raphael Onengs, which they had examined together on that occasion. This token, simple as it was, fully satisfied the frank and manly soldier. He listened anxiously to Fr. Robertson's communication, and asked several explanations as to the details; but for the time declined to give any decided answer. Fr. Robertson accordingly was obliged to await the issue of his deliberation. During this interval, he continued to maintain the assumed character of a merchant, and succeeded, although with great risk, in repeating his visits to the general; who, having sounded the dispositions of his officers, and having fully discussed with Fr. Robertson the measures and intentions of the British government, finally determined to accept the proposal, and to take immediate measures for its being carried into effect. Fortunately for his design, he had some time before arranged with Bernadotte that that general should visit Nyborg and review the Spanish troops; and Romana now resolved to use this expected review as a pretext under which to collect at head-quarters as many of his troops as it might be possible to bring together without exciting suspicion.

Of this engagement on Romana's part, however, as of the proposal made to him from England, no written record was asked or given. Fr. Robertson was but too happy to hasten back to Assens, where his passport had been previously examined and found *en règle*; and, although not without some alarms, he succeeded in making his way by the same route, through Kiel and Lübeck, to Hamburg. Thence he wrote to Mr. M'Kenzie, the British agent at Heligoland, to report the success of his mission, and to request that instructions should be sent to the commanders of the Baltic fleet to hold themselves in readiness to communicate with Romana.

Of the actual issue of the project but little remains to be told. Romana began at once to collect his troops for the expected review, and in a short time had drawn together at Nyborg about 10,000 men. Meanwhile Bernadotte, who was about to proceed to the inspection

with a few attendants, was induced by the advice of the very Spanish officer to whom Robertson had imprudently confided the secret of his mission, to take a detachment of troops as a protection against any possible treachery, and set out with a body of about 3000 men. The news of his approach quickened the measures of the Spanish general; and at last, when all was in readiness, he invited all the civic officers of Nyborg, and all the principal inhabitants, to a grand entertainment, in the course of which, having meanwhile drawn his troops around the banqueting-room, he politely informed them, while he disclaimed all designs against their personal liberty, that circumstances compelled him to place them under temporary arrest. The Spaniards immediately marched down to the harbour and pressed into their service every boat and barque which could assist them in reaching the English fleet. On a signal given, the English boats put in to their assistance, and a scene of activity and bustle ensued such as the inhabitants of Nyborg had never witnessed before. When the whole of the Spaniards had embarked, except about three hundred men who were covering the embarkation, Bernadotte arrived with his army, and found to his confusion that his prisoners, as he might well have deemed them, had eluded his vigilance, and were already beyond his reach.

But the sequel of the story, while it exhibits the deep devotedness of the Spanish character, is very painful. The handful of Spaniards who remained on land, putting themselves into an attitude of defence showed a determination to sell their lives as dearly as possible; but the colonel who commanded them, riding to the front and pointing out to them in a few words the hopelessness of any resistance to a force so much superior to their own, desired them to lay down their arms. They reluctantly complied. He then dismounted, and taking a pistol from his holster, shot his charger, exclaiming: "But as for thee, they shall never mount thee; and me," he continued, putting a pistol to his head, "they shall never disarm."

Romana and his army sailed for England, and thence for their native country. Their services in the war are well known. Their gallant leader was for years the great rallying-centre in the formation of the native army of liberation. He enjoyed alike the love of his own countrymen and the unlimited confidence of the Allies. His premature death, in 1811, at the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters at Cartago, was deplored as a national calamity.

The after-history of the secret agent possesses little interest. Thinking it most prudent to delay his return to England, he turned his steps towards his old quarters at Ratisbon, and remained in Germany till the spring of the following year. During his stay he ap-

pears to have more than once had a very narrow escape of being discovered; and after he had safely reached England, he learned that in his homeward route, immediately after he had quitted Dresden, the police had discovered his identity: that he had been tracked and pursued by hussars through Berlin and Hamburg; but that though always close at his heels, yet by some chance, inexplicable alike to them and to his friend, before reaching the coast they had lost all trace of him. He resided in Dublin from 1809 till 1813, when he again went abroad, as it would seem, on some mission from our government. During the occupation of Paris by the Allies, he was again in communication with the Duke of Wellington; but if he engaged in any service, it must have been of a temporary nature; and in 1815, he returned to his convent at Ratisbon, where, with the exception of a brief visit to his native country—Scotland—in 1818, he resided until his death in 1820.

In certain Dublin circles he is still remembered under the name of ROMANA ROBERTSON.

A Glimmering Dawn.

THERE they sit, like the young king of the Black Isles, half marble and half man ! To look at them, they seem to have the form and the faculties of other human beings. If, with Topsy's eccentric wisdom, you pinch them to see if they are real, you find they are sensitive to pain, like most creatures of flesh and blood. If you fling a sharp or cruel word at them, or catch their eye to wound them with a cold unfeeling glance, they are, as ordinary mortals, keenly touched. They suffer when afflicted, can resent when hurt, may retaliate when insulted, and do avenge their cause when outraged. Human they are to suffer, to sin, to lament, to hate ; possibly also dimly to love. But to act, to do, to push on with the great marching body of the race, to lag even with the rear-guard, is wholly out of the question. From that rigid attitude nothing can move them ; coaxing, *cayolerie*, sweet persuading, are all in vain ; force and goading, threats and lashes, vainer still. That *bête de mot*, "impossible," has a literal meaning in regard to them. They *cannot* arise and move on, till, by one exorcism or another, they are freed from the spell that has been cast upon them. They are pauper-reared and pauperised, denationalised, demoralised. In many a towering Castle of Indolence, many a desolate Palace of Tears, many an impregnable Poor-Law Bastille, they sit in troops throughout the length and breadth of the land ; while companies of them are to be found in every other receptacle of outcasts—gaols, reformatories, penitentiaries, hospitals, mad-houses—still with the spell on them ; perplexing, provoking, incomprehensible, to all who have any thing to do with them, still marked off, wherever they go, from the reasonable herd of men. It needs no Darwin to theorise on the origin of this species. Take a lot of boys and girls—orphans are best—cram them into a workhouse, let committees be their father and hirelings their mother, feed them by contract, educate them by machinery, press them into one great indistinguishable mass, and in a single generation you will have them monstrously transformed, a burden or an offence.

But let us enter more into particulars ; let us prove that people reared in workhouses differ, and show why they differ, from the common run of the population. We shall dwell, as we proceed, most of all on the condition of women so brought up, because, as Mrs. Jameson says, "It is chiefly in respect to the female inmates that workhouses have been the fruitful seminaries of vice ;" and be-

cause, in the method of dealing with them "the divine law of nature" (to quote the same high authority) "is more coarsely and cruelly violated." The Rev. Mr. Brewer says, the boys and girls who join in the disorders of the metropolis, and fill the London prisons, are "mainly the produce of the workhouse and the workhouse schools." Miss Mary Carpenter told a select committee of the House of Commons that she would rather have to deal with a dozen youthful thieves than a similar number of pauper children. "There is a close link," says the Rev. J. Davis, chaplain of Newgate, "between the scum of a workhouse and these juvenile offenders. A number of these are orphans brought up in workhouses, who get among the vicious portion of the inmates, and so fall into vices, and from vices into crimes." Mr. W. R. Lloyd of Birmingham, in a paper on workhouse-schools, remarks that "it is notorious that a large number of the most refractory criminals in our gaols have passed through our workhouse schools." We are told that "in one large London workhouse, where the children were educated under the same roof as the adult paupers, inquiry was made as to what had become of eighty girls who had been brought up in it, when it was discovered that, without a single exception, they were all on the streets." Mrs. Jameson says again, "they" (the workhouse girls) "form the class from which the hordes of wretched creatures who infest our streets are mainly supplied."

In Ireland much the same system has been carried out, with equally disastrous results. An eminent lawyer, in a paper read before the Dublin Statistical Society, says, "the system has turned out a failure, and it appears to be now almost undisputed that about the very worst characters with whom the criminal jurisprudence of the country has afterwards unhappily to deal are the pauper children, male and female, who have received their training in the workhouse." Commenting on some incidents of workhouse life, a leading Dublin journal remarked: "We have 50,000*l.* a-year levied off the already over-taxed inhabitants of our city, who get in return the training of thieves and vagabonds, for the punishing of whom additional taxation becomes necessary." "These workhouses seem to change the nature of people," said the Recorder of Dublin, when, some time since, a party of workhouse girls were brought up before him, and found guilty of an attempt to burn the establishment in which they had been reared. "There adheres to the establishment," he continued, "the curse of idleness and the absence of any feeling of independence." Judge Berwick has put on record, that "a more stubborn, unmanageable set of criminals, whose bad passions were more fully developed, who were less influenced by the feeling of gratitude

and affection, and who had less feeling of self-respect and self-dependence, he never met in any class with whom he had to deal. He found that the women brought up in workhouses were worse than the men, and this he considered was attributable to three causes—first, that they had from their youth been separated from [home] influences; secondly, that they had no education in active industry supplied to them; and thirdly, a feeling of want of self-dependence.” A respectable provincial paper writes thus in a leading article: “If a correct history could be obtained of the unfortunate females who nightly infest the streets of Belfast, it would be found that a large proportion of one class of them had been brought up in the workhouse.” Returns were at one time furnished of some 165 girls apprenticed from a union, and it was found that only 18 of the number were reported to be going on well; the rest had returned to the workhouse, or had absconded, or could be got no account of. In another case, of 160 young women provided with clothes to enable them to get employment, 58, or about one-third, found their way back to the workhouse after an average time spent in service of two months and a half.

Instances, examples, proofs of the bad results of workhouse training might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but need not be accumulated here. Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that in Saxon Protestant England, and equally in Celtic Catholic Ireland, children brought up in workhouses grow into worthless or vicious men and women, ground down, despite the strong distinctive characteristics of circumstances, creed, and race, into one base uniformity of uselessness, sloth, and vice.

Many paragraphs need not be written to show by what a simple process—the ignoring, namely, of the primal laws of nature and common sense—this unholy transformation has been effected. What fate awaits young children in these establishments, we do not mean to inquire. Newspaper articles headed ‘Slaughter of the Innocents,’ ‘Wholesale Murder of Children in English Workhouses,’ and so on, startle the public from time to time. The transactions of the Dublin Statistical Society may be referred to, for information on that head with regard to the sister island. Of the immense infantine multitude born in the workhouses, or found soon after birth in these gloomy strongholds, we believe a considerable majority are killed off, or mercifully released by death. Yet the name of the surviving minority is legion, and these are, after their escape from the first ordeal, destined to go through a second, out of which they may come with life and limb intact, but certainly not otherwise scot-free. The broad features of workhouse life are much the same in every quarter

of these kingdoms, though one union mansion may differ from another in some detail. The practised eye detects a physiognomy peculiar to each. The characteristic of the youth brought up in one school may be stupidity amounting to stultification; in another, the distinguishing traits are perhaps wild passion, reckless vice, irrepressible insubordination. As in moral qualities, so in physical conditions, a difference is often discernible. We have seen a room full of workhouse children whose diseased condition was truly frightful; the consequence, plain to the eye, of defective ventilation, monotonous diet, and the depravation of healthy inspiriting influences. We have heard of a visitor finding in one workhouse 84 children stone-blind of ophthalmia, and 130 advancing towards the same condition. While, on the other hand, we have looked in amazement on a group of pauper-reared girls, in whom intelligence, vivacity, and animal health were stamped on every feature. Indeed, the same schools may present a different aspect at different times, according to the spirit of the superior officers of the house for the time being, or the temper of subordinates.

One thing, however, is quite certain: the herding together of hundreds of children, particularly girls, and subjecting them to the dead-level of a depressing routine from year's end to year's end, shutting them up with one set of teachers and wardens, separating them from the ties of family and neighbourhood, debarring them from the common opportunities of observation and experience, affording them no chance for the development of kindly and affectionate feelings, giving them no practical industrial training, and then cramming them with pure literature, is a sorry preparation for a struggle in the wide, dangerous, merciless world. Book-learning is no substitute for conduct, temper, character; all which it is extremely hard, if not utterly impossible, to cultivate and develope in children senselessly massed together. Neither are these poor children protected as they ought to be from external bad influences. As a matter of course, the schools are constantly recruited from the very worst sources. Street-vagabonds find their way in from time to time, as well as unconvicted thieves and youths precocious in vice; the mothers, too, will not unfrequently leave the workhouse for a season, possibly on no good errand, taking their children with them, who acquire in the interval much too profound a knowledge of the world's wicked ways, and are no way loth to impart their experience to their school-mates when they return to the workhouse.

Again, it is to be remembered that when the schools are attached to the body of the house it is impossible to prevent the children mixing more or less with the adults. The staff of teachers is, generally

speaking, barely sufficient to drag up the children to the standard of literary proficiency which will satisfy the inspector when he takes his rounds. No matter how intelligent, kindly, and conscientious the teachers may be, there is no possibility of individualising the boys and girls under their charge, cultivating their affections, drawing out the good points of their natural disposition. After their day's work over lessons, slates, and copy-books, the jaded teachers have little power left to deal with the *morale* of the question. Industrial training, worthy of the name, is sometimes attempted in the case of boys; but the mere learning to sew does not supply that to the girls. In each case there is missing the incentive to exertion which necessity, remuneration, example, alone can afford. Children outside witness, if they do not actually take part in, the daily struggle for maintenance; but the workhouse progeny do not understand, for they are not made to feel that they must themselves get what they are themselves to eat. They are fed like the birds of the air; and thus an early and a fatal predisposition to listlessness and idleness is engendered which places them at a terrible disadvantage when they have, at a later period, to compete in the struggle for bread with those who have been accustomed from infancy to lend a hand in the common household, or have a sharp look-out for themselves. "What is the use," exclaimed a wrathful old lady in our hearing, "of their knowing all about Torres Vedras, when they cannot set a pot on the fire?" Shut up as they are, their ignorance, if amazing, is yet not unaccountable. Girls of thirteen and fourteen when removed to another establishment could not be trusted with knives and forks, or any article more brittle than pewter and tin. The sight of a steam-engine terrified one of them, and she could hardly be got into the train she was to travel by. As some one has said, the hair of their head is hardly their own. They have no idea of the value of property. The first thing that had to be done with a party of them was to give them a box, and a few articles to put into it, that they might begin to feel they had a *piéd à terre* like other people in the world. Ungovernable temper is another characteristic of this class. It is not hard to provoke them, and they love the excitement of "scolding-matches," battles, and rows. When furious, they are left to rage and howl through the yards and corridors; no one has time, and no one cares to pacify them. Two sisters were on one occasion pointed out to us, who were the terror of the schools on account of their continual fights with one another. Later, after a course of training in another institution, they became greatly civilised, and one of them, when asked how she was getting on in a situation which had been found for her, significantly replied, "I'm getting on very well; but I have my temper still." Not always,

however, do sisters or members of the same family enjoy an opportunity of even fighting with one another. If in different divisions of the house, they rarely meet. A girl who had gone to a situation was asked, was she sorry at parting from her sister, who was an inmate of the workhouse she had left; to which she replied that she did not know her at all—that she was not in the same class! Mothers, it is well known, can give no care to their children in workhouses. In some workhouses only once a month or once a fortnight can parents and children meet.

Thus it is that the nature of children is changed, and the brand of pauperism stamped on them. "I can give you the reason why some of the children do not turn out well," said the master of a district-school; "it is because it takes five years of my training to unpauperise them. Children come to me so demoralised both physically and mentally, and so utterly devoid of all intellect and all sense, that under five years I cannot train them and put them out as I should like to see them." This testimony is recorded in the extremely valuable evidence given by the Hon. Mrs. Way before the Select Committee on Poor Relief, 1861 (England). That lady likewise quotes the master of a large reformatory, who says, "I can do any thing with the street children; but I cannot manage workhouse children." Managers of penitentiaries are unwilling, it seems, to take girls brought-up in workhouses, considering they are irreclaimable. In a great measure, indeed, institutions open to the unfortunate and criminal are closed against them; sometimes a rule is passed not to receive them under any circumstances. Managers of such establishments, government inspectors, magistrates, judges, benevolent individuals, have said all that can be said on the subject. The only thing now is to do something to break up this hot-bed of evil growth, and stop the supply which flows into the prisons and gaols, and rushes back with increased volume through the workhouse-gates.

School-time past, the girls are either sent into service if any one applies for them, or drafted into the adult wards. Which is the most trying ordeal, it is not easy to determine. In the world they get no fair-play at all. Generally the people who go to the workhouse for servants want drudges; and we have shown how ill-adapted the poor girls are for such servitude. Unprotected as they are, temptations of every sort beset them. Too often they fall into vice or are led into crime. They are not of the stuff to contend bravely with difficulties and evil influences. The question is, which of many bad steps they will take. Naturally the road they know best, that which leads back to the workhouse, is often the one that presents itself in extremity. And here it may be well to remark, that girls brought up in the

district-schools of England (there are no such schools in Ireland) are not in this first trying juncture in a much better position than those who have been reared literally in the workhouse. They may have been formed by a gentler machinery and better instructed in useful details; but the family element is equally wanting in their nurture; and being as friendless as the others, the same choice of many evils lies open to them. "In some recent disgraceful outbreaks that have occurred in one of our large London workhouses,"—we quote from the Second Report of the Industrial Home for Girls, New Ormond Street,—"it was ascertained that most of the girls had been brought-up in the country-school belonging to the workhouse." Anyhow, whether predisposed to catch contagion by exposure to an unwholesome atmosphere, or cast sound and healthy into the midst of a plague-stricken multitude, entrance into the body of the house is all but certain ruin to young girls. Kind-hearted masters and matrons will sometimes strive to prevent girls who have been sent out from the schools returning to the adult-wards. They will try to keep them out in spite of themselves. Mrs. Way mentions the fact that the master of one of the large district-schools was so impressed with the necessity of some measure being taken to prevent girls brought-up in the school entering the workhouse on leaving (as most do) the first situation they were placed in, that his wife had given a small sum and was making a collection in shillings for the purpose of taking a lodging to which she could let girls come back on leaving their places. The same experienced master said, "It grieved him to feel that all the pains he had taken with girls were counteracted by one day's residence in the workhouse after their return from service." We have ourselves heard a guardian say that, to become proficient in wildness and wickedness, it is not necessary to have been born and altogether reared in the workhouse. Six months' sojourn in any of the wards would be sufficient, in his opinion, to contaminate the most innocent. "It is the saddest thing I know," said a workhouse doctor on one occasion, "to see the rapidity with which the children of the school are spoiled when they enter the body of the house. In three weeks' time they are so changed, I hardly know them."

The workhouse is, we believe, the only institution purporting to be charitable, in which there is no distinction made between the good and the bad, in which there is no semblance of protection afforded to the innocent, in which the healthy are knowingly inoculated with a deadly taint, and the living chained as it were to the dead. Not only do vagabonds and profligates of every description resort to the workhouse for breathing-time between one course of depravity and another, or when utterly worn out after a career of vice; but they

come designedly to swell the measure of their own iniquity, and recruit the ranks of infamy. These emissaries of evil too often find in the inexperienced girl, who has no friend to utter one word of warning, an easy prey. Whither they go, we need not follow them; but the workhouse knows no more of them, save when they return at intervals unwed mothers, to burden the rates for a while, and leave a progeny of hapless "orphans" to fill in their turn the school-benches of the parent house. Passing through one of our large workhouses, a visitor, observing some sixty or seventy young women in a ward called the "nursery," asked an officer who was present, "Were many of them married?" The answer was, "Perhaps two or three." Another instance occurs to us, when a group of fallen creatures were pointed out in a large workhouse, with the observation that most of them were girls of the house. Fortunately all do not fall a sacrifice so swiftly or so completely. A numerous class continue to go in and out, get a chance of work, enter some low service, break down in a life of hardship they are unused to, fall sick, lose their place from one cause or another, support themselves as long as they can on their scant savings, till, all being gone, even to their poor clothes, they are back, with despairing heart, in the body of the house once more. Then, indeed, their fate is sealed. They have no friend without to redeem them from the captivity in which they pine; no friend within to shield them tenderly, and hold them back from descent to a still lower deep. What chance is there now, that, unable to make a decent appearance in the world, they may be received into even the humblest service? Will the guardians give them an outfit, to enable them to seek their fortune once more, tired as they are, perhaps, of seeing the girls they have provided with clothes returning over and over again on their hands? And the general public outside? Will those who dread to take a girl from the schools be so idiotic as to take a young woman from the adult wards? We have a feeling recollection of an effort once made to rescue a poor girl from the women's ward of a workhouse, and place her in a respectable situation. The one answer given by those to whom application was made, was that no one would even try a workhouse girl; and when it was thought to place her in a charitable training-school, so that she might finally date from that rather than from the establishment of ill-repute in which she had received her education, the discovery was made that even there they could not venture to receive a girl from the workhouse.

Thus we have the standing army of pauperism recruited. The grim fortress is garrisoned. Angels of light can hardly enter in; but the secret ways are widely open,

“by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro.”

And, good heavens, what a life it is! Cursing and swearing is the language of the place. Cheating and thieving, and traffic which the rules forbid, the business of the place. Resistance to the officers, acts of daring insubordination, cunning evasion of orders, the events which vary the killing monotony of this dreary existence. New faces appear from time to time, dark with sorrow, wan with starvation, scarred with vice; people whose destiny it may be to sojourn sadly a while in this hell upon earth, or moulder away in it during the long years that may still divide them from the pauper's grave. Those faces, and the daily-hardening faces of the habitués, and the fresh young faces—on which the shadow of the place will fall too soon—of the girls sent in from the schools, and the stern harassed faces of the officers, are the only varieties of the human countenance which are to be seen in the wards from one year's end to another. Such complete degrading pauperism can hardly be imagined. There is not one foot of ground they can call their own for the length of a day; not one nook or corner into which they can retire from the tumult of the wards. The little cell which we have seen a Catholic convict tastefully decorate with palm-branch and beads and little pictures some lady-visitor had given her, looked infinitely more comfortable and home-like than the blank whitewashed day-rooms or the cheerless dormitories of the workhouse. The clothes they wear do not of course belong to them; they cannot even fancy they do by having to wash or to mend them. The work which is done in these establishments,—and even where oakum-picking and stone-breaking are not enforced, there is much to be done in the way of cleaning, washing, and so on,—has a penal and not an industrial character. It is work without thanks and without remuneration. The idlers contrive not to work; the better-disposed conform to the rule, but are little the better for doing so. This is a grievous mistake; and it has often struck us in this light, seeing really hard work done in some department of a workhouse, and remembering that in reformatories, industrial schools, prisons, and Magdalen asylums, which we know of, good-will and extra exertion are substantially rewarded; and with the few pence thus honestly earned the inmates of these well-managed institutions can procure the little luxuries which are denied to those who, though poor, may have been neither criminal nor degraded. Lunatics have a great advantage over workhouse inmates, in having some thought taken of their recreation. We have been in an asylum,—and it was only for pauper lunatics too,—in which dancing-parties and other amusements were arranged for the crazy patients;

while those of taste and proficiency were allowed to occupy themselves in various useful and interesting employments. But we never happened to see in any workhouse a pleasant cheerful room provided with books, pictures, writing-materials, in which even a select class might be permitted to assemble on Sundays, or in the evening intervals between the hours supposed to be devoted to work and the time for locking up in the dormitories. The ill-conditioned troop are left to their frantic dances, their wild songs, and their games, over which they swear and rage. Pitiful it is to see them of a Sunday crouching in groups half dead and alive along the wall, or striding uneasily up and down in twos and threes, chafing like wild-animals against the invisible but most real bars of their cage. The Sabbath-day, it was once remarked to us, was the one most frequently chosen for outbursts of extraordinary violence. And we were not surprised that the time was found suitable for concocting their wicked schemes and fretting their turbulent spirit to the maddening point.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that even originally well-disposed girls sooner or later fall into "the same confusion of riotousness" with the rest; that many find themselves before long in the punishment-cells or probation-wards of the house for breaches of discipline, breaking windows, beating the officers, and such-like offences; and that not a few finally get into the convict-prisons for still more serious outrages. Sometimes they commit offences that they may be sent to gaol, freely admitting the motive when brought to trial. They have better food in prison; and there is a feeling in their mind that they may get more justice and consideration from the prison authorities. There, too, they unfortunately distinguish themselves from the other prisoners. The master of Stafford Gaol said (we quote from the Hon. Mrs. Way's evidence), that "of all the females under his care, the worst were those that had been trained or educated in workhouses." The master of Newgate expressed himself in much the same words; while the testimony of the lady-superintendent of Mountjoy Female-Convict Prison is still more deplorably explicit: "The most difficult class to deal with," writes that lady in the Directors' Report for 1859, "are the young girls who have either been reared or spent a long period in workhouses. They seem to be amenable to no persuasion, advice, or punishment. When they are corrected, even in the mildest manner, for any breach of regulations, they seem to lose all control of reason; they break the windows of their cells, tear up their bedding; and in many cases (where they have been secured before being able to do any other mischief) they have torn their clothing with their teeth. Their language while in this state of excitement is absolutely shocking."

Emigration has been on a very extensive scale resorted to in Ireland as a means of clearing the unions of a multitude of female paupers. Nearly three thousand women, fifteen years of age and upwards, were in 1855 sent out, or assisted to emigrate, by boards of guardians. In 1852 and 1853 the figure was lower by only a few hundreds. Irish-orphan ships set sail with their young and friendless freight for Canada and Australia; and thus, as a guardian once said, we "got rid of a great many refractory girls." Reports of Emigration Commissioners gave, on the whole, favourable accounts: the girls generally behaved tolerably well on the passage out, and got situations on their arrival. But what became of them a few years later, nobody knows. Our own conviction is so strong that they were totally unprepared to earn their bread respectably, that no amount of reporting could persuade us they ever came to good. The same guardian said that if he had known how unfit the girls were to face the world—and a very painful account of them was sent back—he would have taken no part in the emigration of those sent away. The government emigration agent, writing from Canada early this year to the guardians of a union whence a party of girls were recently shipped off, remarks on "the unsuitableness of some of the young women to the work they are called upon to perform;" and further states that such disqualification is not confined to the inmates of one union, but that the same may be said of "a portion of the females sent out by all similar establishments in the country." The Bishop of Toronto, writing last May, at the instance of many dignitaries and priests of America, to the Bishops of Ireland on the subject of the Irish exodus, states that he was informed by the acting parish-priest of Montreal that the city was comparatively well-conducted till the years 1852-3, when numerous bands of girls were brought from the poor-houses of Ireland. His lordship thus continues: "They were exposed in public places to be hired, as slaves are in many parts of the South. Many kind and charitable families employed them; but those poor girls, not having received a domestic training—which good mothers in easy circumstances alone can give—were ignorant of house-work, soon lost their situations, and the result can be easily imagined. The workhouse system of Ireland is most degrading and immoral in its tendency, if the tree could be judged by its fruit."

Hardly less sad a fate, save and except the horrors of rampant vice, awaits those who, tired of chafing and weary of rebelling, cling at last to the walls of the workhouse, and take it for their home and country. Then, indeed, a broad shadow passes over the whole nature, and total eclipse ensues. Prisoners long injured to the obscurity of a dungeon have been known to return from the intolerable newness of

liberty and daylight, and to crave the gloom to which their darkened being had grown accustomed. We have known women to declare they loved the walls of the workhouse; to regret their long ten-hours' sleep, their poor food and raiment that could be had for nothing; and to be haunted wherever they went by a dangerous memory that lured them to return, like the unhappy gardener in Tieck's wonderful story of "The Runenberg." Quite recently we were told of a number of workhouse girls who, by some benevolent ladies, were placed in good situations. A premium of one pound was promised to any girl who would remain a year in her place: only one girl came at the end of the term to claim the recompense; and she, we are informed, returned next day to the workhouse!

Such is the general career of workhouse-reared girls; such the ordinary phases of workhouse life. There is another vast world of suffering and sorrow which we can hardly glance at on the present occasion: the hospitals attached to these houses, into which the poor of town and country crowd when sickness lays them low; and the infirm wards (the lie-by wards, as they are called), in which a multitude of poor souls who earned and ate honest bread while they had health and strength, are laid in the same long row with the worthless and the wicked, to await the coming of the dark-winged angel of deliverance. There is much to be said about their condition; but at present we cannot open such another field of sad inquiry. A few years ago it was said, and with truth, that while the benevolent were lending their energies to the suppression of various evils, and striving to check the torrent of iniquity that drains into reformatories, penitentiaries, and gaols, little heed was taken of the source whence so much of the mischief directly flows. Thank God, this cannot any longer be said. Parliamentary committees have carefully considered the question of poor-relief, excellent recommendations have been agreed to, some alterations in the law have been made, here and there boards of guardians have seriously striven to carry out reforms in their respective unions, and, better still, public opinion and individual exertions have been directed to mitigate the evils of the system.

Grave differences exist between the English and Irish poor-laws. The former is far more humane than the latter: very extensive outdoor relief is given in England; while in the sister country the practice has been to force all requiring relief into the workhouse; the consequence of which has been the pauperisation of whole families when the father happened to fall ill or want work. Destitute widows, who in the one country would be enabled to subsist outside and keep their children with them, are in the other compelled to enter the workhouse; a step which, in depriving them of all feeling of self-

respect and liberty, constrains them to give up their children, and prematurely turns the latter into workhouse orphans. In England old married people are not separated; in Ireland they are rigidly kept apart. The destitute poor of England have, it is well known, a legal right to relief; in Ireland the starving population can establish no such claim. Irish guardians are empowered to relieve those they *may deem destitute*; and we sometimes see that while one workhouse is a scene of riot and disorder, another not a hundred miles away is kept in fair condition, by the simple process of refusing relief to characters that may prove troublesome. Instances might be cited of bands of refractory girls, not otherwise ill-conducted, being turned out on the streets, thus fatally imperilling their one virtue, because they *were* refractory, and therefore it would appear could not be considered *destitute* by the guardians. During the last few years, however, a growing disposition has been shown by boards of guardians in Ireland to extend out-door relief; and doubtless it will be soon proved that it is much cheaper, as well as more charitable, to do so than to sweep in whole families and be burdened with them for life. Two years ago an act was passed, enabling Irish guardians to send orphan or deserted children out of the workhouse to be reared in families in the country; a plan which for years has been found to work well in that country by the Protestant Orphan Society, and by the Catholic Society of St. Bridget's Orphanage. Unfortunately, however, the law compels them to take back the children at five, or at latest at eight, years of age; and so, in fact, they return simply fattened for the slaughter. There is no provision of this kind in the English law; but then an act was passed in 1862, empowering guardians to send "orphan or deserted children to any certified school supported wholly or partially by voluntary subscriptions, the managers of which shall be willing to receive them; and enabling them to pay for the maintenance, clothing, and education of such children the sum it would have cost to keep them in the workhouse." This measure supplies just the break that was wanting between the workhouse and the world, and affords to the girls individual care, real protection, and a refuge and home when, on being thrown out of employment, nothing would otherwise have been open to them but the school of contamination—the adult wards.

What is wanted now is for charitable people, and the managers of such schools and institutions as can be made available for the purpose, to be alive to the necessity of rescuing these girls from a perilous position. This act would of course afford Catholics every facility if it were carried out in their favour; but though repeated applications have been made to Boards of Guardians, they have received

an invariable refusal. The success which attends kindly individual effort in such a case may be seen by a careful study of the system on which the Norwich Homes have been conducted; and the simple, kindly, excellent plan adopted in the somewhat similar Protestant establishments,—the Hon. Mrs. Way's Home at Brockham, and Miss L. Twining's Home in New Ormond Street. The children in the Norwich schools learn to hate the workhouse, and are never sent back except for punishment. The managers of the Brockham Home give the children committed to their care "just the training that they would receive from a very good mother," and the consequence is that extraordinary success has crowned the labours of the benevolent founder; while in the Second Report (1863) of the Ormond-Street Home it is stated that what the managers have succeeded in doing is, to "lift these girls out of the workhouse, and to give them some other point of attraction and centre for their thoughts and their affections." Further it is noted that out of one hundred and fifty-two girls received into the Home, only thirteen have gone back to the workhouse. To the lady superintendent of this excellent institution are mainly due, we believe, the interest excited with regard to the condition of English workhouses, and the passing of the act by which it has become legal for boards of guardians to send children or young women who became chargeable on the rates to that and similar establishments. Ireland enjoys no advantage like this. Only in the case of the blind, and of the deaf and dumb, can Irish guardians remove inmates of workhouses to other institutions. Power such as the act referred to gives, would, if vested in Irish guardians, enable them, far better than emigration, to dispose of a number of girls who are now, it is to be apprehended, on the high road to become refractory paupers. But what is most of all wanting in that unhappy land is an Industrial Schools' Bill. The reformatories established there have done good work already by preventing recommittals, and fitting the boys and girls placed in them to occupy a respectable position in life. The pity is that a child must first be branded with crime before he can have a claim to this careful training. No doubt can be entertained that industrial schools, if once set going, would soon stop the supplies to the reformatories and the gaol, and tend in an eminent degree to make pauperism, in the case of a large class, a casual instead of a permanent condition. One great improvement is being carried out in Irish workhouses; there are now attached to a great number of them separate places of worship for Catholic and Protestant inmates. Until recently the custom was to transform the common dining-hall for an hour or two of a Sunday into what purported to be a house of

prayer; and nothing more indecorous and irreverent can be imagined than the clearing away of tins and platters, and the setting up of altar and reading-desk alternately. In some places there was a chapel; but it was used alike by each denomination, and neither flock had the satisfaction of looking upon the edifice as their own. Respect for the house of God was lowered, in the case of the Catholics fatally, by the old arrangement, and no wonder that the time of sermon, service, and Mass was the time chosen for playing a quiet game of cards, effecting exchanges of clothes, and other enormities that need not be dwelt on. Literally, in fact, the place of prayer for the time being was frequently turned into a den of thieves. In this respect again the convicts have long had the advantage over the non-criminal class in workhouses. The directors of prisons understand well that without thorough religious training, and the cultivation of religious sentiments, little can be done for the reformation of any class, and they wisely and generously afford facilities for the carrying out of this principle.

Attention to classification of inmates has been strongly recommended from time to time by parliamentary committees, and enforced by private opinion well worthy of respect. Poor-law commissioners, however, and boards of guardians have constantly shown a disposition to discourage any attempt to carry it out. The reason given is that it would deprive those who have fallen of every chance of reformation. Possibly also questions of increased outlay in this as in other reforms may be too nicely regarded. The best answer to this is the one given by Mrs. Woodlock, who, when examined before the Irish Poor-Relief Committee (1861), said, "I would not weigh questions of expense against the demoralisation of a country."

About six years ago the Workhouse-Visiting Society was established in London by the lady to whom we referred above, Miss L. Twining; the object being to extend an interest in the welfare of workhouse inmates, and to organise a band of charitable ladies wherever any such were found willing to undertake the work, who, with the sanction of the guardians, should visit the workhouse, to comfort, instruct, and cheer the unfortunate and suffering inmates. To the spread of this society we think is greatly due the interest now so much more extensively shown in regard to workhouse inmates, and not a few of the improvements which have taken place in workhouse management. Catholics, however, are not allowed to take part in this society. The machinery of the Social Science Association has been used to spread this society through England, and branches of it have extended even to Ireland. A plan which was devised for the better treatment of incurable cases in workhouses has been,

it appears, fully carried out in the Carrickmacross Union. Cork has a visiting society composed of Catholic and Protestant ladies, who work well together and with the guardians, and who are now about to take the superintendence of a training-school in which girls will be prepared for service, the managers of which will provide situations for them, and look after them when placed out. In one of the Dublin workhouses the visitation has been for some time carried on zealously and successfully; the work being made particularly easy in this instance by the good understanding existing among the ladies, the friendly coöperation of the guardians, the civility of the officers, and the fact that Protestants and Catholics being separated in different wards, the members of each church have full power and opportunity to deal as seems best with their coreligionists.

However, it is not necessary to form a society to do some good in a workhouse. Probably admission might be obtained in many cases without having recourse to any particular organisation; and we do not see any reason why the wives, daughters, sisters of guardians should not visit the houses their male relatives govern. We have heard of a lady undertaking the visitation of a workhouse nearly single-handed; and we could mention a case in which another lady asked and obtained permission to visit, and was for some time the only one who was ever seen within the gates. Substantial good has been done, to our certain knowledge, by a lady walking once through the wards of a workhouse. This is essentially woman's work. Manly intellect and manly strength have been exerted in making and administering laws for the relief of the poor. Let the womanly element of charity and love come now to our aid. New is such influence in the wards; it will work like magic on hearts still "thirsty for a little love;" still yielding to temptation, because there is no other human being who will check them with a look, or sustain them with a word. We have seen "sunshine in a shady place" when a lady has passed through the sick-wards of a workhouse. We have known a wicked woman changed and a wild girl tamed by the magic of a few kind words. That good and wise women have taken here and there this work into their hearts and hands affords, we must confess, the strongest hope that silently and steadily a change will be wrought in the dismal state of workhouse relations. We see in it the earnest of a better future, the herald of the star that

"Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn."

Violet's Freak.

CHAPTER IV.

AUGUSTUS TRIUMPHANT.

VIOLET DE COVERLEY entered the drawing-room with bright eyes and fresh cheeks, looking and feeling deliciously like a persecuted heroine. Consoled by an inward consciousness of being victimised, she seated herself briskly, and helped herself to marmalade. But the natural hunger of robust eighteen was destined not to be wholly satisfied that night. Mrs. Dorothea opened her lips and spoke, and lo, Miss de Coverley's appetite fled away.

"Violet my love," said Aunt Dorothy, "I have invited a few of your young friends for a dance upon the lawn to-morrow evening."

Violet put down her bread-and-butter, and felt a rush of secret joy. For would she not be obliged to hide a breaking heart under a smiling exterior, and to shine as queen of the gay throng while he, the outcast, wandered hopeless and dejected apart? Yes, from behind some tree he would undoubtedly scowl upon the revels.

Violet coloured with satisfaction, though she tried hard to look profoundly indifferent. Mrs. Dorothea trifled uneasily with her bracelet.

"Amongst others," she said, carelessly, "I have invited our neighbour, young Mr. Canterdale. He has been very attentive lately, and we owe him a little civility. I suppose he dances, and all that kind of thing."

Did Violet's ears deceive her? Oh, now really it was too provoking! In all the annals of thwarted love-affairs there was assuredly no record to be found of a proscribed hero having been asked to spend the evening by a hard-hearted guardian. Romeo was never invited to tea by the Capulets. He stole in upon their revels, and while he danced with Juliet braved the threatening frowns of a crowd of enemies. A hundred swords trembled in their sheaths when he touched her hand. And if Mr. Augustus Canterdale could come up to her, Violet, under the very eyes of her aunt Dorothea, and say, "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" why where would there be any romance or poetry left in the world?

Mrs. Singleheart looked across the table at the young lady's disturbed countenance, and smiled while regarding her own pleasant image caricatured in the bowl of her teaspoon. Aunt Dorothea changed the conversation nervously without waiting for Violet's reply; and Miss de Coverley took the earliest opportunity of leaving the two

friends *tête-à-tête*. "I don't believe she cares a fig for him!" said Mrs. Singleheart, when the door had been closed.

At the same moment, Violet, who had rushed upstairs to the beloved solitude of her own chamber, flung open her window, and began fanning herself violently, energetically stamping her foot upon her carpet, and declaring her dissatisfaction in strong ejaculations.

"I thought at first that it might have been so nice," she said; "and now it is all spoiled. He will ask me to dance every time, and it will be all so humdrum and commonplace. There will be no one standing apart under a distant tree, burning with despair, while the moon is rising. He will be eating strawberries and drinking champagne beside me, and preventing me from dancing with any body else. Stupid! Oh, how tiresome of Aunt Dorothy!"

She made a little angry rush from one end of the room to the other, and tossed Mr. Canterdale's last choice bouquet of flowers right away out of the window. Then she flung herself on her bed, and suffered her wrath to subside.

Lying so, with her cheek on the cool pillow and her eyes turned towards the open window, Violet de Coverley began to think. This was such a very unusual experience for the young lady, that it is worth recording. She mused, she read, she rhapsodised; but she rarely thought. Now an unwonted fit of reflection seized upon her as she lay, quietly looking out at the stars quickening into brilliance in the darkening sky, and the twinkling ivy-leaves round the window-frame and the cool flat shadows of the distant trees, whose uncertain outlines and misty recesses were like the difficult depths of self-knowledge which she struggled feebly to penetrate within her own brain. Of late she had been living in a feverish unwholesome atmosphere; and just at this moment a breeze, one little breath of fresh air, came blowing about her brows with a whisper of healthier latitudes. She had a momentary revelation concerning herself. The stars at which she was looking, the trees, the stirring leaves round the window-sill, these were true, and she—was she false? She had an unpleasantly urgent consciousness of the existence of a grand thing called truth, whereas she herself,—was she not genuine?

She sat up and leaned upon her elbow.

"Perhaps I am a goose," she said.

Now it was a thousand pities that there was no one,—no disinterested person, no second self, to answer, "Yes, undoubtedly you are a goose." If this fact had been impressed upon her mind while her mind was open to the conviction, all might yet have been well. But it is unpleasant to condemn oneself while there is yet a hope that we may, after all, be the most wise and virtuous of our species.

Next evening the lawn in front of Summerfield Hall presented a

pleasant spectacle. The fair guests at this impromptu party were all young damsels about Violet's own age, who, not having yet "come out," were highly delighted to accept an unceremonious invitation, and were not above drinking tea in the open air at seven o'clock in the evening and dancing gaily on the grass whilst the sun set, and till the moon rose. A tea-table was placed under the broad trees, and here Aunt Dorothea dispensed her fragrant cups. Here also Mrs. Singleheart sat in the shade, with a sympathising smile upon her motherly countenance, and her eyes following with interest a certain young gentleman of the company.

The trees grew dusk in the distance; the sun reddened and burned in the west, dyeing white robes pink, and turning fair cheeks ruddy, and Mr. Augustus Canterdale had not yet led out Miss Violet de Coverley to join in the festive dance. Having in the last chapter overheard this gentleman giving utterance to his thoughts in private, the reader will naturally have arrived at the conclusion that he was not by any means a person of nice taste or refined manners. The Augustus of the present is not, however, the Augustus of last night. There are a few little personal appendages which Mr. Canterdale is in the habit of leaving behind in his own apartment when he is setting out to pay a visit at Summerfield Hall. To-night he is faultlessly made up for the part he proposes to play. A melancholy smile at times hovers about his mouth. His dress is exquisite, his manner is sleek and insinuating, and his step is light and soft. He suggests the idea that he may possibly have been fed solely upon honey from the days of his earliest infancy. Miss de Coverley is haughty during the first few hours of the evening. She has twice refused to dance with Mr. Canterdale, and floats coldly past him through the dances, looking pale and stately in her fleecy white draperies, and with a wreath of starry forget-me-nots in her hair. A little rushlight of common sense which that half hour's reflection of last night had struggled to enkindle in her mind, still at times making puny attempts at an inward illumination, and the constant effort of extinguishing the unwelcome ray, keeps Miss de Coverley grave and out of temper for the time, and is the indirect cause of Mr. Canterdale's being obliged to have recourse to the magical chords of his guitar.

"Come into the garden, Maud," when the red light is beginning to die in the west, stealing the burnished rims from Violet's auburn curls; when the trees begin to look sombre and hazy in the distance, and the moon to show her gleaming face, peering wistfully through the lattice-work of a neighbouring thicket! "Come into the garden, Maud," with a running accompaniment, like murmuring water, trickling along with the song, so sweet that even the hostile old ladies under the tree felt a thrill of approval tingling in their adamantine

hearts. Truly Mr. Augustus is playing his part to perfection. Violet bends her white figure over a bush of crimson roses and plucks a blossom, inhales the fragrance, and wanders away hopelessly into the wilderness of sentimentality. The mists of foolishness come creeping up and close in around her. Ten minutes afterwards she is dancing with Mr. Canterdale.

After this first concession, dance follows dance. In the pauses of the quadrille Mr. Augustus fingers secretly a tiny something reposing in his pocket; whilst under the trees Aunt Dorothea is silently wringing her hands.

"What a fine thing it is for a fellow to have a capital voice!" says Mr. Canterdale.

"Ah, Sarah," says Mrs. de Coverley, "I begin to fear that we have made a dreadful mistake." Nevertheless from her faithful post Mrs. Singleheart ceases not to keep watch undismayed.

Mr. Canterdale is musing on the exceeding desirability of becoming master of Summerfield Hall. At the same time Violet, in spite of all the romantic mufflings that are wrapping her round at the moment, is feeling vaguely that the conversation of her devoted cavalier is insipid; and that the enchanting sound of the guitar and the fluttering arrival of the carrier-pigeon are much pleasanter items in the bill of fare of a real-life ill-omened romance than the occasional presence for sundry hours of the hero.

The air grows cooler and the moon brighter. Violet, with a dainty blue cloak thrown over her head, is standing amongst a clump of ivy-covered trees. The pretty oval of her face, turned from the moon, is rimmed with silver; her white dress is a flash of pale light flung against the masses of dark foliage behind her. A delicate fretwork of leaves flecks the large round moon that looks at her from on high with still that wistful look on its watching face. Gnarled mossy roots and old knotted trunks catch the silver sheen, and smile; feathery ferns bow their slender tips, laden with jewels, to the grass; and hidden violets send forth their perfume in thanksgiving for the warm nourishing radiance that reaches even them in their secluded nests.

Violet stands looking up at the moon, and feels her existence delightfully like a poem; a fragmentary poem, say in forty cantos, with asterisks near the end. On such a night as this one might develop the crisis, and arrive at the asterisks. If her aunt were to rush at this moment frantically from amongst the trees, and order Augustus to be gone, and never again to set foot within the precincts of Summerfield Hall! If she should slip and sprain her ankle, or break her arm, and be carried insensible into the house, not to rise from her couch of pain for many a month! A dozen fitting events

presented themselves one after another to the lively imagination of Miss Violet de Coverley; but not one bore the faintest resemblance to that which was really at hand. But Mr. Augustus Canterdale had played his cards during the evening with an admirable discretion; and he considered that now was the moment to stretch out his hand, and say, "The game is mine!"

Poising himself in the most statuesque manner against a romantic-looking old tree, Mr. Augustus Canterdale spoke to Miss Violet de Coverley in a style that did the utmost credit to his power of oratory as well as to his tact. He knew better than to say in a brusque barren sort of way, "I like you very much; will you marry me?" He had a not very erroneous conviction within him that the reply to such a speech would have inevitably been a "No, thank you!" very decidedly returned. He had not commenced his attack on the citadel of Summerfield with moonlight serenades, to have his siege raised and his forces drawn off at the sudden mention of a disagreeable word. From trite commonplaces about the dance and a tear in Miss de Coverley's dress, he had glided imperceptibly into poetic rhapsodies, spreading with one hand the glamour of illusion before the young lady's star-gazing eyes, whilst with the other he cautiously stuffed her unwary ears with the cotton-wool of false sentiment. Thus blind and deaf to the grave vision and voice of truth which haunted her unrecognised, Miss Violet surrendered, and sent her charmed and bewildered fancy rushing far ahead of her reason upon the current of Mr. Augustus Canterdale's most eloquent declaration.

He spoke of his daring hopes, and hinted at abysses of despair yawning somewhere close at hand, hungering to engulf him. Miss de Coverley, listening to him, found herself in a state of confusion which robbed her even of the very small degree of common sense of which, at this precise period of her life, she was possessed. It was delightful to be called a star and a sun and a guiding beacon-light. Had all this taken place within doors, in the drawing-room or breakfast-parlour, things might have turned out very differently, and poor Violet have been spared many future heart-burnings. Common-place surroundings would have made discord of the poetry, and chairs and tables, fenders and fire-irons, have risen up—so to speak—and saved her. Circumstance would most probably have baulked, as it favoured now, the views of Mr. Augustus Canterdale. Probably the terrible hints about the abysses settled the matter. At all events, before the pair had been missed from the lawn by any save the anxious eyes of Aunt Dorothy and her friend, that business of Mr. Canterdale's had been triumphantly completed, and a cloud had grown out of the serene heaven of her dreams, and settled lowering above Miss de Coverley's devoted head.

Mr. Canterdale was alone when he came to say his polite farewell to the ladies; and, not seeing the well-known white robe and picturesque head in his neighbourhood, poor Aunt Dorothy breathed more freely. Really, the young man was not such a monster; and Violet had behaved very well.

"Well! Why, my dear, she cares no more for him than she does for old Robin the gardener!" quoth Mrs. Singleheart, when the figure of the formidable individual had disappeared. And Aunt Dorothy laid the soothing balm to her heart.

"Ah, check, mesdames!" murmured Mr. Augustus Canterdale, as he sauntered home towards Brushwood. "And may not this last be considered as checkmate?"

CHAPTER V.

THE EMERALD RING.

VIOLET meantime was standing alone in the thicket, leaning against the stem of a tree. One hand was extended, so as to catch the faint light upon a ring which glittered on her finger. A cloud had crossed the moon, the silver tracery had vanished from the grass, and the air had grown chilly on her face. In five minutes every thing was changed: the poem had been recited, the little ranting drama enacted, the curtain was down, and the lights out. It was all over, and there only remained that emerald ring on her finger.

Stupefaction was the first expression that succeeded the glow of confusion on her face; then fright, then anger, then dismay. What did it mean—that ring? Had she really allowed a person whom she hardly knew to put it on her finger as token of a promise of marriage? Oh, horrible! She did not want to marry for at least the next twenty years to come. By the time she was very stout, and wore a cap like Mrs. Singleheart, it might be all pretty well. But now, now! to leave Summerfield and Tennyson, and be persecuted no longer; to finish off miserably at the end of half-a-dozen cantos, after having calculated on running through forty or fifty, at least; to rush headlong through no mysterious verses, and take refuge behind no rows of thrilling asterisks! To conclude the romance of one's life so soon with a commonplace wedding, after which there was no longer a chance of one's fate wandering away into a delicious fragmentary uncertainty! In short, to give up youth and poetry, and become Mrs. Augustus Canterdale, of Brushwood Park; a lady who would have to pay visits, and give dinner-parties, and be called "ma'am" by the servants! And yet there was that ring; and there she had allowed it to be placed, and she had not screamed out "No!" while it was yet time.

Violet had come to her senses with a sudden shock. Persecution and distant adoration had, up to this time, been the extreme of her ambition. Of course the heroes and heroines sometimes were married and lived happily in the end; but then the end ought to be so very far off as yet. Augustus ought to have been round the world some half-a-dozen times, and come home all bronzed by foreign suns and scarcely recognisable, before that remote catastrophe, the joining of hands, should have even been permitted to be dreamed of. But now things had gone fearfully wrong. She had promised; and the dew was beginning to fall and to make her feel damp. She must gather up her skirts, creep away into the house, and consider the matter as settled.

Settled? A first twinge of genuine pain, such as she had affected to feel a hundred times during the progress of her cantos, but whose pang was unfamiliar to her as starvation itself, went quivering now to her heart. Hitherto the semblance of distress had been courted as the most delightful thing in the world. Now that the reality had come, it was irksome, and she wished it was something that she could tie to a stone and sink in the well as she passed it by. She gathered her white draperies from their contact with the grass, and crept towards the house, feeling like a child who, having dipped his fingers in a forbidden jar, spills the jam over his pinafore and comes away with the evidence of his guilt betrayed by his presence wherever he goes.

She entered the drawing-room as pale as a little ghost, and found the guests saying "good-by" to her aunt. After they had gone she lost not a moment in making her difficult confession.

"Aunt Dorothy," she said, turning red and pale, and wringing her hands in desperation,—“Aunt Dorothy, I am engaged to be married!” And then, frightened at her aunt's face and her own audacity, she hurried away from the room.

CHAPTER VI.

A FALSE MOVE.

“Not a word to her to-night, Dorothy. Go to sleep now, and think no more of this annoying matter till the morning.”

Mrs. Singleheart was standing, light in hand, by the bedside of poor Aunt Dorothy, whom she had assisted to her chamber. With difficulty she had prevented the distressed lady from following her refractory niece and on the instant pouring into her ear the history of Mr. Andrew de Coverley's will. Overruled for the moment, Aunt Dorothy now laid her head upon her pillow, and Mrs. Singleheart bade her adieu for the night.

Mrs. Singleheart was one of those sanguine people who never de-

spond but for a moment, and to whom reflection always brings confidence and encouragement. As she closed the door of her friend's room, and proceeded to her own chamber, she felt a comfortable glow of certainty that, if things were only left to her sagacious management, all would yet be right; if Dorothea could be persuaded to suffer her to deal with Violet, and would but refrain from interfering. Ah! but Dorothea had no idea of doing any thing of the kind.

Mistress de Coverley was not of a sanguine temperament. Whenever any thing went wrong with her, she was invariably haunted by the vision of a tragic ending to her trial, whatever it might be. If she entered on a rough or difficult path, she beheld at once a precipice of hidden danger or a looming cavern of darkness threatening her unhappy footsteps from the distance. After Violet's announcement in the drawing-room, nothing—not Mrs. Singleheart's cheerful assurances—could persuade her that there was even a loophole through which to see light in the darkness which surrounded her. Violet had ruined every thing. The die was cast, the game lost, and all through Sarah Singleheart's indiscreet fancy for inviting the young man to Summerfield. Summerfield! Ah, it was already gone. It had passed from the hands of the De Coverleys! Passed from the hands of the De Coverleys! The thought was intolerable. Aunt Dorothy sat up and looked around her room. Fancy some maiden aunt of a strange race, whose voices and footsteps were yet unknown to the echoes of Summerfield Hall, reposing under this eider-down coverlet and guarded round by these identical four antique pillars. Imagine generations of Forensics dressing their hair before yonder ancient toilet-glass. Picture the familiar household gods of the De Coverleys dragged down from their venerable niches, and set up, mutilated and defaced, in the tottering shrines of beggarly Brushwood. The prospect was maddening.

"Do not speak to her to-night," Mrs. Singleheart had said; but how was Aunt Dorothy to obey? How was she to lay her head upon her pillow and sleep with future Forensics walking about her room, emptying her wardrobes, and turning the pictures of her friends to the wall? Future Forensics sitting at her writing-table, lolling in her arm-chair, and audaciously adorning themselves for grand entertainments in that mirror which had, for so many years, reflected none but her own image? And, worst of all, how rest with the frightful image before her eyes of Violet, her poor silly Violet, snatched from the first freshness of her careless youth, hurried out of the sunshine and the flowers, and enthroned dingily as the care-bitten mistress of the dreary thriftlessness of Brushwood Park?

"Sarah does not see the matter as I see it," she said: "I must speak to the silly child before I can sleep to-night. I must make

her assure me that she will retract that foolish promise. She must let him know that she is going to London immediately, and wishes never to see him again. She must write him a nice little note to that effect. If she is too agitated for the task, I will have no objection to compose it for her myself. It must be written and sent off very early, and therefore there is not a moment to be lost. There is no time like the present. I will go and speak to her at once." And for the second time that week Mrs. Dorothea rose from her restless couch, and took her way to her niece's apartment.

Violet sat at her open window, trying to think about all this that she had just been doing. The emerald ring seemed to strangle her finger, and she drew it off and laid it on the window-sill, as far away, as near to the edge of the stone, as she dared to place it. She wanted to fling it away out into the darkness among the garden-shrubs, so that she might never see it again; but she had a latent belief within her that she would yet send it back to the rightful owner, so that meantime it must not get lost. She had put out her lamp, and it was a dull night, the moon seeming to have taken her departure from the Summerfield sky so soon as all the mischief which she had helped to plot had been completely and successfully accomplished. In more senses than one, Violet sat in the dark.

There was a friend hovering about the room and trying to whisper a word in her ear. This was that same haunting spirit of Truth which had patiently followed her rash footsteps during the past few days. It came nearer to her now; she glanced fearfully at its reproving face and listened reluctantly to its unwelcome voice. It glided about the room, overturning all the emblems of her old sentimental life. "Is it right to accept this Augustus Canterdale?" it asked of her, sternly. And the answer, "No," was wrung from her perforce.

In such a frame of mind Aunt Dorothy's visit found her bewildered niece. Now was the time for Violet to end this trouble of her own wilful creation by confessing her folly, and declaring her willingness to profit by the sage advice of her elders. And perhaps if Mistress de Coverley had come to her coaxing and tender and motherly, betraying the genuine love that was at the root of her importunate anxiety, the tiresome little fortress of the young lady's stubbornness might have been surprised on the instant and taken in triumph. But Aunt Dorothy was provoked at her niece, and she was cross from want of sleep. She came in with a frown on her face and a harassed tone in her voice. At her aunt's first word Violet snatched up her ring, hastily restored it to her finger, and prepared for war.

It was a great pity that Aunt Dorothy did not wait till the morning, or that, failing patience for such delay, she did not endeavour to

exercise a little more tact during this interview. The root of Violet's disease had struck pretty deep, and it was only made more strong and stubborn by the constant nipping off of leaves and mowing down of branches. There was needed a patient hand to dive and free the encumbered soil of its fangs.

"Violet," said Mrs. de Coverley, "I could not sleep without making some reply to your extraordinary announcement of to-night. I was too much stunned at first to speak on the subject; but I now remind you that I am your guardian, and that never with my consent shall you marry Mr. Augustus Canterdale."

The old rebellious spirit sprang up once more within Violet. "And why, pray, Aunt?" she said.

"Why?" exclaimed Aunt Dorothy, waxing wroth at the girl's coolness; "why? Because, you silly child, he is little better than a beggar, and because you are almost engaged beforehand to marry another person."

Oh, foolish Aunt Dorothy!

Violet sat aghast, repeating her aunt's last words. Had her ears heard rightly? Engaged? When, and to whom?

"Impossible," she said, with a haughty little gesture; "I am not a child, Aunt Dorothy, to be frightened with silly stories."

At this speech Mistress de Coverley fairly lost her temper. Without waiting to consider the imprudence of such a communication, she burst forth into a full history of the conditions upon which her niece was to hold Summerfield after the age of twenty-one. Violet sat looking her aunt full in the eyes during the recital, quite still, but for the nervous motion of one hand, as she kept turning the emerald ring round and round upon her finger. Having finished the story, Aunt Dorothy went on to descant on the inconvenience of poverty, and the serious unpleasantness of bidding adieu to Summerfield. She did not mean, poor elderly lady, to make these the staple objections to the suit of Mr. Augustus Canterdale. There were other and more solid reasons against him very clear to her troubled mind. But she contrived, nevertheless, in the excitement of the moment, to impress her listening niece with the idea that a fear of comparative poverty, and the desire to save Summerfield at all risks, were the paramount feelings which had swayed her in denying her approval to the heir of Brushwood Park. Then she went on to lecture Violet on the high crimes and misdemeanours of her own late conduct. It was wrong, Aunt Dorothy said, exceedingly wrong, to treat a young man as Violet had treated Mr. Canterdale. For a romantic whim she had encouraged his attentions; and now she had given him a promise which she must know that she never could fulfil.

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When the harangue was finished, and Violet still sat there quietly, making no remonstrance, Aunt Dorothy suddenly became aware that she had made a great mistake. She felt that she had ruined for ever the cause of the Forensic alliance. And Violet had taken the news so oddly. What would Sarah Singleheart say?

Remorse struck Aunt Dorothy dumb too late; there was no help for it now. She kissed her niece, and bade her be a good obedient girl; and then she went away, feeling rather dull and crest-fallen. Ah! if Mr. Augustus Canterdale could but have known what good service had been rendered him that night by the much-dreaded Mistress de Coverley!

Left alone, Violet rose up from her seat and sat down again, took off her ring and replaced it.

"And so," she thought, "this has been Aunt Dorothy's objection to Augustus all along. To save my inheritance, I was to have been disposed of to a lawyer—some old creature with a parchment-face and a wig; and now I am expected to break my word to one who likes me sincerely. Thank you, Aunt Dorothy, for showing me my conduct in its true light. I have been very vain and foolish; but I will try and make amends for it. I will not marry Uncle Andrew's lawyer, not even to save dear old Summerfield. I will keep my promise to Augustus Canterdale: I have allowed him to believe that I like him, and perhaps if I try, I may be able to do so. I cannot marry him till I am twenty-one, and so I shall have three whole years for the endeavour."

It was a very grave serious little face that glimmered in the twilight now. Presently she got up, drew down her blinds, and lit her lamp. "No more star-gazing," she said. She glanced around the room, and picked up all the poetry-books and novels which lay about, tumbled them into a cupboard, and locked them up. "No more nonsense to lead me astray," she said. "I have been a dreadful little fool; but I am glad that I know the truth at last. I am going to try and be in earnest henceforth. No wonder Aunt Dorothy has been shocked at me. But the fate that I have chosen for myself I will look soberly in the face. In three years' time I will leave dear Summerfield, and take up my abode in that gaunt old house in Brushwood Park. Oh, I will be true; I will be true!"

Framing this resolve, Violet's courage broke down, and she burst into bitter tears. There was no denying that, for a betrothed wife, she did not feel particularly happy. But she went to bed with the emerald ring on her finger.

Madame Swetchine and her Salon.

THE *salons* of Paris form a distinctive feature of French society. Nowhere else is the same thing exactly to be found. Frenchwomen have a peculiar gift for conversation, due in a great measure to their graceful language, with its delicate shades of expression. We are prone to smile at French sentimentality, or to apply their own word *verbiage*, prefacing it with *unmeaning*. But when the epithet does truly fit, it is because the real thing has been abused, not because it does not exist. Conversation in France is cultivated as an art, just the same as epistolary style: both form an important branch of female education. When the soil is bad, the attempt at culture only betrays more clearly native poverty; in other words, a mind of little thought or taste becomes ridiculous in straining after the expression of what it can neither conceive nor feel. But when a well-informed and cultivated intelligence blossoms into keen appreciation of the beautiful, no language so delicately as French conveys minute shades of thought and feeling. 'Tis not repetition then, but variety; and when such an instrument is handled with feminine tact, perfection in its kind is achieved.

No wonder that *salons* are exclusively French from the days of Julie de Rambouillet down to Madame Récamier. No wonder at the influence exercised by a woman who really has a *salon*. Few, very few, arrive at this result. Thousands may receive; hundreds glitter in the gay world of fashion renowned for beauty, wit, good dressing, or good parties; two or three at most in a century are the presiding spirits of their social circles, and that is what constitutes having a *salon*. No one quality alone will do it; a combination is required; not always the same, but one or two together, whichever, attracting sympathy and producing influence. Influence—the effect, not the quality itself—can never be absent.

Strangers settling in Paris have had their *salon*; but we do not know that they could transport it with them to any other atmosphere. Besides Madame Récamier,—whose rare beauty, joined to her goodness and her tact, helped to form her *salon*,—two other women in our day, or just before it, have been the leading stars of their circles. Others, no doubt, there are; but the names of these three have escaped beyond Paris. Strange to say, two are foreigners, and both of these Russians. Except, however, as regards country and influence, no comparison can of course be established between the Princesse

Lieven and Madame Swetchine. One sought and gained a political object; the other accepted circumstances, and found them fame.

Madame Swetchine was already thirty-four years of age when she arrived in Paris. She had no beauty, and no pretensions to wit; indeed, her timidity was such that her expressions were always obscure when she began to speak; and it was only by degrees, as she went on, that she gathered confidence, and then her language flowed with ease, betraying, rather than fully revealing, the deep current of thought beneath. Still her advantages were many. As regards outward circumstance, she possessed good birth and high position; her manners were such as the early culture of a polished court bestows; she was accustomed to wield a large fortune, and to hold a prominent place in the social world. These were advantages that might be fairly set against the absence of beauty, wondrous as is that charm; besides, her person was not unpleasing. Though small, she was graceful in her motions; despite little blue eyes rather irregular, and a nose of Calmuck form, her face wore a soft kindly expression that attracted sympathy. Her complexion was remarkably fresh and clear.

But Madame Swetchine possessed innate qualities of heart and mind of the rarest description, that only unfolded themselves gradually the more closely she could be observed. Unlike mankind in general, the better she was known, the more was she beloved and admired. Her intelligence of richly-varied powers had been carefully cultivated; what she acquired in youth, with the aid of masters, had been since matured by her own unceasing study, and by reading of the most widely-discursive character. Not only was she familiar with ancient and modern literatures, perusing them in their originals, but she also conversed fluently in all the languages of Europe. Her imagination, enthusiastic and wild almost, as belongs to the North, successfully sought for outpourings, both in music and painting. By a strange combination, no natural quality of mind was more remarkable in Madame Swetchine than her good sense: the only feature that shone above it was her eminent gift of piety.

But virtues, and particularly religious virtues, proceed from the heart quite as much as from the intelligence; often, indeed, far more especially. Madame Swetchine possessed the warmest feelings, a nature both loving and expansive. As daughter, wife, and friend she evinced rare devotion; but the sentiment and thought that most filled heart and mind was undoubtedly her love for God.

What a rich assemblage of qualities is here! how strange that they should go to make up a Parisian woman of fashion! Such however, in its most usual acceptation, Madame Swetchine never

was: she never mingled in the light brilliant world; but she did form the centre of attraction to a large circle,—she had her *salon*.

General Swetchine, deeply wounded by the Emperor, who lent too ready credence to unfounded reports whispered against so faithful a subject, would not stoop to justify himself, but quitted Russia in disgust, accompanied by his wife. When they reached Paris, in the spring of 1816, Louis XVIII. was on the throne of France. Madame Swetchine found now restored to their high positions those friends of her youth whom as exiles she had known and loved at St. Petersburg. Her place was naturally amongst them; new intimacies were soon added to the old. The Duchesse de Duras, authoress of *Ourika*, and friend of Madame de Staël, gained a strong hold on her affections. Yet it did not seem at first as if Madame Swetchine were destined to so much influence in French society. Modesty made her reserved. Madame de Staël had been invited to meet her at a small dinner-party; and Madame Swetchine, though seated opposite, was intimidated, and allowed the meal to pass over without speaking or scarcely raising her eyes. Afterwards Madame de Staël came up and said, "I had been told that you desired my acquaintance; was I misinformed?" "By no means," was the reply; "but it is customary for royalty to speak first." Such was the homage she paid to genius.

At first it had seemed uncertain how long General and Madame Swetchine might remain absent from Russia; but after the lapse of a few years they took up their definitive residence in Paris. Their hotel, Rue St. Dominique, was hired on a long lease, and fitted up as a permanent abode. They sent for their pictures and other articles from St. Petersburg. The General occupied the ground-floor; Madame Swetchine took the rooms above. Her apartments consisted of a *salon* and a library commanding an extensive view of gardens. Here it was that her friends used to assemble; not many at a time, but successively. She never gave *soirées*, and her dinner-parties consisted of a few intimates round a small table. Her hours for reception were every day from three till six, and then from nine till midnight. Debarred by her health from paying visits, she contented herself with receiving in this manner; and for thirty years a continuous stream of persons was for ever passing on through her rooms. She had not sought to form it; but there was her *salon*, and one of a peculiar character.

Two features distinguished it: the religious tone that prevailed, and the absence of party-spirit. Madame Swetchine herself was eminently religious, and she had a large way of viewing all things. Her influence, though partly moral and intellectual, was ever chiefly

religious; and she gave that presiding characteristic to the atmosphere around. So long as faith and morality were not attacked, all other points she considered secondary, and admitted the widest diversity of opinion on them. Her own views on all subjects were firmly held, and she expressed them with freedom. There could be no mistake about it. In religion she was a strict Catholic, and in philosophy Christian; in politics she preferred a liberal monarchy; but far from seeking to give that colour to her *salon*, she would not allow any friend holding the same views to try to impose them on others. This was equally the case in matters of art and taste, she tolerated nothing exclusive; but the principle is much more difficult to be followed out when applied to politics, which involve interests of such magnitude, appealing to all the passions, and especially in such an excitable atmosphere as that of Paris. Nothing better shows Madame Swetchine's tact and gentleness of temper than her intimacies with men of such different stamps, and the way in which she made them to a certain extent amalgamate. But the above qualities would have failed to do it, had their spring been a worldly one; hers flowed truly from the Christian charity with which her whole soul was full. In this she and her *salon* were unique.

She lived to see two great revolutions in France: the one of 1830; and that which substituted the Republic for Louis Philippe, ending with the Empire. Members of all these *régimes* were among her visitors. Ministers of state under the Restoration, those who embraced the Orleans cause, men belonging to the republican government, ambassadors from most of the foreign courts in Europe; all these in turn enjoyed her conversation, some her esteem or affection, according to the degrees of intimacy and sympathy. Her own feelings as well as convictions lay with Legitimists; but others were no less welcomed, and some of various parties were highly valued. True, however, to religion, she never gave her friendship to men not devoted to the interests of the Church. Her great object was to do good to souls, but in a quiet unostentatious womanly way; gently leading to virtue, never inculcating it. This of course became more exclusively her province as she grew older.

She was truly liberal in all her sentiments; not assuredly from indifference, but through a large philosophy of spirit that allowed for diversities of opinion in all things not essential. At the same time her own convictions were unflinchingly avowed, as well as her ideas and tastes in smaller matters.

The men with whom she was most intimate have all more or less been known to fame, and are eminent also for their religious spirit. We might begin a list with Monsieur de Maistre at St. Petersburg,

when she was but twenty-five; then following her to Paris, see her make acquaintance with his friend Monsieur de Bonald; exercise maternal influence over MM. de Falloux, de Montalembert, and Lacordaire; and finally wind up with Donoso Cortès, Marquis de Valdegamas, Prince Albert de Broglie, and Alexis de Tocqueville.

Each one of the distinguished personages above has figured prominently on the great stage, more or less renowned in politics and letters, and always holding a high moral character. It may seem fastidious to recall their titles to fame. In our day, when all are acquainted with Continental literature, who is not familiar with the witty author of the *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*, although it be permitted somewhat to ignore the rather dry philosophical works of his friend De Bonald? Monsieur de Falloux, with filial love, has raised a monument to Madame Swetchine that will endure beside his life of Pope Pius V., and jointly with the remembrance of his political integrity. Who that has followed the late history of Europe does not know Donoso Cortès, the great orator, whose famous three discourses in the Spanish Chambers instantaneously reached so far and wide, whose written style is the very music of that rich Castilian idiom, and whose liberal political views kept pace with his large Catholic heart? Sœur Rosalie and Madame Swetchine together soothed his dying hours. The author of *La Démocratie en Amérique* has been indiscreetly praised, but none can deny his ability. Prince Albert de Broglie, *doctrinaire* in his views, still advocates with talent the cause of religion and of constitutional monarchy. These two latter were among the latest acquisitions to Madame Swetchine's *salon*.

MM. de Montalembert and de Falloux were like her sons; she knew them from their early manhood, called them by their Christian names, loved and counselled them as any mother might. But if her influence over them was so salutary, we cannot help admiring most the unswerving attachment of these young men to her; Madame Swetchine's letters show her expostulating with Comte de Montalembert, then little past twenty, and endeavouring to convince him he is wrong. He will not yield; but acknowledges afterwards the justness of her views, and allows now these letters to be published. Alfred de Falloux is *the son* sent for when danger seems impending; he tends her dying couch in that same *salon* where he had so often and for so many years *walked* with her conversing; to him she confides her papers and last wishes.

The celebrated Père Lacordaire was very dear to her; and she certainly acted the part of a mother towards him. Monsieur de Montalembert presented him to her when Abbé Lacordaire was but

twenty-eight, and quite unknown. His genius—which she immediately discerned—and his ardent soul interested her wonderfully. Soon after he became connected, through Abbé de Lamennais, with the journal *L'Avenir*; by his own generous and oft-repeated avowal she kept him from any deviation at this trying moment. "You appeared to me as the angel of the Lord," writes he, "to a soul floating between life and death, between earth and heaven."

Nor was this the only time. Her letters show her following him with breathless interest through his chequered career, and assuring him of her warm undying friendship, "so long as he remains faithful to God and His Church."

And this was a beautiful affection, whichever side we view it. For more than twenty years it lasted; that is, for the rest of her life. The ardent young man is seen with the erratic impulses of his glowing intellect, yet docile to the motherly admonitions of his old friend; and by degrees, as time mellows him somewhat—though it never could subdue nature altogether—he sinks into a calmer strain, still asking advice and taking it, with language more respectful, though not a whit less tender. Madame Swetchine brought to bear on him a species of idolatry; she admired his genius to excess, and loved his fine nature as any doting parent might; but these sentiments never rendered her blind to his faults; and she constantly blended reproof with admiration, while strenuously endeavouring to keep him ever in the most perfect path. She had the satisfaction of seeing him, ere she departed this life, safely anchored in a religious order, and the Dominicans fairly reëstablished in France; one of her preoccupations on her deathbed, after bidding him adieu, was to secure that his letters should be one day given to the public. For thus she knew he would be better appreciated.

Other names of men well known in the Parisian world of letters, or for their deeds of charity, might here be added as having adorned her *salon*. There was the Vicomte de Melun, connected with every good work (literary or other) in the French capital; and her two relatives, Prince Augustin Galitzin and Prince (afterwards Père) Gagarin. The former still writes; the latter, erst a gay man of fashion and then metamorphosed into a zealous Jesuit, is now devoting his missionary labours to Syria.

And lastly may be named one who, though he never mingled in the world of her *salon*, yet visited Madame Swetchine and esteemed her greatly. Père de Ravignan presided at one time in her house over meetings of charitable ladies, who were afterwards united with the Enfants de Marie at the convent of the Sacré Cœur.

Nor were her friendships exclusively confined to men. Madame Swetchine had not that foible into which many superior women fall of affecting to despise their own sex; and which always shows that they innately, unconsciously often, separate their individual selves from all the rest of womankind as alone superior to it. Hers was a larger view: she loved *souls*; and "souls," says one of her aphorisms, "have neither age nor sex." When shall we in general begin to live here as we are to do for ever hereafter?

She had had her early friendships in Russia, and most passionate they were; too girlish in their romantic enthusiasm, too wordily tender in expression: but time mellowed these affections, without wearing them out. The two principal women-friends of her youth in Russia, after her sister, were Roxandre Stourdja, a Greek by birth, afterwards Comtesse Edlinz, and the Comtesse de Nesselrode. Both of these in later years visited her Paris *salon*. But she also formed several new French intimacies. Her grief for the loss of Madame de Duras, when death deprived her of that friend, was a little softened by her warm sympathy for the two daughters left, Mesdames de Rauzan and de la Rochejacquelin. If she saw most of the former, the latter had for Madame Swetchine a second tie through her early marriage with a grandson of the Princesse de Tarente, whom Madame Swetchine had so revered in her girlish days at St. Petersburg. Both the Duchesse de Rauzan and Comtesse de la Rochejacquelin were very beautiful; and Madame Swetchine dearly loved beauty, especially when combined, as in them, with grace and elegance, cleverness and piety. For both the sisters were remarkable: one had more fascinating softness united with good sense; the other was more witty and brilliant. The last country-house visited by Madame Swetchine shortly before her death was the Château de Fleury, belonging to Madame de la Rochejacquelin, where we read that she loved to find still mementoes of the Princesse de Tarente.

Madame Swetchine was very intimate with Madame Récamier, her fellow-star as leader of a contemporary *salon*. She greatly prized her worth. Another friend much loved was the Comtesse de Gontant Biron, in youth eminent for her beauty, and always for her many virtues. Among younger women distinguished by Madame Swetchine were Mrs. Craven, née la Ferronaye; the Princesse Wittgenstein, lovely as clever, a Russian by birth, and a convert to the Catholic Church; and quite at the last period, the Duchess of Hamilton.

She was always partial to youth, taking a warm interest in any thing that might minister to the welfare or pleasures of that age. Thus she liked the young women of her acquaintance to be well dressed, and would admire their taste or try to improve it, even in

that respect, with perfectly motherly solicitude. Those going to balls frequently stopped on their way to show their toilettes to Madame Swetchine; and not seldom, too, they would return in the morning to ask advice on graver matters, or to display the progress of their children. The good Madame Swetchine did to persons of the world by quiet friendly counsel is incalculable; she never spared the truth when she thought it could be of use, and as she had great perspicacity, she was not often deceived. Besides, her natural penetration became yet keener, not only by long experience, but also by the numerous confidences she received from the many souls in a measure laid bare before her. M. de Falloux has well said that she "possessed the science of souls, as *savants* do that of bodies." However one might be pained at what she said, it was impossible to feel wounded; her manner was so kind, and her rectitude of intention so evident. And thus did she render her *salon* useful: living in public, as it might appear, surrounded chiefly by the great ones of earth, her thought was yet ever with God, and she positively worked for Him day by day without often quitting those few rooms. Nay, so completely is Madame Swetchine identified with her *salon* for those who knew her through any part of the thirty years spent in Paris, that it is difficult for our idea to separate her from it.

Even materially speaking she seldom left it. With a simplicity that seems strange indeed to our English notions, she caused her little iron bedstead to be set up every night in one of her reception-rooms; each morning it was doubled up again and consigned to a closet. During her last illness it was just the same; she lay in her *salon*, the only difference being that then the bed remained permanently. Not an iota else was changed in the aspect of her apartment; no table was near the sick-couch with glass or cup ready to hand; what she wanted in this way she signed for to a deaf-and-dumb attendant, *Parisse*, whose grateful eyes were ever fixed upon her benefactress, to divine or anticipate what might be wished. And there, too, she died.

To us with our exclusive family feelings, or indeed to the general human sentiment that courts the utmost privacy for that solemn closing scene, there is something which jars in the account of Madame Swetchine's last days on earth. Doubtless all the consolations of religion were there to hallow her dying moments; she continued to the last to devote long hours to prayer; and by an enviable privilege she possessed a domestic chapel blessed with the perpetual presence of the Blessed Sacrament: but what strikes us strangely is, that her *salon* had chanced to remain open while Extreme Unction was being administered; and so, as it was her usual reception hour, the few

friends in Paris at that season (September) continued to drop in one by one, and kneeling, each new-comer behind the other, prayed with and for her. Those last visitors were Père Chocarn, prior of the Dominicans, Père Gagarin, Mesdames Fredro, de Meyendorf, and Craven; Messieurs de Broglie, de Falloux, de Melun, and Zermolof. But the *strange* feeling we cannot help experiencing must be reasoned with. Her *salon* and her friends were to Madame Swetchine home and family.

And now it might seem that nothing more could be said of her; but, in truth, a very small portion has yet been expressed. Besides the six hours devoted to reception, the day counted eighteen more. There were religious duties to be performed, and home duties no less imperative; there were the poor to be visited, and there were the claims of study, which Madame Swetchine never neglected up to the latest period of existence. All these calls upon her time were recognised by conscience, and therefore duly responded to. Madame Swetchine was, of course, an early riser; by eight or nine o'clock she had heard Mass, visited her poor, and was ready to commence the business of the day.

After breakfast, an hour or two were devoted to General Swetchine, who liked her to read to him. During the last fifteen years of his life, and his death only preceded hers seven years, he had become so deaf as to enjoy general society but little; but he would not allow her to give up her receptions on that account, as she wished to do. The rest of the morning was employed in study with strictly-closed doors, only opened to cases of misfortune, and these Madame Swetchine never considered as intrusions. Her confidential servant knew it well, and did not scruple to disturb her when real want or sorrow begged for admittance. Her persevering love of study is well illustrated by her own assurance, but a few months before her death, that even then she never sat down to her writing-table without "feeling her heart beat with joy." She advised Mrs. Craven always to reserve a few morning-hours for study, saying the quality of time was different at that period of day.

Several hours in the evening were again spent with the General. At midnight, when all visitors departed, Madame Swetchine retired to rest; but her repose never lasted much beyond two in the morning. Painful infirmities made her suffer all day long, and at night debarred her from sleep. Motion alone brought comparative ease, and therefore it was that, with intimate friends, she carried on conversation walking up and down her rooms. At night, suffocation increased, as also a nervous kind of excitement. It was at these hours, during the intervals snatched from pain, that she mostly composed

the writings which M. de Falloux has given to the world. No wonder that they bear the impress of the Cross; nor can we marvel that she speaks feelingly and scientifically of resignation, for good need had she to practise that. Such were usually her twenty-four hours in Paris.

If we look back to the past; Religion had not always been the guiding principle with Madame Swetchine. Her father, M. Soymonof, was a disciple of Voltaire, and he brought her up without any pious training. She never even repeated morning or evening prayers; simply attended the imperial chapel as a matter of course. But Voltaire did not excite her admiration; his infidelity was too cold, his immorality too coarse; it was Rousseau who charmed her. His passionate language pleased her imagination, and the pages of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* were almost entirely transcribed, to be again and again dwelt on. She could not detect the sophistry beneath. But the first deep sorrow of her youth taught her prayer, and brought her to the feet of God, never to abandon Him. M. Soymonof was suddenly snatched from his children by death, and Madame Swetchine, in the anguish of this bereavement, turned to Heaven for help and consolation. Another sorrow, the nature of which we ignore, overtook her at this period; and, to use her own expression, she "threw herself then into the arms of God with such enthusiasm as naught else ever awakened."

The first effect was to render her a fervent adherent of Russian orthodoxy; but her mind was too philosophic to rest long satisfied with half-conclusions. She was struck with the piety of French Catholics at St. Petersburg; especially the modest merit of the Chevalier d'Augard won her highest esteem. Finally, after much voluminous study, and despite the resistance her rebellious spirit loved to oppose to what she at first called M. de Maistre's "dogmatic absolutism," she entered the Catholic Church.

The absurd idea that religion renders the heart cold has been too often refuted to need any comment here. But it may be said that Madame Swetchine affords another example of how much devotion, by purifying human feeling, intensifies it also. God had given her a loving nature; and as her piety deepens with years, so does her tender affection for family ties, for friends, country, and finally for all the poor, suffering, helpless ones of earth. Her first great attachment was for her father, and so her first great sorrow was at his loss; for thus intimately are love and pain ever conjoined in this world. Another deep affection of childhood and early youth, extending through life, was for her sister. Madame Swetchine was quite a mother to this child, ten years her junior. When she married, she still kept her

with her; and when the young sister also married, becoming the wife of Prince Gagarin, Madame Swetchine became a mother also to the five boys who were successively brought into the world. "They are all my nephews," would she say; "but the two eldest are especially my children." And well did they respond to the feelings of their aunt, scarcely separating her from their own parent. When she shut herself up for study, it was their amusement to try and get her out to play with them; if she remained deaf to entreaties, the little boys would besiege her door, making deafening noises with their playthings, until she mostly yielded and let them in. A very short time before her death, when Madame Swetchine could hardly sit or speak, she assembled a large family-party of young nephews and nieces, with their preceptors and governesses, to dine at her house, and was greatly diverted with their innocent mirth.

There is something disappointing in Madame Swetchine's marriage. The favour enjoyed by Monsieur Soymonof at court, her own position as maid-of-honour to the Empress Marie, her birth, fortune, extreme youth, and many individual qualifications, all alike rendered her a fitting match for any man in the empire. She certainly could have chosen. Several asked her hand. Amongst them was Count Strogonof, young, rich, noble, and talented. But Monsieur Soymonof preferred his own friend General Swetchine; and Sophie, we are told, accepted with affectionate deference her father's choice. The general was twenty-five years her senior, and though a fine military-looking man, with noble soldier-like feelings, scrupulously honourable, and with much to win esteem, yet he does not appear the sort of person suited to her ardent enthusiastic temperament. He possessed qualities fitted to command the respect of a young wife; but not exactly those that win her to admiration and love. Wherever honour was not concerned, he lapsed into his natural apathy: neither intellect nor imagination were by any means on a par with hers. And the girl of seventeen who prematurely linked her fate with his was full of romance: nurtured as she had been by a fond ill-judging father, with Rousseau to guide her opening thought, her early dreams probably had fed on some chivalrous St. Preux with whom to course the stream of life. Perhaps she was dreaming of wedding some stern military personification of the same. What an awakening there must have been! Was this the second deep sorrow that clouded her nineteenth summer? Was there a struggle then? Then did she "fling herself into the arms of God" victorious.

There is no clue to trace aught of this save that which guides to the usual windings of the human heart. Madame Swetchine was far

too nice in her sense of duty, and far too delicate in feeling, to allow any such admissions to escape.

The devotion of a lifetime was given unreservedly to General Swetchine. She never knew the happiness of becoming a mother, the tie that would of all others have been dearest to her heart. But the General had bestowed paternal affection on a young girl called Nadine Staeline, and Madame Swetchine also generously insisted on adopting her. Nadine welcomed to their roof was treated by Madame Swetchine like her own child.

Her attentions to the General continued unremitting. When he quitted Russia, she accompanied him to Paris; when he was summoned to return, though condemned to banishment from St. Petersburg and Moscow, she profited by the respite gained to go alone in her old age and infirmity to plead his cause herself with the Emperor. Nor did she complain of the illness in Russia that followed such fatigue, for her suit was granted. Still less did she regret the yet more serious malady that overtook her on returning to Paris with the glad tidings that brought such relief to his declining years. He lived to the age of ninety-two, and her grief at his loss was intense. Then indeed it was the long companion of a lifetime that was taken from her; and we all know the tender attachment that strengthens with years between two persons who pass them together, and mutually esteem each other.

The General, on his part, always showed Madame Swetchine affection that had gradually become mixed up with a species of veneration. Though he never thwarted her religious views, he did not himself embrace them; he liked to see her Catholic friends, even priests, and especially Père de Ravignan; but remained satisfied with the Greek Church.

Besides her duties as a wife, we have seen Madame Swetchine embrace those of a mother towards young Nadine. She never slackened in them until Nadine by her marriage ceased to require their exercise. Then she contrived to gratify her maternal instincts by undertaking the charge of Hélène de Nesselrode, the daughter of her friend, just aged fourteen, and whose health demanded a warmer climate than that of Russia. Nor did she give her up till Hélène married.

Faithful to all the sentiments she experienced, and warm in her friendships, Madame Swetchine's most enthusiastic attachment appears to have been for Mademoiselle Stourdja. It dated from her early married life, and continued through the whole of existence. At first it well nigh provokes a smile to see how, scarcely parted for a few hours from her friend, she rushes to her pen, that it may express the

pangs of separation. But girlhood has not passed over, ere thought, reason, duty, figure largely in the letters of Madame Swetchine. Her correspondence was extensive, and portrays herself just as she appeared in daily life—a wise, gentle, and affectionate friend or counsellor, as circumstances might dictate. No where does this show her to greater advantage than in the letters—too few, unfortunately—that we possess from Madame Swetchine to Père Lacordaire. The difference between the two minds is striking. Her good sense and exquisite judgment contrast with his fiery impetuosity of thought and feeling; it is evident that her soul moves in the serene atmosphere of near union with God; while he, the religious of already some years' standing, is yet battling with strong human torrents. How gently she calls him up a higher path, never forgetting her womanhood nor his priestly character. His tone becomes much more religious; with rare candour and simplicity he sees and owns past imperfections.

Patriotism was one of her ardent sentiments, and she considered the feeling as a duty incumbent on women no less than men: of course, conduct was to be in accordance. Like many Russians, love of country centred for her in devotion to the sovereign; and of this her letters afford curious exemplification. She calls Alexander "the hero of humanity," and, after enumerating his many perfections, rejoices that this young sage is our Emperor! When her husband was harshly summoned back to Russia, that the disgrace of exile from court might be inflicted, she exclaims: "God knows that I have never uttered a word of complaint against my sovereigns, nor so much as blamed them in heart!" Strange loyalty this to our modern Western notions.

Her tender charity towards the poor began to show itself at an early age. At twenty-five in St. Petersburg she was already the soul of all good works there: nor did she content herself with merely giving alms, nor even with seeking to promote moral improvement; her ingenious kindness displayed itself also in endeavouring to procure pleasure or innocent amusements. She took flowers to those she visited, or tried to adorn their rooms with pictures. The friendless deaf-and-dumb girl whom she had adopted became her constant attendant; and Madame Swetchine bore with her violence of temper until the defect was partly overcome.

She undertook the charge of a poor boy at Vichy, because his many maladies and their repulsive nature rendered him an object almost of disgust. Each summer that she returned there, he was among the first to greet her, sure of the kindest welcome. For years

all his wants were supplied at her expense; and when he died, she said he had now become her benefactor.

To know Madame Swetchine thoroughly, her writings must be read. They were never meant for publication, but are either self-communings, or thoughts poured out before God. Some of her aphorisms are touchingly delicate in sentiment.

"Loving hearts are like paupers; they live on what is given them."

"Our alms form our sole riches, and what we withhold constitutes our real poverty."

Her prayers and meditations may be used with advantage for spiritual reading. Her unfinished treatise on Old Age is very beautiful; but more exquisite still is that more complete one on Resignation. Any passage chosen at random would show elevated thought.

"The first degree of submission produces respectful acquiescence to God's will; then this sentiment becomes transformed into a pious and sincere acceptance full of confidence; until confidence itself gradually acquires a filial character."

"Faith," she says, "makes resignation reasonable, and hope renders it easy."

"The love of God draws us away from our long love of self."

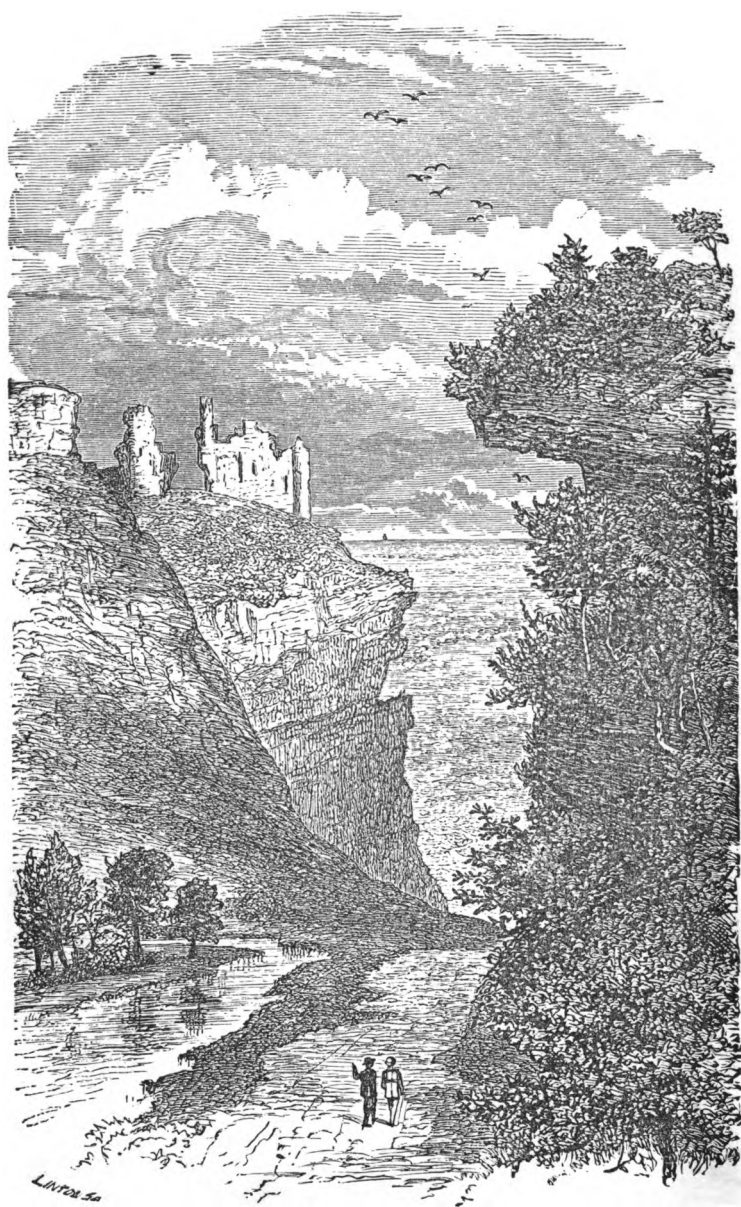
"Patience is so near to resignation, that it often seems one and the same thing."

She acknowledges that the hardest trials of resignation are found in those misfortunes irreparable here on earth. Such are death, old age, physical infirmity, loss of worldly honour, final impenitence. But the death of those we love, she says, may be deeply mourned in the midst of resignation; and our own certain death affords not only a counterbalance to such affliction, but also to the other evils of life. Old age is a halt between the world overcome, and eternity about to begin. Physical infirmities make us live in the atmosphere of the gospel beatitudes; we are then truly the poor ones of Christ, or rather poverty itself. The world sometimes forgets, but never pardons: what matters, provided virtue remain unscathed, or that it be restored through repentance?

"Suffering teaches us how to suffer; suffering teaches us how to live; suffering teaches us how to die."

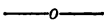
And here we take our leave of this remarkable woman, who offers such a bright example to our generation.

V. V.



L. 1870. 50

Tintagel Castle.



AMONG all the lingering traces of the glories of the past with which England is covered, there is none more deserving of notice than old Tintagel. Tintaghel, Tindogel, or Dundagel, meaning a high fortified hill, were its original titles, which have gradually been modernised into Tintagel.

This remarkable spot remains, however, comparatively unknown, or at least unvisited. This is partly owing to the fact that as yet the "iron horses" have not reached within many miles of it. Visitors to Tintagel must perforce travel somewhat in the fashion of their grandfathers, by coach or carriage, if not on their feet. The coaches indeed only come within four or five miles of the place. Perhaps it is as well; had a railroad run near, Tintagel might have been turned into a fashionable watering-place, and King Arthur's castle subsided into a regular county lion. Now one long straggling street constitutes the town, and alone in its solemn grandeur stands the castle of Arthur Pendragon; and still, as in the year 500, the waves dash and break

"upon the sands
Of wild Dundagel by the Cornish coast."

For a long time it was the fashion to disbelieve in the existence of King Arthur, and to treat his history as a fable. Now, however, even before the strictly historical criticism of the present day, belief in King Arthur has revived. We certainly do not pledge ourselves that the *Morte d'Arthur* or the prophecies of Merlin are historical books; nor do we put faith in "how King Arthur was carried away to fairyland, and will from thence return." The time between the departure of the Romans and the formation of the Saxon Heptarchy is sufficiently obscure; but there are at least as many proofs that a king named Arthur reigned over Britain, was a great warrior, and was buried in Glastonbury Abbey, as for many other incidents in the history of England which have always been current.

King Arthur, moreover, contrived so to live as to leave his name for ever green and fragrant among posterity. Southey once remarked, "No great poet had ever made King Arthur his theme." But this reproach has, however, been wiped away; for our greatest living poet has enshrined his memory, and to many of us the king of whom the *Idyls* were sung has become a familiar being; and the

"selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst against thy own eye-witness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure,"

is one of our cherished heroes. The annals of our history not having given us many monarchs of whom to be proud, we may be excused for giving so deep a credence to the traditional virtues of King Arthur. A great teacher of the spiritual life thinks it well to exercise the mind by dwelling on the imaginary character of a perfect earthly king; and those who study the traditions that hang around Arthur will often be involuntarily reminded of him whose character is represented to be so noble, whose offers of reward are so generous, that men cannot hold back from following in his train. All who feel thus should not fail to start in pilgrimage to Tintagel castle. It is on the north coast of Cornwall, and the point on which it is built forms one of the finest headlands in that favoured county, which can boast of so much magnificent coast scenery.

Far exceeding the Land's End, and casting Gurnard's Head into shade, stands that bold wild crag with the blue waves lashing its foot. Upon this steep precipice the adventurous Britons thought fit to erect his castle. The ruins bear evident marks that it was British, not Roman or Saxon hands which raised these walls. The headland was once an island, but so small a space existed between the topmost crag and the mainland that the two were connected by a drawbridge. This, however, has long since disappeared; but we will let Carew, the Elizabethan historian, speak on this subject. "Halfe the buildings were raised on the continent, and the other half on an island, continued together (within man's remembrance) by a drawbridge, but now divided by the downefallen steepe cliffe on the farther side, which, though it shut out the sea from his wonted recourse, hath yet more strengthened the island; for in passing thither you must first descend with a dangerous declyning, and then make a worse ascent by a path, through his stickleness occasioning, and through his steepiness threatning the ruine of your life with the falling of your foote. At the top, two or three temporary steps give you entrance to the hill which supplieth pasture for sheepe and conyes. Upon the same I saw a decayed chappell. Under the island runs a cave, throwe which you may rowe at ful sea, but not without a kinde of horroure at the uncouthnesse of the place." But the description which old Norden gives of the ascent is still more racy: "By a very narrow rockye and wyndinge waye, up the steepe sea clyffe under which the sea-waves wallow, and so alsalge the foundation of the hill, as may astonish an unstable brayne to consider the perill, for the least slipp of the foote sends the whole ledge into the devouring sea; and the worste of alle is higheste of alle, near the gate of entrance into the hill, where the offensive stones so exposed hang over the head, as while a man respecteth his

footinge he endaungers his head, and lookinge to save the head endaungers the footinge; according to the old proverbe, *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdem*. He must have his eyes that will scale Tintagel. The moat and the island buildings are ruined."

Ruins which were ancient ones in the days of Carew and Norden, it might reasonably be supposed would have fallen into utter decay by the days of Victoria. But for King Arthur's castle the very granite rocks themselves were made to yield materials, and the sun and storms of centuries leave them yet unperishable. The keep or fortified part of the castle was built on the island, while the state-rooms, the gardens, and all the part for "pleasant joyaunce," were on the mainland. There the smooth green turf sloped pleasantly down to the deep valley, from which an ascent on the opposite side leads to the surrounding country. And on the same green turf stretched wide the castle-gates with their lofty archway; and of all who ventured to the portal, errant knight or wandering beggar, desolate widow or terrified peasant, "no man or woman who came was turned away disconsolate," says tradition; "which custom was so pleasing to God, that Arthur should have grace given to him never to see the fire of hell."

The surrounding hills so completely shut in Tintagel, that, till within a hundred yards, no one could believe he was in the vicinity of so grand a scene. It must have been a fair sight to the traveller of olden time, when, on turning a sharp point in the descent, he came in view of the noble rocks and of the stately castle, with its open gates, its fair gardens, and the royal banners floating from the tower. Many were the devices of King Arthur's banners. His own coat-of-arms was three dragons and three crowns;

"his helm was lowered,

To which for crest the golden dragon clung,—

The dragon of the great Pendragonship;"

but "'for love' he took to his arms a croix silver in a field vert, and on the first quarter thereof was figured an image of Our Ladye, with her Sonne in her arms: but, beside, he had a banner of the Trinity, of golden goules. St. George was the third; the fourth was Brutus' armes, known and tryd; the fifth banner of goules, three crowns of gold; the sixth banner of goules, and a dragon of gold."* Thus it is the old tradition, that the banner of St. George—"St. George for merrie England"—has descended to us from the first British king. The path by which the island was gained after the disappearance of the drawbridge was certainly cut by adventurous hands; and some writers declare "the sheep even

* Hardyng.

found it difficult to ascend." We, however, suspect the terrific descriptions of Carew, Norden, and others to have been a little exaggerated. But of later years pains have been taken to improve this path and cut a flight of steps; and the danger now lies only in the imagination. Yet still the guide warns you, as you begin the descent, "not to look down," fearing that the view of the steep perpendicular rock up which you have climbed will for the moment turn your brain. But the steps are broad and shelving; so that, if you will but be content to look at the ground, all will go well. But we must not speak of the descent till we have entered and explored the ruined castle. Let us first suffer old Leland to speak of it as it was in his time: "This castle hath been a marvellous strong and notable fortress, and almost *situ loci* inexpugnable, especially for the dungeon or keep, that is on a high and terrible crage, environed with the sea, but having a drawbridge from the residew of the castelle into it. There is yet a chappell standing within the dungeon, of St. Alette *alias* Ullane. Shepe now fede within the dungeon. The residew of the buildings of this castelle be sore beten and yn ruine; but it hath been a large thinge." Even in these days Tintagel was the theme of poets. One writes: "There is a place within the winding shore of Severn Sea,

On midst of rock, about whose foote
The tides turn, keeping play;
The tow'ry-topped castle here
Wide blazeth over all;
Which Corineus ancient broode
Tindagel Castle call."*

Leland further tells us: "Men alyse saw therein a postern-door of iron." A door of rough planks now fills its place; and on entering we find ourselves in a portion of the ruins strongly resembling the guard-room of a castle. And now upon this crag,—upon which, looking up from below, we wondered how the castle had sufficient space to stand,—we find an acre of grass-land, with descents and ascents, and ruins of chambers great and small. And in the midst is the roofless chapel, of small dimensions, and filled with weeds and grass. The altar is yet standing: and its broken fragments are carefully collected and placed upon it. We were told the clergyman of Tintagel was now constable of the castle, and used every care to preserve it from the ravages of time. Then wandering across the turfy waste, where every now and then there is a granite rock imbedded, we come to the sea side of the castle; for the chapel looks towards the land.

Go not too near the edge, for it is one sheer sheet of rock, which

* Carew's translation.

risers from the sea many hundred feet below. One curiously-shaped rock seems to have broken away from the rest, and stands like a grim and ghostly witness of its neighbour's fallen greatness. Then what an expanse of ocean stretches before the eye; and in far distance may be seen where

"the long wave broke

All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss ;"

and you may also discern Hartland and Lundy Island. No one must miss seeing that large space between shelving rocks, in which they can most comfortably repose. It is called King Arthur's Chair. Truly a kingly seat, from whence he could watch the steeds prancing in the courtyard, and the passing to and fro on the drawbridge; and even those on the mainland, as they paced the castle-gardens. And indeed in such a place it is impossible not to wander to the region of poetry and romance, in which King Arthur is enshrined. Was it indeed here that

"Modred, all in green, with eye and ear,

Climbed to the high top of the garden-wall"?

Was it here that wandered in the converse of kindred spirits "*pure Sir Galahad*" and "*meek Sir Percival*"? Was it from hence that the merry company rode forth to "*tryst by St. Madron's Well*"?

"Now horse and hattock both but and bene!"

Was the cry at Lauds for Tintagel men.

And forth they pushed upon Rowtor side;

As goodly a raid as a king could ride."*

Those were the days of Tintagel's pride and glory, when King Arthur went forth to hunt on Tregoss Moor, where legends of his prowess still linger, and old ruined hill-castles proudly boast of having been King Arthur's hunting-seats, wherein the blithesome party took refuge if night overtook them in their eager sport. These were the golden days, too fair to last; for even on King Arthur came a bitter ending. Betrayal, and treachery, and ingratitude were to be his earthly reward for his great trust in others, his stainless honour, and his self-sacrifices. We must not now linger on the tale of false Launcelot and fallen Guinevere, and of the ruin and dispersion of the "table round." King Arthur's last battle was fought a few miles from Tintagel, between that spot and Boscastle, hard by a river, which of course "ran red with blood." The place was called Slaughter, now corrupted into Storan Bridge. Then the old tradition says, Sir Modred the traitorous nephew and King Arthur were both slain; that the body of the king was

* R. S. Hawker.

carried to Tintagel Castle, and there was watched all night by his weeping attendants; and on the morrow a sad procession set out for Glastonbury Abbey, where King Arthur was interred. Succeeding ages carefully handed down the tradition, that this was his resting-place; and his tomb was opened in the reign of King Henry II. From this time the history of Tintagel becomes obscure for some time. In *Doomsday Book* it is mentioned as Dunchine or Chain Castle. After the Conquest it became the residence of the Earls of Cornwall; and in 1245 Earl Richard entertained there his nephew, David of Wales, the brother of Llewellyn, who afterwards met at King Edward's hands a well-merited death for his treachery to that brother. In 1307 Thomas de la Hyde was constable of Tintagel. Some years previous, mention was made in the Exchequer Rolls of a Robert de Tintagel, who held five knight's fees; but what claim he had to the title does not further appear. In 1339 there was no governor of the castle, but the custody was left to the chaplain; who, however, had no fee given for his services. Already the castle was falling to ruin; and the Earl of Cornwall at that time took down the great hall. In the reign of Richard II. Tintagel was made into a state prison; and John Earl of Huntington was constable. Among the records of state prisoners was John Northampton, *Lord Mayor*, who, in 1385, was "for his unruly maioralty condemned thither as a perpetual penitentiary." It was certainly contrived to send him away far enough from the scene of his ill-behaviour.

In Edward III.'s reign the castle and manor were annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall, and have ever since continued; so that the Prince of Wales is now the rightful lord of Tintagel; and now regretfully we turn away from the wild and beautiful spot, which formerly boasted so many memories of the glorious past of that "renowned Prince Arthur, king of Britain."

F.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.

As I entered the library, which my father used for purposes of business as well as of study, I saw a gentleman who had often been at our house before, and whom I knew to be a priest, though he was dressed as a working-man of the better sort and had on a riding-coat of coarse materials. He beckoned me to him, and I, kneeling, received his blessing.

"What! up yet, little one?" he said; "and yet thou must bestir thyself betimes to-morrow for prayers. These are not days in which priests may play the sluggards and be found abed when the sun rises."

"At what hour must you be on foot, reverend father?" my mother asked, as sitting down at a table by his side she filled his plate with whatever might tempt him to eat, the which he seemed little inclined to.

"Before dawn, good Mrs. Sherwood," he answered; "and across the fields into the forest before ever the labouring men are astir; and you know best when that is."

"An if it be so, which I fear it must," my father said, "we must e'en have the chapel ready by two o'clock. And, goodwife, you should presently get that wench to bed."

"Nay, good mother," I cried, and threw my arms round her waist, "prithee let me sit up to-night; I can lie abed all to-morrow." So wistfully and urgently did I plead, that she, who had grown of late somewhat loth to deny any request of mine, yielded to my entreaties, and only willed that I should lie down on a settle betwixt her chair and the chimney, in which a fagot was blazing, though it was summer-time, but the weather was chilly. I gazed by turns on my mother's pale face and my father's, which was thoughtful, and on the good priest's, who was in an easy-chair, wherein they had compelled him to sit, opposite to me on the other side of the chimney. He looked, as I remember him then, as if in body and in mind he had suffered more than he could almost bear.

After some discourse had been ministered betwixt him and my father of the journey he had been taking, and the friends he had seen since last he had visited our house, my mother said, in a tremulous

voice, "And now, good Mr. Mush, an if it would not pain you too sorely, tell us if it be true that your dear daughter in Christ, Mrs. Clitherow, has indeed won the martyr's crown, as some letters from York reported to us a short time back?"

Upon this Mr. Mush raised his head, which had sunk on his breast, and said, "She that was my spiritual daughter in times past, and now, as I humbly hope, my glorious mother in heaven, the gracious martyr Mrs. Clitherow, has overcome all her enemies, and passed from this mortal life with rare and marvellous triumph into the peaceable city of God, there to receive a worthy crown of endless immortality and joy." His eye, that had been before heavy and dim, now shone with sudden light, and it seemed as if the cord about his heart was loosed, and his spirit found vent at last in words after a long and painful silence. More eloquent still was his countenance than his words as he exclaimed, "Torments overcame her not, nor the sweetness of life, nor her vehement affection for husband and children, nor the flattering allurements and deceitful promises of the persecutors. Finally, the world, the flesh, and the devil overcame her not. She, a woman, with invincible courage entered combat against them all, to defend the ancient faith, wherein both she and her enemies were baptised and gave their promise to God to keep the same until death. O sacred martyr!" and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the good father went on, "remember me, I beseech thee humbly, in thy perfect charity, whom thou hast left miserable behind thee, in time past thy unworthy father and now most unworthy servant, made ever joyful by thy virtuous life, and now lamenting thy death and thy absence, and yet rejoicing in thy glory."

A sob burst from my mother's breast, and she hid her face against my father's shoulder. There was a brief silence, during which many quickly-rising thoughts passed through my mind. Of Daniel in the lions' den, and the Machabees and the early Christians; and of the great store of blood which had been shed of late in this our country, and of which amongst the slain were truly martyrs, and which were not; of the vision in the sky which had been seen at Lichfield; and chiefly of that blessed woman Mrs. Clitherow, whose virtues and good works I had often before heard of, such as serving the poor and harbouring priests, and loving God's Church with a wonderful affection greater than can be thought of. Then I heard my father say, "How was it at the last, good Mr. Mush?" I oped my eyes, and hung on the lips of the good priest even as if to devour his words as he gave utterance to them.

"She refused to be tried by the country," he answered, in a tremulous voice; "and so they murdered her."

"How so?" my mother asked, shading her eyes with her hand as if to exclude the mental sight of that which she yet sought to know.

"They pressed her to death," he slowly uttered; "and the last words she was heard to say were 'Jesu, Jesu, Jesu! have mercy on me!' She was in dying about a quarter of an hour, and then her blessed spirit was released and took its flight to heaven. May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like hers!"

Again my mother hid her face in my father's bosom, and methought she said not "Amen" to that prayer; but turning to Mr. Mush with a flushed cheek and troubled eye, she asked, "And why did the blessed Mrs. Clitherow refuse to be tried by the country, reverend father, and thereby subject herself to that lingering death?"

"These were her words when questioned and urged on that point," he answered, "which sufficiently clear her from all accusation of obstinacy or desperation, and combine the rare discretion and charity which were in her at all times: 'Alas!' quoth she, 'if I should have put myself on the country, evidence must needs have come against me touching my harbouring of priests and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in my house, which I know none could give but only my children and servants; and it would have been to me more grievous than a thousand deaths if I should have seen any of them brought forth before me, to give evidence against me in so good a cause and be guilty of my blood; and, secondly,' quoth she, 'I know well the country must needs have found me guilty to please the council, who so earnestly seek my blood, and then all they had been accessory to my death and damnably offended God. I therefore think, in the way of charity, for my part to hinder the country from such a sin; and seeing it must needs be done, to cause as few to do it as might be; and that was the judge himself.' So she thought, and thereupon she acted, with that single view to God's glory and the good of men's souls that was ever the passion of her fervent spirit."

"Her children?" my mother murmured in a faint voice, still hiding her face from him. "That little Agnes you used to tell us of, that was so dear to her poor mother, how has it fared with her?"

Mr. Mush answered, "Her *happy* mother sent her hose and shoes to her daughter at the last, signifying that she should serve God and follow her steps of virtue. She was committed to ward because she would not betray her mother, and there whipt and extremely used for that she would not go to the church and hear a sermon. When her mother was murdered, the heretics came to her and said that unless she would go to the church, her mother should be put to death. The child, thinking to save the life of her who had given her birth, went to a sermon, and thus they deceived her."

"God forgive them!" my father ejaculated; and I, creeping to my mother's side, threw my arms about her neck, upon which she, caressing me, said:

"Now thou wilt be up to their deceits, Conny, if they should practise the same arts on thee."

"Mother," I cried, clinging to her, "I will go with thee to prison and to death; but to their church I will not go who love not our Blessed Lady."

"So help thee God!" my father cried, and laid his hand on my head.

"Take heart, good Mrs. Sherwood," Mr. Mush said to my mother, who was weeping; "God may spare you such trials as those which that sweet saint rejoiced in, or He can give you a like strength to hers. We have need in these times to bear in mind that comfortable saying of holy writ, 'As your day, shall your strength be.'"

"'Tis strange," my father observed, "how these present troubles seem to awake the readiness, nay the wish, to suffer for truth's sake. It is like a new sense in a soul heretofore but too prone to eschew suffering of any sort: 'tis even as the keen breezes of our own Cannock Chase stimulate the frame to exertions which it would shrink from in the duller air of the Trent Valley."

"Ah! and is it even so with you, my friend?" exclaimed Mr. Mush. "From my heart I rejoice at it: such thoughts are oftentimes forerunners of God's call to a soul marked out for His special service."

My mother, against whom I was leaning since mention had been made of Mrs. Clitherow's daughter, began to tremble; and rising said she would go to the chapel to prepare for confession. Taking me by the hand, she mounted the stairs to the room which was used as such since the ancient faith had been proscribed. One by one that night we knelt at the feet of the good shepherd, who, like his Lord, was ready to lay down his life for his sheep, and were shriven. Then, at two of the clock, Mass was said, and my parents and most of our servants received, and likewise some neighbours to whom notice had been sent in secret of Mr. Mush's coming. When my mother returned from the altar to her seat, I marvelled at the change in her countenance. She who had been so troubled before the coming of the Heavenly Guest into her breast, wore now so serene and joyful an aspect, that the looking upon her at that time wrought in me a new and comfortable sense of the greatness of that divine Sacrament. I found not the thought of death frighten me then; for albeit on that night I for the first time fully arrived at the knowledge of the peril and jeopardy in which the Catholics of this land do live; nevertheless,

this knowledge awoke in me more exultation than fear. I had seen precautions used, and reserves maintained, of which I now perceived the cause. For some time past my parents had prepared the way for this no-longer-to-be-deferred enlightenment. The small account they had taught me to make of the wealth and comforts of this perishable world, and the histories they had recounted to me of the sufferings of Christians in the early times of the Church, had been directed unto this end. They had, as it were, laid the wood on the altar of my heart, which they prayed might one day burn into a flame. And now when, by reason of the discourse I had heard touching Mrs. Clitherow's blessed but painful end for harbouring of priests in her house, and the presence of one under our roof, I took heed that the danger had come nigh unto our own doors, my heart seemed to beat with a singular joy. Childhood sets no great store on life: the passage from this world to the next is not terrible to such as have had no shadows cast on their paths by their own or others' sins. Heaven is not a far-off region to the pure in heart; but rather a home, where God, as St. Thomas sings,

"Vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria."

But, ah me! how transient are the lights and shades which flit across the childish mind! and how mutable the temper of youth, never long impressed by any event, however grave! Not many days after Mr. Mush's visit to our house, another letter from the Countess of Surrey came into my hand, and drove from my thoughts for the time all but the matters therein disclosed.

"Sweet Mistress Constance" (my lady wrote),—"In my last letter I made mention, in an obscure fashion, of a secret which my lord had told me touching a matter of great weight which Higford, his grace's steward, had let out to him; and now that the whole world is speaking of what was then in hand, and that troubles have come of it, I must needs relieve my mind by writing thereof to her who is the best friend I have in the world, if I judge by the virtuous counsel and loving words her letters do contain. 'Tis like you have heard somewhat of that same matter, Mistress Constance; for much talk has been ministered anent it since I wrote amongst people of all sorts, and with various intents to the hindering or the promoting thereof. I mean touching the marriage of his grace the Duke of Norfolk with the Queen of Scots, which is much desired by some, and very little wished for by others. My lord, as is reasonable in one of his years and of so noble a spirit, and his sister, who is in all things the counterpart of her brother, have set their hearts thereon

since the first inkling they had of it; for this queen has so noted a fame for her excellent beauty and sweet disposition that it has wrought in them an extraordinary passionate desire to tittle her mother, and to see their father so nobly mated, though not more than he deserves; for, as my lord says, his grace's estate in England is worth little less than the whole realm of Scotland, in the ill state to which the wars have reduced it; and when he is in his own tennis-court at Norwich, he thinks himself as great as a king.

"As a good wife, I should wish as my lord does; and indeed this marriage, Mistress Constance, would please me well; for the Queen of Scots is Catholic, and methinks if his grace was to wed her, there might arise some good out of it to such as are dependent on his grace touching matters of religion; and since Mr. Martin has gone beyond seas, 'tis very little I hear in this house but what is contrary to the teaching I had at my grandmother's. My lord saith this queen's troubles will be ended if she doth marry his grace, for so Higford has told him; but when I spoke thereof to my Lady Lumley, she prayed God his grace's might not then begin, but charged me to be silent thereon before my Lord Arundel, who has greatly set his heart on this match. She said words were in every one's mouth concerning this marriage which should never have been spoken of but amongst a few. 'Nan,' quoth she, 'if Phil and thou do let your children's tongues wag anent a matter which may well be one of life and death, more harm may come of it than can well be thought of.' So prithee, Mistress Constance, do you be silent as the grave on what I have herein written, if so be you have not heard of it but from me. My lord had a quarrel with my Lord Essex, who is about his own age, anent the Queen of Scots a few days since, when he came to spend his birthday with him; for my lord was twelve years old last week, and I gave him a fair jewel to set in his cap, for a love-token and for remembrance. My lord said that the Queen of Scots was a lady of so great virtue and beauty that none else could be compared with her; upon which my Lord of Essex cried it was high treason to the queen's majesty to say so, and that if her grace held so long a time in prison one who was her near kinswoman, it was by reason of her having murdered her husband and fomented rebellion in this kingdom of England, for the which she did deserve to be extremely used. My lord was very wroth at this, and swore he was no traitor, and that the Queen of Scots was no murderess, and he would lay down his head on the block rather than suffer any should style her such; upon which my Lord of Essex asked, 'Prithee, my Lord Surrey, were you at Thornham last week when the Queen's majesty was on a visit to your grandfather

my Lord Arundel?' 'No,' cried my lord, 'your lordship being there yourself in my Lord of Leicester's suite, must needs have noticed I was absent; for if I had been present, methinks 'tis I and not your lordship would have waited behind her majesty's chair at table and held a napkin to her.' 'And if you had, my lord,' quoth my Lord Essex, waxing hot in his speech, 'you would have noticed how her grace's majesty gave a nip to his grace your father who was sitting by her side, and said she would have him take heed on what pillow he rested his head.' 'And I would have you take heed,' cried my lord, 'how you suffer your tongue to wag in an unseemly manner anent her grace's majesty and his grace my father and the Queen of Scots, who is kinswoman to both, and even now a prisoner, which should make men careful how they speak of her who cannot speak in her own cause; for it is a very inhuman part, my lord, to tread on such as misfortune has cast down.' There was a nobleness in these words such as I have often taken note of in my lord, though so young, and which his playmate yielded to; so that nothing more was said at that time anent those matters, which indeed do seem too weighty to be discoursed upon by young folks. But I have thought since on the lines which 'tis said the Queen's majesty wrote when she was herself a prisoner, which begin,

'O Fortune! how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit;
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.'

and wondered she should have no greater pity on those in the same plight, as so many be at this time. Ah me! I would not keep a bird in a cage an I could help it, and 'tis sad men are not more tender of such as are of a like nature with themselves!

"My lord was away some days after this at Oxford, whither he had been carried to be present at the Queen's visit, and at the play of *Palamon and Arcite*, which her majesty heard in the common-hall of Christ Church. One evening, as my Lady Margaret and I (like two twin cherries on one stalk, my lord would say, for he is mightily taken with the stage-plays he doth hear, and hath a trick of framing his speech from them) were sitting at the window near unto the garden practising our lutes and singing madrigals, he surprised us with his sweet company, in which I find an ever increasing content, and cried out as he approached, 'Ladies, I hold this sentence of the poet as a canon of my creed, that whom God loveth not, they love not music.' And then he said that albeit Italian was a very harmonious and sweet language which pleasantly tickleth the ear, he for his part loved English best, even in singing. Upon which, finding

him in the humour for discreet and sensible conversation, which, albeit he hath good parts and a ready wit, is not always the case, by reason of his being, as boys mostly are, prone to wagging, I took occasion to relate what I had heard my Lord of Arundel say touching his visit to the court of Brussels, when the Duchess of Parma invited him to a banquet to meet the Prince of Orange and most of the chief courtiers. The discourse was carried on in French; but my lord, albeit he could speak well in that language, nevertheless made use of an interpreter. At the which the Prince of Orange expressed his surprise to Sir John Wilson, who was present, that an English nobleman of so great birth and breeding should be ignorant of the French tongue, which the earl presently hearing, said, 'Tell the prince that I like to speak in that language in which I can best utter my mind and not mistake.' 'And I perceive, my lord,' I said, 'that you are of a like mind with his lordship, and no lover of new-fangled and curious terms.'

"Upon which my dear earl laughed, and related unto us how the Queen had been pleased to take notice of him at Oxford, and spoke merrily to him of his marriage. 'And prithee, Phil, what were her highness's words,' quoth his prying sister, like a true daughter of Eve. At which my lord stroked his chin, as if to smooth his beard which is still to come, and said her majesty had cried, 'God's pity, child, thou wilt tire of thy wife afore you have both left the nursery.' 'Alack,' cried Meg, 'if any but her highness had said it, thy hand would have been on thy sword, brother, and I'll warrant thou didst turn as red as a turkey-cock when her majesty thus titled thee a baby. Nay, do not frown, but be a good lord to us, and tell Nan and me if the Queen said aught else.' Then my lord cleared his brow, and related how in the hunting scene in the play, when the cry of the hounds was heard outside the stage, which was excellently well imitated, some scholars who were seated near him, and he must confess himself also, did shout, 'There, there—he's caught, he's caught!' upon which her grace's majesty laughed, and merrily cried out from her box, 'Those boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows!' 'And had you such pleasant sports each day, brother?' quoth our Meg. 'No, by my troth,' my lord answered; 'the more's the pity; for the next day there was a disputation held in physic and divinity from two to seven; and Dr. Westphaling held forth at so great a length that her majesty sent word to him to end his discourse without delay, to the great relief and comfort of all present. But he would not give over, lest, having committed all to memory, he should forget the rest if he omitted any part of it, and be brought to shame before the university and

the court.' 'What said her highness when she saw he heeded not her commands? Meg asked. 'She was angered at first,' quoth my lord, 'that he durst go on with his discourse when she had sent him word presently to stop, whereby she had herself been prevented from speaking, which the Spanish Ambassador had asked her to do; but when she heard the reason, it moved her to laughter, and she titled him a parrot.'

"'And spoke not her majesty at all?' I asked; and my lord said, 'She would not have been a woman, Nan, an she had held her tongue after being once resolved to use it. She made the next day an oration in Latin, and stopped in the midst to bid my Lord Burleigh be seated, and not to stand painfully on his gouty feet. Beshrew me but I think she did it to show the poor dean how much better her memory served her than his had done, for she looked round to where he was standing ere she resumed her discourse. And now, Meg, clear thy throat and tune thy pipe, for not another word will I speak till thou hast sung that ditty good Mr. Martin set to music for thee.' I have set it down here, Mistress Constance, with the notes as she sung it, that you may sing it also; and not like it the less that my quaint fancy pictures the maiden the poet sings of in her 'frock of frolic green,' like unto my sweet friend who dwells not far from one of the fair rivers therein named.

A knight, as antique stories tell,
A daughter had, named Dawsabel,
A maiden fair and free;
She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden Queen,
Which seemly was to see.

The silk well could she twist and twine,
And make the fine March pine,
And with the needle work;
And she could help the priest to say
His matins on a holy day,
And sing a psalm in kirk.

Her features all as fresh above
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent;
Her skin as soft as Leinster wool,
And white as snow on Penhisk Hull,
Or swan that swims on Trent.

This maiden on a morn betime
Goes forth when May is in its prime,
To get sweet setywall,

The honeysuckle, the hurlock,
The lily and the lady-smock,
To deck her father's hall.

'Ah,' cried my lord, when Meg had ended her song, 'beshrew me, if Monsieur Sebastian's madrigals are one half so dainty as this English piece of harmony.' And then,—for his lordship's head is at present running on pageants such as he witnessed at Nonsuch and at Oxford,—he would have me call into the garden Madge and Bess, whilst he fetched his brothers to take part in a May game, not indeed in season now, but which, he says, is too good sport not to be followed all the year round. So he must needs dress himself as Robin Hood, with a wreath on his head and a sheaf of arrows in his girdle, and me as Maid Marian; and Meg, for that she is taller by an inch than any of us, though younger than him and me, he said should play Little John, and Bess Friar Tuck, for that she looks so gleesome and has a face so red and round. 'And Tom,' he cried, 'thou needst not be at pains to change thy name, for we will dub thee Tom the Piper.' 'And what is Will to be?' asked my Lady Bess, who, since I be titled Countess of Surrey, must needs be styled My Lady William Howard.' 'Why, there's only the fool left,' quoth my lord, 'for thy sweetheart to play, Bess.' At the which her ladyship and his lordship too began to stamp and cry, and would have sobbed outright, but sweet Madge, whose face waxes so white and her eyes so large and blue that methinks she is more like to an angel than a child, put out her little thin hands with a pretty gesture, and said, 'I'll be the fool, brother Surrey, and Will shall be the dragon, and Bess ride the hobby-horse an it will please her.' 'Nay, but she is Friar Tuck,' quoth my lord, 'and should not ride.' 'And prithee wherefore no?' cried the forward imp, who, now she no more fears her grandam's rod, has grown very saucy and bold; 'why should not the good friar ride, an it doth pleasure him?'

"At the which we laughed and fell to acting our parts with no little merriment and noise, and sundry reprehensions from my lord when we mistook our postures or the lines he would have us to recite. And at the end he set up a pole on the grass-plat for the Maying, and we danced and sung around it to a merry tune, which set our feet flying in time with the music.

Now in the month of maying,
When the merry lads are playing,
Fa, la, la,

Each with his bonny lasse,
Upon the greeny grasse.

Fa, la, la,

Madge was not strong enough to dance, but she stole away to gather white and blue violets, and made a fair garland to set on my head, to my lord's great content, and would have me unloose my hair on my shoulders, which fell nearly to my feet, and waved in the wind in a wild fashion; which he said was beseeeming for a bold outlaw's bride, and what he had seen in the Maid Marian, who had played in the pageant at Nonsuch. Mrs. Fawcett misdoubted that this sport of ours should be approved by Mr. Charke, who calls all stage-playing Satan's recreations, and a sure road unto hell; and that we shall hear on it in his next preachment; for he has held forth to her at length on that same point, and upbraided her for that she did suffer such foolish and profane pastimes to be carried on in his grace's house. Ah me! I see no harm in it; and if, when my lord visits me, I play not with him as he chooses, 'tis not a thing to be expected that he will come only to sing psalms or play chess, which Mr. Charke holds to be the only game it befits Christians to entertain themselves with. 'Tis hard to know what is right and wrong when persons be of such different minds, and no ghostly adviser to be had, such as I was used to at my grandmother's house.

"Ah, Mistress Constance! when I last wrote unto you I said troubles was the word in every one's mouth, and ere I had finished this letter—which I was then writing, and have kept by me ever since—what, think you, has befallen us? 'Tis anent the marriage of his grace with the Queen of Scots; which I now do wish it had pleased God none had ever thought of. Some weeks since my lord had told me, with great glee, that the Spanish ambassador was about to petition her majesty the Queen for the release of her highness's cousin; and Higford and Bannister, and the rest of his grace's household—whom, since Mr. Martin went beyond seas, my lord spends much of his time with, and more of it methinks than is beseeeming or to the profit of his manners and advancement of his behaviour—have told him that this would prepare the way for the greatly-to-be-desired end of his grace's marriage with that Queen; and my lord was reckoning up all the fine sports and pageants and noble entertainments would be enacted at Kenninghall and Thetford when that right princely wedding should take place; and how he should himself carry the train of the queen-duchess when she went into church; who was the fairest woman, he said, in the whole world, and none ever seen to be compared with her since the days of Grecian Helen. But when, some days ago, I questioned my lord touching the success of the ambassador's suit, and the Queen's answer thereto, he said: 'By my troth, Nan, I understand that her

highness sent away the gooseman, for so she titled Senor Guzman, with a flea in his ear; for she said he had come on a fool's errand, and gave him for her answer that she would advise the Queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she might chance to find some of those on whom she relied shorter by the head.' 'O, my lord,' I cried; 'my dear Phil! God send she was not speaking of his grace your father!' 'Nan,' quoth he, 'she looked at his grace the next day with looks of so great anger and disdain, that my Lord of Leicester—that false and villanous knave—gave signs of so great triumph as if his grace was even on his way to the Tower. Beshrew me if I would not run my rapier through his body if I could!' 'And where is his grace at present?' I asked. 'He came to town last night,' quoth my lord, 'with my Lord Arundel, and this morning went to Kenninghall.' After this for some days I heard no more, for a new tutor came to my lord, who suffers him not to stay in the waiting-room with his grace's gentlemen, and keeps so strict a hand over him touching his studies, that in his brief hours of recreation he would rather play at quoits, and other active pastimes, than converse with his lady. Alack! I wish he were a few years older, and I should have more comfort of him than now, when I must needs put up with his humours, which be as changeful, by reason of his great youth, as the lights and shades on the grass neath an aspen-tree. I must be throwing a ball for hours, or learning a stage-part, when I would fain speak of the weighty matters which be on hand, such as I have told you of. Howsoever, as good luck would have it my Lady Lumley sent for me to spend the day with her; and from her ladyship I learnt that his grace had written to the Queen that he had withdrawn from the court because of the pain he felt at her displeasure, and his mortification at the treatment he had been subjected to by the insolence of his foes, by whom he had been made a common table-talk; and that her majesty had laid upon him her commands straightway to return to court. That was all was known that day; but at the very time that I was writing the first part of these woful tidings to you, Mistress Constance, his grace—whom I now know that I do love dearly, and with a true daughter's heart, by the dreadful fear and pain I am in—was arrested at Burnham, where he had stopped on his road to Windsor, and committed to the Tower. Alack! alack! what will follow? I will leave this my letter open until I have further news to send.

"His grace was examined this day before my Lord-keeper Bacon, and my Lords Northampton, Sadler, Bedford, and Cecil; and they have reported to her majesty that the duke had not put himself under the penalty of the law by any overt act of treason,

and that it would be difficult to convict him without this. My Lord of Arundel, at whose house I was when these tidings came, said her majesty was so angered at this judgment, that she cried out in a passion, 'Away! what the law fails to do, my authority shall effect;' and straightway fell into a fit, her passion was so great; and they were forced to apply vinegar to restore her. I had a wicked thought come into my mind, Mistress Constance, that I should not have been concerned if the Queen's majesty had died in that fit, which I befeared me was high treason, and a mortal sin to wish for one to die in a state of sin. But, alack! since I have left going to shrift I find it hard to fight against bad thoughts and naughty tempers; and when I say my prayers, and the old words come to my lips, which the preachments I hear do contradict, I am sometimes well-nigh tempted to give over praying at all. But I pray to God I may never be so wicked; and though I may not have my beads (which were taken from me), that the good Bishop of Durham gave me when I was confirmed, I use my fingers in their stead; and whilst his grace was at the Tower I did say as many 'Hail Maries' in one day as I ever did in my life before; and promised Him, who is God's own dear Son and Hers, if his grace came out of prison, never to be a day of my life without saying a prayer, or giving an alms, or doing a good turn to those which be in the same case, near at hand or throughout the world; and I ween there are many such of all sorts at this time.

"Your loving servant to command,

"Whose heart is at present heavier than her pen,

"ANN SURREY.

"P.S. My Lord of Westmoreland has left London, and his lady is in a sad plight. I hear such things said on all sides touching Papists as I can scarce credit, and I pray to God they be not true. But an if they be so bad as some do say, why does his grace run his head into danger for the sake of the Popish Queen, as men do style her? They have arrested Higford and Bannister last night, and they are to taste of the rack to-day, to satisfy the Queen, who is so urgent on it. My lord is greatly concerned thereat, and cried when he spoke of it, albeit he tried to hide his tears. I asked him to show me what sort of pain it was; whereupon he twisted my arm till I cried out and bade him desist. God help me! I could not have endured the pain an instant longer; and if they have naught to tell anent these plots and against his grace, they needs must speak what is false when under the rack. O, 'tis terrible to think what men do suffer and cause others to suffer!"

This letter came into my hand on a day when my father had gone into Lichfield touching some business; and he brought with it the news of a rising in the North, and that his Grace of Northumberland and my Lord of Westmoreland had taken arms on hearing of the Duke of Norfolk's arrest; and the Catholics, under Mr. Richard Norton and Lord Latimer, had joined their standard, and were bearing the Cross before the insurgents. My father was sore cast down at these tidings; for he looked for no good from what was rebellion against a lawful sovereign, and a consorting with troublesome spirits, swayed by no love of our holy religion, but rather contrary to it, as my Lord of Westmoreland and some others of those leading lords. And he hence foreboded fresh trials to all such as were of the ancient faith all over England; which was not long in accruing even in our own case; for a short time after, we were for the first time visited by pursuivants, on a day, and in such a manner as I will now briefly relate.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the Sunday morning which followed the day on which the news had reached us of the rising in Northumberland, I went, as was my wont, into my mother's dressing-room, to crave her blessing, and I asked of her if the priest who came to say Mass for us most Sundays had arrived. She said he had been, and had gone away again, and that she greatly feared we should have no prayers that day, saving such as we might offer up for ourselves; "together," she added after a pause, "with a bitter sacrifice of tears and of such sufferings as we have heard of, but as yet not known the taste of ourselves."

Again I felt in my heart a throbbing feeling, which had in it an admixture of pain and joy,—made up, I ween, of conflicting passions—such as curiosity feeding on the presentment of an approaching change; of the motions of grace in a soul which faintly discerns the happiness of suffering for conscience-sake; and the fear of suffering natural to the human heart.

"Why are we to have no Mass, sweet mother?" I asked, encircling her waist in my arms; "and wherefore has good Mr. Bryan gone away?"

"We received advice late last evening," she answered, "that the Queen's pursuivants have orders to search this day the houses of the most noted recusants in this neighbourhood; and 'tis likely they may begin with us, who have never made a secret of our faith, and never will."

"And will they kill us if they come?" I asked, with that same trembling eagerness I have so often known since when danger was at hand.

"Not now, not to-day, Conny," she answered; "but I pray to God they do not carry us away to prison; for since this rising in the north, to be a Catholic and a traitor is one and the same in their eyes who have to judge us. We must needs hide our books and church-furniture; so give me thy beads, sweet one, and the cross from thy neck."

I waxed red when my mother bade me unloose the string, and tightly clasped the cross in both my hands. "Let them kill me, mother," I cried; "but take not off my cross."

"Maybe," she said, "the Queen's officers would trample on it, and so injure their own souls in dishonouring a holy symbol." And as she spoke she took it from me, and hid it in a recess behind the chimney; which no sooner was done, than we heard a sound of horses' feet in the approach; and going to the window, I cried out, "Here is a store of armed men on horseback!" Ere I had uttered the words, one of them had dismounted and loudly knocked at the door with his truncheon; upon which my mother, taking me by the hand, went down stairs into the parlour where my father was. It seemed as if those knocks had struck on her heart, so great a trembling came over her. My father bade the servants throw open the door; and the sheriff came in, with two pursuivants and some more men with him, and produced a warrant to search the house; which my father having read, he bowed his head, and gave orders not to hinder them in their duty. He stood himself the while in the hall, his face as white as a smock, and his teeth almost running through his lips.

One of the men came into the library, and pulling down the books, scattered them on the floor, and cried:

"Look ye here, sirs, what Popish stuff is this, fit for the hangman's burning!" At the which another answered:

"By my troth, Sam, I misdoubt that thou canst read. Methinks thou dost hunt Popery as dogs do game, by the scent. Prithee spell me the title of this volume."

"I will have none of thy gibing, Master Sevenoaks," returned the other. "Whether I be a scholar or not, I'll warrant no honest gospeller wrote on those yellow musty leaves, which be two hundred years old, if they be a day."

"And I'll warrant thee in that credence, Master Samuel, by the same token that the volume in thy hand is a treatise on field-sports, writ in the days of Master Caxton; a code of the laws to be observed in the hunting and killing of deer, which I take to be no Popish

sport, for our most gracious Queen,—God save her majesty!—slew a fat buck not long ago in Windsor Forest with her own hand, and remembered his Grace of Canterbury with half her prey;” and so saying, he drew his comrade from the room; I ween with the intent to save the books from his rough handling, for he seemed of a more gentle nature than the rest and of a more moderate disposition.

When they had ransacked all the rooms below, they went upstairs, and my father followed. Breaking from my mother’s side, who sat pale and still as a statue, unable to move from her seat, I ran after him, and on the landing-place I heard the sheriff say somewhat touching the harbouring of priests; to the which he made answer that he was ready to swear there was no priest in the house. “Nor has been?” quoth the sheriff; upon which my father said:

“Good sir, this house was built in the days of her Majesty’s grandfather, King Henry VII.; and on one occasion his Majesty was pleased to rest under my grandfather’s roof, and to hear Mass in that room,” he said, pointing to what was now the chapel, “the church being too distant for his Majesty’s convenience: so priests have been within these walls many times ere I was born.”

The sheriff said no more at that time, but went into the room, where there were only a few chairs, for that in the night the altar and all that appertained to it had been removed. He and his men were going out again, when a loud knocking was heard against the wall on one side of the chamber; at the sound of which my father’s face, which was white before, became of an ashy paleness.

“Ah!” cried one of the pursuivants, “the lying Papist! The egregious Roman! an oath is in his mouth that he has no priest in his house, and here is one hidden in his cupboard.”

“Mr. Sherwood!” the sheriff shouted, greatly moved, “lead the way to the hiding-place wherein a traitor is concealed, or I order the house to be pulled down about your ears.”

My father was standing like one stunned by a sudden blow, and I heard him murmur, “’Tis the devil’s own doing, or else I am stark staring mad.”

The men ran to the wall, and knocked against it with their sticks, crying out in an outrageous manner to the priest to come out of his hole. “We’ll unearth the Jesuit fox,” cried one; “We’ll give him a better lodging in Lichfield gaol,” shouted another; and the sheriff kept threatening to set fire to the house. Still the knocking from within went on, as if answering that outside, and then a voice cried out, “I cannot open: I am shut in.”

“’Tis Edmund!” I exclaimed; “’tis Edmund is in the hiding-place.” And then the words were distinctly heard, “’Tis I; ’tis Ed-

mund Genings. For God's sake, open; I am shut in." Upon which my father drew a deep breath, and hastening forward, pressed his finger on a place in the wall, the panel slipped, and Edmund came out of the recess, looking scared and confused. The pursuivants seized him; but the sheriff cried out, surprised, "God's death, sirs! but 'tis the son of the worshipful Mr. Genings, whose lady is a mother in Israel, and M. Jean de Luc's first cousin! And how came ye, Mr. Edmund, to be concealed in this Popish den? Have these recusants imprisoned you with some foul intent, or perverted you by their vile cunning?" Edmund was addressing my father in an agitated voice.

"I fear me, sir," he cried, clasping his hands, "I befeare me much I have affrighted you, and I have been myself sorely affrighted. I was passing through this room, which I had never before seen, and the door of which was open this morn. By chance I drew my hand along the wall, where there was no apparent mark, when the panel slipped and disclosed this recess, into which I stepped, and straightway the opening closed, and I remained in darkness. I was afraid no one might hear me, and I should die of hunger."

My father tried to smile, but could not. "Thank God," he said, "'tis no worse;" and sinking down on a chair he remained silent, whilst the sheriff and the pursuivants examined the recess, which was deep and narrow, and in which they brandished their swords in all directions. Then they went round the room, feeling the walls; but though there was another recess with a similar mode of aperture, they hit not on it, doubtless through God's mercy; for in it were concealed the altar-furniture and our books, with many other things besides, which they would have seized on.

Before going away, the sheriff questioned Edmund concerning his faith, and for what reason he abode in a Popish house and consorted with recusants. Edmund answered he was no Papist, but a kinsman of Mrs. Sherwood, unto whose house his father had oftentimes sent him. Upon which he was counselled to take heed unto himself and to eschew evil company, which leads to horrible defections and into the straight road to perdition. Whereupon they departed; and the officer who had enticed his companion from the library smiled as he passed me, and said:

"And wherefore not at prayers, little mistress, on the Lord's-day, as all Christian folks should be?"

I ween he was curious to see how I should answer, albeit not moved thereunto by any malicious intent. But at the time I did not bethink myself that he spoke of Protestant service; and being angered at what had passed, I said:

"Because we be kept from prayers by the least welcome visit

ever made to Christian folks on a Lord's-day morning." He laughed, and cried :

"Thou hast a ready tongue, young mistress ; and when tried for recusancy I warrant thou'lt give the judge a piece of thy mind."

"And if I ever be in such a presence, and for such a cause," I answered, "I pray to God I may say to my lord on the bench what the blessed apostle St. Peter spoke to his judges : 'If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye.'"
At the which he cried :

"Why, here is a marvel indeed—a papist to quote Scripture!" And laughing again, he went his way; and the house was for that time rid of these troublesome guests.

Then Edmund again sued for pardon to my father, that through his rash conduct he had been the occasion of so great fear and trouble to him.

"I warrant thee, my good boy," quoth my father, "thou didst cause me the most keen anguish, and the most sudden relief from it, which can well be thought of; and so no more need be said thereon. And as thou must needs be going to the public church, 'tis time that thou bestir thyself: for 'tis a long walk there and back, and the sun waxing hot."

When Edmund was gone, and I alone with him, my father clasped me in his arms, and cried :

"God send, my wench, thou mayst justify thy sponsors who gave thee thy name in baptism; for 'tis a rare constancy these times do call for, and such as is not often seen, saving in such as be of a noble and religious spirit; which I pray to God may be the case with thee."

My mother did not speak, but went away with her hand pressed against her heart; which was what of late I had often seen her to do, as if the pain was more than she could bear.

One hour later, as I was crossing the court, a man met me suited as a farmer; who, when I passed him, laid his hand on my shoulder; at the which I started, and turning round saw it was Father Bryan; who, smiling as I caught his hand, cried out :

"Dost know the shepherd in his wolf's clothing, little mistress?" and hastening on to the chapel he said Mass, at the which only a few assisted, as my parents durst not send to the Catholics so late in the day. As soon as Mass was over, Mr. Bryan said he must leave, for there was a warrant issued for his apprehension; and our house famed for recusancy, so as he might not stay in it but with great peril to himself and to its owners. We stood at the door as he was mounting his horse, and my father said, patting its neck :

"'Tis a faithful servant this, reverend father; many a mile he has carried thee to the homes of the sick and dying since our troubles began."

"Ah! good Mr. Sherwood," Mr. Bryan replied, as he gathered up the bridle, "thou hast indeed warrant to style the poor beast faithful. If I were to shut my eyes and let him go, no doubt but he would find his way to the doors of such as cleave to the ancient faith, in city or in hamlet, across moor or through thick wood. If a pursuivant bestrode him, he might discover through his means who be recusants a hundred miles around. But I bethink me he would not budge with such a burthen on his back; and that He who made the prophet's ass to speak, would give the good beast more sense than to turn informer, and to carry the wolf to the folds of the lambs. And prithee, Mistress Constance," said the good priest, turning to me, "canst keep a secret and be silent, when men's lives are in jeopardy?"

"Aye," cried my father quickly, "'tis as much as worthy Mr. Bryan's life is worth that none should know he was here to-day."

"More than my poor life is worth," he rejoined; "that were little to think of, my good friends. For five years I have made it my prayer that the day may soon come—and I care not how soon—when I may lay it down for His sake who gave it. But we must e'en have a care for those who are so rash as to harbour priests in these evil times. So Mistress Constance must e'en study the virtue of silence, and con the meaning of the proverb which teacheth discretion to be the best part of valour."

"If Edmund Genings asketh me, reverend father, if I have heard Mass to-day, what must I answer?"

"Say the Queen's majesty has forbidden Mass to be said in this her kingdom; and if he presseth thee more closely thereon, why then tell him the last news from the poultry-yard, and that the hares have eat thy mignonette; which they be doing even now, if my eyes deceive me not," said the good father, pointing with his whip to the flower-garden.

So, smiling, he gave us a last blessing, and rode on towards the Chase, and I went to drive the hares away from the flower-beds, and then to set the chapel in fair order. And ever and anon, that day and the next, I took out of my pocket my sweet Lady Surrey's last letter, and pictured to myself all the scenes therein related; so that I seemed to live one-half of my life with her in thought, so greatly was my fancy set upon her, and my heart concerned in her troubles.

G. F.

The Ancient Saints of God.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

WE often practically divide the Saints into three classes. The ancient saints, those of the primitive age of Christianity, we consider as the patrons of the Universal Church, watching over its well-being and progress, but, excepting Rome, having only a general connexion with the interests of particular countries, still less of individuals.

The great saints of the middle age, belonging to different races and countries, have naturally become their patrons, being more especially revered and invoked in the places of their births, their lives, and still more their deaths; whence, St. Willibrord, St. Boniface, and St. Walburga are more honoured in Germany, where they died, than in England, where they were born.

The third class includes the more modern saints, who spoke our yet living languages, printed their books, followed the same sort of life, wore the same dress as we do, lived in houses yet standing, founded institutions still flourishing, rode in carriages, and in another generation would have travelled by railway. Such are St. Charles, St. Ignatius, St. Philip, St. Teresa, St. Vincent, B. Benedict Joseph, and many others. Towards these we feel a personal devotion independent of country; nearness of time compensating for distance of place. There is indeed one class of saints who belong to every age and every country; devotion towards whom, far from diminishing, increases the farther we recede from their time and even their land. For we are convinced that a Chinese convert has a more sensitive and glowing devotion towards our Blessed Lady, than a Jewish neophyte had in the first century. When I hear this growth of piety denounced or reproached by Protestants, I own I exult in it.

For the only question, and there is none in a Catholic mind, is whether such a feeling is good in itself; if so, growth in it, age by age, is an immense blessing and proof of the Divine Presence. It is as if one told me that there is more humility now in the Church than there was in the first century, more zeal than in the third, more faith than in the eighth, more charity than in the twelfth. And so, if there is more devotion now than there was 1800 years ago towards the Immaculate Mother of God, towards her saintly Spouse, towards St. John, St. Peter, and the other Apostles, I rejoice; knowing that

devotion towards our Divine Lord, His Infancy, His Passion, His Sacred Heart, His Adorable Eucharist, has not suffered loss or diminution, but has much increased. It need not be, and it is not, as John the Baptist said, "He must increase, and I diminish." Both here increase together; the Lord, and those who best loved Him.

But this is more than a subject of joy: it is one of admiration and consolation. For it is the natural course of things that sympathies and affections should grow less by time. We care and feel much less about the conquests of William I., or the prowess of the Black Prince, than we do about the victories of Nelson or Wellington; even Alfred is a mythical person, and Boadicea fabulous; and so it is with all nations. A steadily increasing affection and intensifying devotion (as in this case we call it) for those remote from us, in proportion as we recede from them, is as marvellous—nay, as miraculous—as would be the flowing of a stream from its source up a steep hill, deepening and widening as it rose. And such I consider this growth, through succeeding ages, of devout feeling towards those who were the root, and seem to become the crown, or flower, of the Church. It is as if a beam from the sun, or a ray from a lamp, grew brighter and warmer in proportion as it darted further from its source.

I cannot but see in this supernatural disposition, evidence of a power ruling, from a higher sphere than that of *ordinary* providence, the laws of which, uniform elsewhere, are modified or even reversed, when the dispensations of the Gospel require it; or rather, these have their own proper and ordinary providence, the laws of which are uniform within its system. And this is one illustration, that what by every ordinary and natural course should go on diminishing, goes on increasing. But I read in this fact an evidence also of the stability and perpetuity of our faith; for a line that is ever growing thinner and thinner tends, through its extenuation, to inanition and total evanescence; whereas one that widens and extends as it advances and becomes more solid, thereby gives earnest and proof of increasing duration.

When we are attacked about practices, devotions, or corollaries of faith,—“developments” in other words,—do we not sometimes labour needlessly to prove that we go no further than the Fathers did, and that what we do may be justified from ancient authorities? Should we not confine ourselves to showing, even with the help of antiquity, that what is attacked is good, is sound, and is holy; and then thank God that we have so much more of it than others formerly possessed? If it was right to say “Ora pro nobis” once in the day, is it not better to say it seven times a day; and if so, why not seventy times seven? The rule of forgiveness may well be the rule of seeking intercession

for it. But whither am I leading you, gentle reader? I promised you a story, and I am giving you a lecture, and I fear a dry one. I must retrace my steps. I wished, therefore, merely to say that, while the Saints of the Church are very naturally divided by us into three classes,—holy patrons of the Church, of particular portions of it, and of its individual members,—there is one raised above all others, which passes through all, composed of protectors, patrons, and nomenclators, of saints themselves. For how many Marys, how many Josephs, Peters, Johns, and Pauls, are there not in the Calendar of the Saints, called by those names without law of country or age!

But beyond this general recognition of the claims of our greatest saints, one cannot but sometimes feel that the classification which I have described is carried by us too far; that a certain human dross enters into the composition of our devotion; we perhaps nationalise, or even individualise, the sympathies of those whose love is universal, like God's own, in which alone they love. We seem to fancy that St. Edward and St. Frideswida are still English; and some persons appear to have as strong an objection to one of their children bearing any but a Saxon saint's name, as they have to Italian architecture. We may be quite sure that the power and interest in the whole Church have not been curtailed by the admission of others like themselves, first Christians on earth, then saints in heaven, into their blessed society; but that the friends of God belong to us all, and can and will help us, if we invoke them, with loving impartiality. The little history which I am going to relate serves to illustrate this view of saintly intercession; it was told me by the learned and distinguished prelate, whom I shall call Monsig. B. He has, I have heard, since published the narrative; but I will give it as I heard it from his lips.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH OFFICER'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

ON the 30th of last month—I am writing early in August—we all commemorated the holy martyrs SS. Abdon and Sennen. This in itself is worthy of notice. Why should we in England, why should they in America, be singing the praises of two Persians who lived more than fifteen hundred years ago? Plainly because we are Catholics, and as such in communion with the saints of Persia, and the martyrs of Decius. Yet it may be assumed that the particular devotion to these two Eastern martyrs is owing to their having suffered in Rome, and so found a place in the calendar of the catacombs, the basis of later martyrologies. Probably after having been concealed in the house of Quirinus the deacon, their bodies were

buried in the cemetery or catacomb of Pontianus, outside the present Porta Portese, on the northern bank of the Tiber. In that catacomb, remarkable for containing the primitive baptistry of the Church, there yet remains a monument of these saints, marking their place of sepulture.* Painted on the wall is a "floriated" and jewelled cross; not a conventional one such as mediæval art introduced, but a plain cross, on the surface of which the painter imitated natural jewels, and from the foot of which grow flowers of natural forms and hues; on each side stands a figure in Persian dress and Phrygian cap, with the names respectively running down in letters one below the other:

SANCTVS ABDON : SANCTVS SENNEN.

The bodies are no longer there. They were no doubt removed, as most were, in the eighth century, to save them from Saracenic profanation, and translated to the Basilica of St. Mark in Rome. There they repose, with many other martyrs no longer distinguishable; since the ancient usage was literally to bury the bodies of martyrs in a spacious crypt or chamber under the altar, so as to verify the apocalyptic description, "From under the altar of God all the Saints cry aloud." This practice has been admirably illustrated by the prelate to whom I have referred, in a work on this very crypt, or in ecclesiastical language, *Confession of St. Mark's*.

One 30th of July, soon after the siege of Rome in 1848, the chapter of St. Mark's were singing the Office and Mass of these Persian martyrs, as saints of their church. Most people on week-days content themselves with hearing early a Low Mass, so that the longer Offices of the Basilica, especially the secondary ones, are not much frequented. On this occasion, however, a young French officer was noticed by the canons as assisting alone with great recollection.

At the close of the function, my informant went up to the young man, and entered into conversation with him.

"What feast are you celebrating today?" asked the officer.

"That of SS. Abdon and Sennen," answered Monsignor B.

"Indeed! how singular!"

"Why? Have you any particular devotion to those saints?"

"Oh, yes: they are my patron saints. The cathedral of my native town is dedicated to them, and possesses their bodies."

"You must be mistaken there: their holy relics repose beneath our altar; and we have today kept their feast solemnly on that account."

On this explanation of the prelate the young officer seemed a little disconcerted, and remarked that at P— every body believed that the saints' relics were in the cathedral.

* See *Fabiola*, pp. 362, 363.

The canon, as he then was, of St. Mark's, though now promoted to the "patriarchal" Basilica of St. John, explained to him how this might be, inasmuch as any church possessing considerable portions of larger relics belonging to a saint was entitled to the privilege of one holding the entire body, and was familiarly spoken of as actually having it; and this no doubt was the case at P—.

"But, besides general grounds for devotion to these patrons of my native city, I have a more particular and personal one; for to their interposition I believe I owe my life."

The group of listeners who had gathered round the officer was deeply interested in this statement, and requested him to relate the incident to which he alluded. He readily complied with their request, and with the utmost simplicity made the following brief recital.

CHAPTER III.

THE OFFICER'S NARRATIVE.

"DURING the late siege of Rome I happened to be placed in an advanced post, with a small body of soldiers, among the hillocks between our head-quarters in the Villa Pamphily-Doria and the Gate of St. Pancratius. The post was one of some danger, as it was exposed to the sudden and unsparing sallies made by the revolutionary garrison on that side. The broken ground helped to conceal us from the marksmen and the artillery on the walls. However, that day proved to be one of particular danger. Without warning, a *sortie* was made in force, either merely in defiance or to gain possession of some advantageous post; for you know how the Church and Convent of St. Pancratius was assailed by the enemy, and taken and retaken by us several times in one day. The same happened to the Villas near the walls. There was no time given us for speculation or reflection. We found ourselves at once in presence of a very superior force, or rather in the middle of it; for we were completely surrounded. We fought our best; but escape seemed impossible. My poor little piquet was soon cut to pieces, and I found myself standing alone in the midst of our assailants, defending myself as well as I could against such fearful odds. At length I felt I was come to the last extremity, and that in a few moments I should be lying with my brave companions. Earnestly desiring to have the suffrages of my holy patrons in that my last hour, I instinctively exclaimed, 'SS. Abdon and Sennen, pray for me!' What then happened I cannot tell. Whether a sudden panic struck my enemies, or something more important called off their attention, or what else—to me inexplicable—occurred, I cannot say; all that I know is, that some-

how or other I found myself alone, unwounded and unhurt, with my poor fellows lying about, and no enemy near.

"Do you not think that I have a right to attribute this most wonderful and otherwise unaccountable escape to the intercession and protection of SS. Abdon and Sennen?"

I need scarcely say that this simple narrative touched and moved deeply all its hearers. No one was disposed to dissent from the young Christian officer's conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXPLANATION.

It was natural that those good ecclesiastics who composed the chapter of St. Mark's should feel an interest in their youthful acquaintance. His having accidentally, as it seemed, but really providentially, strolled into their church at such a time, with so singular a bond of sympathy with its sacred offices that day, necessarily drew them in kindness towards him. His ingenuous piety and vivid faith gained their hearts.

In the conversation which followed, it was discovered that all his tastes and feelings led him to love and visit the religious monuments of Rome; but that he had no guide or companion to make his wanderings among them as useful and agreeable as they might be made. It was good-naturedly and kindly suggested to him to come from time to time to the church, when some one of the canons would take him with him on his *ventidue ore* walk after Vespers, and act the *cicerone* to him, if they should visit some interesting religious object. This offer he readily accepted, and the intelligent youth and his reverend guides enjoyed pleasant afternoons together. At last one pleasanter than all occurred, when in company with Monsignor B.

Their ramble that evening led them out of the Porta Portuensis, among the hills of Monte Verde, between it and the gate of St. Pancratius—perhaps for the purpose of visiting that interesting basilica. Be it as it may, suddenly, while traversing a vineyard, the young man stopped.

"Here," he exclaimed, "on this very spot, I was standing when my miraculous deliverance took place."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. If I lived a hundred years, I could never forget it. It is the very spot."

"Then stand still a moment," rejoined the prelate; "we are very near the entrance to the cemetery of Pontianus. I wish to measure the distance."

He did so by pacing it.

"Now," he said, "come down into the catacomb, and observe the direction from where you stand to the door." The key was soon procured.

They accordingly went down, proceeded as near as they could judge towards the point marked over-head, measured the distance paced above, and found themselves standing before the memorial of SS. Abdon and Sennen.

"There," said the canon to his young friend; "you did not know that, when you were invoking your holy patrons, you were standing immediately over their tomb."

The young officer's emotion may be better conceived than described on discovering this new and unexpected coincidence in the history of his successful application to the intercession of ancient saints.

SANCTI ABDON ET SENNEN, ORATE PRO NOBIS.

N. C. W.

Talacre, Aug. 8, 1864.

To the Memory of a Sister.

I. THE PAST.

SHE is not gone;—still in our sight
That dearest maid shall live,
In form as true, in tints as bright,
As youth and health could give.

Still, still is ours the modest eye,
The smile unwrought by art,
The glance that shot so piercingly
Affection's keenest dart;

The thrilling voice, I ne'er could hear
But felt a joy and pain;—
A pride that she was ours, a fear
Ours she might not remain;

Whether the page divine called forth
Its clear, sweet, tranquil tone,
Or cheerful hymn, or seemly mirth,
In sprightlier measure shown;

The meek inquiry of that face
Musing on wonders found,
As mid dim paths she sought to trace
The truth on sacred ground;

The thankful sigh that would arise
When aught her doubts removed,
Full sure the explaining voice to prize,
Admiring while she loved;

The pensive brow the world might see,
When she in crowds was found;
The burst of heart, the o'erflowing glee,
When only friends were round;

Hope's warmth of promise, prompt to fill
The thoughts with good in store,
Matched with content's deep stream, which still
Flowed on when hope was o'er;

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER.

That peace, which with its own bright day
Made cheapest sights shine fair;
That purest grace, which tracked its way
Safe from aught earthly there.

Such was she in the sudden hour
That brought her Maker's call,—
Proving her heart's self-mastering power
Blithely to part with all;—

All her eye loved, all her hand pressed
With keen affection's glow;
The voice of home, all pleasures best,
All dearest thoughts below.

From friend-lit hearth, from social board,
All duteously she rose;
For faith upon the Master's word
Can find a sure repose.

And in her wonder up she sped,
And tried relief in vain;
Then laid her down upon the bed
Of languor and of pain;

And waited till the solemn spell
(A lingering night and day)
Should fill its numbers, and compel
Her soul to come away.

Such was she then; and such she is,
Shrined in each mourner's breast;
Such shall she be, and more than this,
In promised glory blest;

When in due lines her Saviour dear
His scattered saints shall range,
And knit in love souls parted here,
Where cloud is none, nor change.

II. THE PRESENT.

Birthday-gifts with the early year,
Lo, we bring thee, Mary dear;
Prayer and praise upon thy death,
Twined together in a wreath,

Grief and gladness, such as may
Keep a solemn holiday.
Christmas snow, for maiden's bloom
Blanched in winter's sudden tomb,
Christmas berries, His red token,
Who that grave's stern seal has broken:
These for thee the faithful heart,
Due mementos, sets apart.

'Twas a fast, that eve of sorrow,
Herald veiled of glorious morrow,
Speechless we sat; and watched, to know
How it would be;—but time moved slow
Along that day of sacred woe.
Then came the Feast, and we were told
Bravely of our best to bring,
Myrrh and frankincense and gold,
As our tribute to our King.

Dearest, gentlest, purest, best!
Deep is thy mysterious rest;*
Now thy trial hours are over,
And the angels round thee hover,
With the fanning of their wings
Keeping time to one who sings
Of high themes consolatory,
Of the All-loving and His glory,
Of the age that has no ending,
Of the day of thy ascending
From those shades of paradise
To the bright supernal skies.

Thinkest of us, dearest, ever?
Ah, so be it, naught can sever
Spirit and life, the past and present,
Still to yield thee musings pleasant.
God above, and we below,—
So thought ranges to and fro,—
He, in sooth, by tutorings mild,
From the rude clay shaped His child.

* "A sort of meadow in which souls suffered nothing, but remained, as not yet being fit for the Blessed Vision." St. Bede's *Hist.*

Fiery trial, anguish chill,
 Served not here His secret will;
 But His love in whispers drew,
 And thy vigorous soul so grew,
 That the work in haste was done—
 Grace and nature blent in one.
 Harmless this, and not unmeet,
 To kiss the dear prints of thy feet;
 Tracing thus the narrow road
 All must tread, and Christ has trod.

Loveliest, meekest, blithest, kindest!
 Lead! we seek the home thou findest.
 Though thy name to us most dear,
 Go! we would not have thee here.
 Lead! a guiding beacon bright
 To travellers on the eve of light.
 Welcome aye that star before us,
 Bring it grief or gladness o'er us;
 Keen regret and tearful yearning,
 Whiles unfelt and whiles returning;
 Or, more gracious thoughts abiding,
 Fever quelling, sorrow chiding;
 Or, when daylight blessings fail,
 Transport fresh as spice-fraught gale,
 Gleams from thee, which oft have lighted
 Weary heart and hope benighted.

I this monument would raise
 Distant from the public gaze:
 Few will see it; few e'er knew thee,
 But their beating hearts pursue thee;
 And their eyes fond thoughts betoken,
 Though thy name be seldom spoken.
 Pass on, stranger, and despise it;
 These will read, and these will prize it.

DALETH.

Literature in its Social Aspects.

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PART II.

WE are thus brought to the less agreeable part of our theme; but were we merely to "pronounce the panegyric" of literature, we should do it less than justice while we flattered it. It can afford to discard exaggerated pretensions, and need not conceal its aberrations or shortcomings. Partial views often lead to deeper delusion than statements wholly false. Literature does not require their aid. It is the first to proclaim that its part in human affairs, though great, is subordinate. Many of the charges brought against it will be found to be such as ought to have been brought only against those who abuse its gifts, usurp its functions, or claim for it what it never claims for itself. It is, as before, in connexion with the relations that exist between Literature and Society that we propose to consider the subject. In restricting our remarks to this theme, we must pass by much that would well reward attention, and occasionally make statements which may appear disjointed, because, instead of following the track of Literature in its continuity, we are obliged to cross the stream where its windings pass beyond our bound.

What are the censures commonly directed against literature by thoughtful men who fear its attractions and distrust its aids? It is not on the corruptions of letters that they descant; for these are accidental. They do not deny that literature has amassed "much goods," and is as skilful in dispersing them as in collecting. Their charge is of an opposite sort. They regard literature as a siren, whose shore is strewn with dead bones; as a witch, whose gold is an illusion. Her wealth, they say, is our poverty; and the strength she bestows is but weakness disguised. Her spoils are fine, and brought from afar: the silk-worm has woven the texture, and the sea-cave added the purple dye. But are these the stores, they demand, which moth and rust cannot corrupt? Might they not rather be called the sum-total of all that virtue has dispensed with often, and wisdom not seldom despised? The heroes who founded or who restored states were men not of arts, but of arms. They were not poets: poets but crept up and fed upon their work, as the caterpillar on the green leaf it destroys. They were not philosophers; but they supplied subjects for philosophy. First nations achieve great things: when that energy is gone, they sing them. Heroism thinks, and acts, and

suffers: virtue is silent, or sings but like that bird whose song is its dirge. The Apostles were not, with one exception, men of learning. The highest sanctity is probably most often reached by illiterate peasants of whom nothing is heard—men who needed no illusory realms of Fancy, but deemed themselves sufficiently provided for by a world of Duty and a world of Hope. Religion is an abstinent thing: her loftiest temples have often ascended after the devotion that created them was on the wane—the monuments of a faith extinct, not the shrines of a living one.

There is a truth in such statements; but it is not the whole truth, and it is capable of very different applications. The hero comes before the poet, and is the greater poet of the two; for he is the poet in act, not in word alone. He does not lift up his voice, but he lifts up his being; it is his life, not his song, that ascends and draws up with it so much. The legislator comes before the philosopher. It is not intellectual systems that he builds up, but human politics, social fabrics, the homes of a people, the fortresses of successive generations. The deliverer who leads forth a rescued nation is nobler than the minstrel who takes the timbrel, one day perhaps to celebrate its deliverance, and the next to lead idolatrous rites. Great deeds are more than great words, because inclusively they are great words—the select and perdurable speech of great nations. Great men are more than great writers; for their greatness is more inwardly theirs, and more diffused throughout the whole of their being. The poet projects himself forward through the power of imagination, and for the time leaves behind him the meaner part of his nature: the hero retains the full integrity of his being, and in an unbroken unity of soul is that which the other aspires to be. The martyrs came before the doctors, and the highest heroism precedes even the heroic age of bard and seer. The order of merit coincides with that of Time.

These truths are humiliating to letters, and literature has not always acknowledged them, disposed as she has sometimes been to identify civilisation with that which is, in fact, its offspring and its record. The successive periods of literature correspond with analogous periods in the growth of society; but it by no means follows that any particular period of literature, even the earliest and loftiest, corresponds with the highest period of true civilisation, virtue, and refinement. The tendency of literature in every nation has been to decline after a certain and early period. An important light is thrown on this fact, if we believe that even at the first growth of a nation's literature there had already commenced a decline in some of a nation's moral characteristics. Observing that the earlier period

of literature is the nobler, we are tempted not unnaturally to infer that the period of social development of which it is the exponent is likely to be that one in which morals have been purest and sentiment most sound, however defective may have been the more conventional parts of its civilisation. But the inference is a hasty one. Such a social period must have been a noble one: but it may easily be that an earlier one was, in some vital respects, a nobler one still. We often fall into the illusion of counting that age the primitive one in a nation's history, which was the first to speak of itself and leave records behind. Yet it too had a past as well as a future; and of that silent past the earliest literature is the memorial. The same ascending literature that heralded a new era of society commemorated an earlier one; as the same planet is the morning and the evening star.

It is not merely the instinct alluded to in the old adage, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, which makes us attribute a high moral condition to that social period in each nation which immediately preceded its literary development. The single circumstance that the villagers who gathered round Homer appreciated the most perfect poetry ever composed, and, except Shakespeare's, the most thoroughly human, proves that at a very early period there existed in Greece a state of society high as regards refinement of taste, and of which, but for that one memorial of it, we should have known little or nothing. That the same period was in its moral relations comparatively a good one, is implied by the many natural virtues illustrated by Homer's poetry—by its simplicity and kindliness, by a general purity the more striking from its unguardedness, and, above all, by the absence of all allusion to vices common in the subsequent ages of Greek poetry. Something like this is to be found in the earliest literature of most countries. A character both of greatness and of unconventional purity commonly belongs to it, the mere appreciation of which by contemporaries indicated a magnanimity and a majestic simplicity not possessed by later ages, however enriched and developed in other respects. Later ages, indeed, have often not retained enough of these moral qualities to enjoy the literature of the earlier period. Their critical discernment may have been clear enough to recognise its greatness, so far as verbal acknowledgments go; but the many, while they acquiesced in the traditionary verdict of Fame, were in practical harmony with those later and inferior works which their sympathy indirectly produced. If, then, the earlier period of society illustrated by literature was morally the nobler, it seems difficult to sever it from an age earlier still, which gave it birth, and the greatness of which by necessity found expression in its offspring. The earlier writers of each nation, moreover, generally extol an earlier age, as one compared with which

their own was morally degenerate; and it seems an arbitrary proceeding to attribute expressions so often repeated merely to a melancholy fancy.

Let us test this remark by the case of Italy. Dante may be looked on as the beginning of true Italian literature; and in him it reached a greatness which in more prosperous, and in some respects more civilised, periods, it could neither surpass nor sustain. In his *Divina Commedia* we find perhaps the most singular union of deep thought and soaring imagination which the world has produced. That poem is the great exponent of the Middle Ages, embodying all the lore of the scholastic theology, in union with countless interests, legendary, political, and personal; while it is characterised also by a style seldom approached, either for grave strength or for severe grace. Even the party-spirit of a small community, the fiercest perhaps of passions, could not long keep that poem in obscurity; and in a few years Florence had founded a professorship for the exposition of the work of him whom she had made an exile. His wish had been fulfilled; and the song which had "made him lean" for many a year, bade him at last stand up beside his baptismal font in the old baptistery—then not old—and claim the poet's crown. The age for which such a work was written, and which appreciated its greatness, must have been a great age, however rude in some respects; it must have possessed a moral depth, a spiritual fervour, and an imaginative refinement, such as have not characterised later ages during which the descendants of those who crowded round Boccaccio, as he lectured on Dante, hardly knew that the mighty bard had ever lived. Yet Dante repeatedly assures us that his age was a degenerate one. Conversing in the *Paradiso* with his ancestor Cacciaguida, the latter bitterly contrasts the morals of Florence with those of his earlier day:

"Florence within her ancient limit-mark,
Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,
Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.
I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone;
And with no artful colouring on her cheeks,
His lady leave her glass."*

He describes the domestic life of Florence before the age of frivolity had set in:

"One waked to tend the cradle, hushing it
With sounds that lulled the parent's infancy;
Another with her maidens, drawing off
The tresses from the distaff, lectured them

* Cary's translation of Dante, *Paradiso*, canto xv.

Old tales of Troy, and Fiesolè, and Rome.
 A Salterello and Cianghella we
 Had held as strange a marvel as ye would
 A Cincinnatus or Cornelia now."*

Yet the society of Dante's time had escaped some social vices, as would seem from such lines as these, referring to scandal;

"And as the unblemished dame, who in herself
 Secure of censure, yet at bare report
 Of other's failing, shrinks with maiden fear,"—

an assumption upon which later poets could hardly have ventured. That the age which produced Dante, with all its intellectual advance, was yet morally inferior, at least in many virtues, to the preceding age, is certainly what we should infer from his poetry.

In our own literature Chaucer holds a position analogous to that which Dante, different as is the character of his genius, occupies in Italian. In him we see the stately foundation laid for a period of English poetry which exists, alas, but in that unfulfilled promise. Of the fabric which must otherwise have been raised upon that basis we were deprived by the Wars of the Roses, and the barbarous condition which that struggle bequeathed. Chaucer is, among us, the great representative of the Middle Ages; but they had almost passed away when he wrote. In his works we recognise two ages; a past one, with all its chivalrous splendours and ecclesiastical solemnities; and again a very different age which was at hand, and of which the indications are to be found chiefly in his humorous poems—an age in which, with the great towns, the commerce of England was springing up, a commerce destined subsequently to bear so great a part in that great battle fought by the people of England against that Oriental despotism founded by the Tudors on the ruin of the old nobility and the ancient Church. The poet of Edward the Third's court and Philippa's bower does not let us forget that the age in which he lived was a great age; but he reminds us also that "the bright consummate flower" had already begun to shed its leaves. To us his age, like his verse, wears ever a youthful and vernal character: but the evening twilight has much resemblance to the dawn; and that age was the evening of a time in some respects nobler still. Two generations had elapsed since the last of the crusades; and the last had been very different from the first. When a few more had passed away, nations which had rushed to arms to free the Holy Sepulchre and rescue Christian captives, could hardly unite in their own defence. The Eastern empire fell. The West looked quietly on while the Crescent supplanted the Cross on the summit of the first-born of

* Cary's translation of Dante, *Paradiso*, canto xv.

Christian cathedrals. She trembled for herself. Vienna was saved by a son of that land which now groans beneath a barbaric yoke; and Europe scarcely escaped the domination of the Moslem. An earlier period than Chaucer's was a sounder one, though it had less to say for itself; and though its monuments are to be found less in books than in those mighty piles, wind-wasted and weather-stained, which still lift up their courses of "lonely stone into the region of sailing cloud and silent air."

So in Spain. The age of the chivalrous virtues had long passed when Calderon built their monument. So in ancient Italy. A Camillus, a Regulus, a Cornelia—these had become but names when Virgil and Horace rose, and

"Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song."

Horace indeed sings the moral decay, not without something of an epicurean pleasure like that with which we note the advancing tokens of mortality in an autumnal wood. He admired virtue after an æsthetic fashion; and his delicate ear was best pleased by her voice when the cadence was dying away in distance. If there existed a literature in the severer days of Roman morals, it survived but in that fair legendary lore with which Livy enriched his history; lore which, if untrue in its details, was founded in truth, and only continued to live because it expressed with truth the higher spirit of the early Roman state.

Many persons doubtless would concede that the age which precedes that of literature, in the development of society, is superior to any that follows it as regards the hardier virtues, but yet rejoin that it is inferior in refinement. They would point to the ceaseless wars of early times, and to deeds of atrocity at later times rare. But this is a delusive test. The most terrible cruelties were enacted in ages which are not by any means *characterised* by such crimes. Where the best men abound, the bad will naturally become the worst to be found any where. They became the worst in a large part by their resistance to the special opportunities then existing for the development of goodness. Morally and intellectually the character of an age is to be inferred rather from its higher specimens than from its lower, as in comparing the heights of men it is on their heads that we lay the measuring-rod. The character of the worst is no doubt an important element in the analysis; but it is from that of the best men, especially if they were held in contemporary honour, that we can make the safest inference respecting the general character of the age. An early, and in some respects barbaric, time does not care, like later times, to hide its defects; its greater crimes lie upon the surface of

its stormy annals; and to suppose that they represent the age is as though we were to seek an average exponent of a later time in its police-reports, taking notice neither of its finer and more evanescent traits, nor of its permanent institutions. In spite of its wildness, it is especially by imaginative refinement and moral tenderness that a primitive age is characterised. Whence but from this source proceed that reverence, modesty, and courtesy, which belong to such an age, and which, when extinct elsewhere, we often meet among the rural poor who live by tradition, and in visiting whom we seem to have passed into an earlier century?

The essential refinement of periods which were coarse indeed as well as refined, but which neither boasted of the former characteristic nor concealed the latter under a specious disguise, is proved to us by the literature of those periods. The true test, however, is the positive, not the negative, one. The question is, what period showed the highest imaginative and moral refinement by the most conclusive evidence; not what period was most careful to avoid every thing of an opposite character. The latter is a question of consistency, and neither nations nor individuals are consistent. To apply the test: Is not Shakespeare, with all his strength, quite as much distinguished from the poets of a feebler day by his light touches—hair-strokes they might be called—of tenderness? In whom do we meet such a delicate implication, such a graduated expression, a reticence so eloquent and suggestive, so modest a reserve? What is it that especially characterises our ballads, composed for the poor chiefly, and the delight of an early age? It is their exquisite, though unconscious, pathos, even more than their vigour,—that fine, though careless, handling, compared with which the most laborious imitations are clumsy. A better illustration of the subject cannot be found than in old Chaucer. It is true that he is often strangely coarse, especially when treating low or humorous themes. His was a large nature; and in a large nature, if it be not held under discipline, there is commonly room for much evil. But the loftier region of his poetry is marked by the most opposite character. Where his subject is a high one, there is no English poet more simply or more subtly refined. Whoever has read the versions of Chaucer, made more than three centuries after his death by Dryden and Pope, must have been struck by the superiority of the early bard in this respect. The coarser passages are brought into prominence in the later versions, and divested largely of the humour which belongs to the original. The refinement and pathos of other parts are all but lost. These qualities belong still more eminently to Dante, in spite of his austerity, and what has been called his cruelty. Notwithstanding the stern deeds

with which they abounded, the times which appreciated those qualities in Dante and Chaucer must have had a very remarkable degree of imaginative refinement; and that they actually possessed it a proof is to be found in the other arts beside that of poetry. To apply this. If, in spite of advancing civilisation, such qualities, beside the other moral characteristics of a simple age, declined, it does not seem improbable that the moral and social decline may have begun at an earlier period. The circumstance that first-class poets are above their age does not prevent our seeing clearly the extent to which they could count on its sympathy and appreciation.*

It may be asked, how it can happen that in the age of the greatest moral soundness a nation does not make at least a beginning of its literature. But might we not as justly demand why those ages during which literature advances are not necessarily ages of advancing virtue. The earlier age may have done its part in indirectly causing what it has not actually produced. That a moral decline, though not without revivals, takes place, no one doubts: the only question is, when it begins. It must have been at work a considerable time before it was perceived; and during that time all that produces literature may have been at work also with an energy equally unseen. Except Homer and Hesiod, hardly any of the great Greek authors whose works remain to us lived before the Persian War. Almost immediately after that war they rose, with the rapid growth of trees springing from a volcanic soil. How much of social fermentation must have gone on before the heat that stimulates such a growth was created! Before that wonderful outburst of genius had taken place, Greece had grown to such a strong and sound moral condition as enabled her to vanquish the hosts of Persia. When it was passed, she was unable to defend her liberties against the "man of Macedon." This great period of literature was then in some important respects a period of decline, whenever that decline may have begun. That in other respects there is an advance—that the political and intellectual energies of a nation make progress at periods subsequent to that in which its moral heart was soundest—cannot be doubted.

Authors may be offended, but literature is not disparaged by the supposition that its upgrowth is commonly immediately subsequent to

* Among the better signs of this age we may count the many translations of Dante and editions of Chaucer which have appeared in it. Among the latter we may name an excellent work, edited by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, under the name of *The Riches of Chaucer*. It is intended for popular reading, the metre being accented, the spelling modernised, and obsolete words explained; while those passages are not included in the selection which Chaucer repented of having written.

a nation's highest period of moral excellence. It would follow, indeed, that society can do without books, but not that it can dispense with that which inspires books. Supposing the principle in question fully established, it is capable of two opposite applications, and of these the sounder one is any thing but sad. If a high moral condition exists before it illustrates itself in literature, it does not assuredly exist in vain. It exists because the same virtuous and fruitful spirit, of which literature becomes in time the legitimate offspring, has embodied itself in forms yet more exalted—in a life magnanimous and plain, in large sympathies, in pure manners, in heroic toils, in social institutions, in religious rites. There is surely something cheering in the thought that there existed an early greatness which needed and sought no fame. There is something not out of harmony with a spiritual philosophy in the belief that the merit which wears a conspicuous crown is yet but a token of another merit less within the ken of the senses, and protected by the veil cast over it. Poetry and the other arts are not less virtuous arts because they derive their inspiration from an influence at once so potent and so inward that it can sway great communities before it manifests itself in books, marble, or colour. The glory diffused by that influence may have become greater when its power has become less. It is after the sun has set that the heavens are enkindled above it.

Yet this is a statement which needs to be qualified. In thus speaking of literature, we speak, in fact, but of a part of it—the only part which has been faithfully transmitted to us. We must here distinguish between two stages in the early growth of literature. There is a stage when it becomes conscious of its greatness, and takes thought for its own preservation. There is a previous stage in which literature has scarcely disengaged itself from the ordinary offices of life, and in which the minstrel no more knows that he sings than the shepherd-boy that he whistles. This primitive literature (if it be not a solecism so to designate what has often existed independently of written letters) commonly disappears after a life, more or less long, of oral transmission, and survives chiefly in its effects. Doubtless at this early stage literature may well be supposed to have coincided with the manliest period of a nation's existence, and before any moral decline had begun. The oral era of poetry must ever have preceded that of books. We know that it did so in Hellas. The Grecian literature that dates from after the Persian War is, we must remember, but its surviving portion. Long before that time Greece had been rich in minstrelsies, which have not descended to us, and most of which were probably never committed to writing. Whether the art of

writing existed among the Greeks till centuries after the death of Homer, is a matter of dispute.

That his works should have survived seems almost a miracle; and that many works analogous to them, if not equal to them, perished, admits no doubt. The two great poems of the early age which remain to us remind us of those that oblivion has covered; as rocks that rise above the surface report of mountains buried beneath the sea. The only one of his contemporaries, or immediate followers, of whom any thing has been preserved, is Hesiod; and he, like Homer, derived his mythic lore from bards whose very names we have never heard. The cyclic or epic poets who succeeded Homer and Hesiod, during a period of several centuries, were numerous. Of their works we know no more than that they embodied the early history of the Greek states, and recorded the fortunes of heroes and demigods—of Hercules, of Theseus, and of the Argonauts. When the epic poetry ceased, the early lyric poetry arose. It, too, existed for a vast period: it embodied in mystic hymns the earliest traditions of the Grecian, and probably of the Egyptian, temples; it tracked the progress of the Hellenic race through the changing fortunes that shaped its various communities; and yet of all its schools—Æolian, Ionian, Dorian, and Theban—we retain almost nothing. We know little more of them than their names. Arion and Stesichorus sang, we are told, choral strains, out of which tragedy, at a later day, took its rise. Archilochus caught his inspiration from political passion; and Alcæus not less:

“ ‘Woe, woe to tyrants!’ from his lyre
Broke threateningly in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.”

Ibycus, Callinus, and Sappho,—these and many more such are to us little but names. Their songs were part of the early Grecian life, and with it they have perished. Their authors probably never thought of a literary immortality. They sang from impulse, or to serve some immediate moral or political end—a circumstance not wonderful at that early period. Tyrteus and Terpander* were in the strictest sense politicians. In the Dorian states the character of poetry was regulated by law; so little original was the maxim of the modern philosopher who exclaimed, “Let who will make the laws of a country, so I may make its songs!”

If we have lost so much that belonged to a time later than that of Homer, what chance had earlier minstrelsies of surviving? The verses that once most deeply moved their hearers have often perished from no cause more remote than the circumstance that the lan-

* See Thirlwall's *Greece*, vol. ii. p. 124.

guage was not, in their day, fixed in a permanent shape. In the absence of a language tolerably matured, the poet is as the sculptor with imperfect tools, or the architect with a bad quarry. The great poets, it is true, have sometimes formed a language: but if they had come a little earlier, they would have found no material sufficiently coherent to take a permanent shape. Here we find a very humble reason for the circumstance that a developed literature belongs to a period later than that when society seems to have been morally best qualified to produce it. But what inference are we to draw from the fact? Not by any means that society would never have lost its youth if literature had not come and taught it to grow old. As well might it be said that we lose our infancy by cutting our teeth. A nation's heroic time must pass away in any case. If it be followed by literature, it is at least by the heroic age of literature, which takes its themes from the age gone by, adds to them the radiance of the imagination, and far from hastening the evanescence of a noble time, prolongs its stay, and provides its substitute.

But to return to our earlier remarks. Literature, as we have suggested, began with a moral decline, and for this reason continues commonly to descend as it advances. It has its distinct periods, which correspond with those of social development. We can but glance at a few of the chief divisions. It begins by being a Vocation or an art; it becomes subsequently a Profession; in its decline it sinks into a Trade.

The earliest of these periods is the noblest, because it is the one least detached from actual life. Men sing of the great deeds their fathers wrought, and in which they themselves in boyhood had perhaps a part. But daily the connexion between literature and action becomes less close, and society is either affected by that change, or, from other causes, undergoes a similar one. We are told by the great master of the human heart that the native hue of resolution becomes "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Hamlet, the man of contemplation, when forced into action, is found wanting. He can moralise every trifle; but every trifle can make him defer action, and he ends by acting from accident. It is thus with nations too. A spell seems sometimes to lock up their energies after that period when the literary intellect has attained, not only a large, but a separate development. For many years past one of the chief Continental nations has been referred to as an example of this weakness.

We use the word 'separate' as well as 'large,' because this weakness, national or individual, does not proceed so much from intellectual development as from the circumstance that the intellect,

during its development, is apt to separate itself from the moral powers; so that the man is weakened by that which destroys the unity of his being. The first-class men of action—heroes, conquerors, legislators—are always, it should be remembered, men of thought too; but men of thought *inclusively*, not *exclusively*. Their intellectual processes may be conducted with more or less of consciousness; but all their actions are founded on a solid judgment, and directed by a piercing foresight. The converse proposition does not hold equally good; and the professed man of thought does not, whether consciously or unconsciously, include the man of action. He is therefore a smaller being than a first-class man of action; for, though a larger range of objects presents itself to his intellect, he yet himself includes a smaller number of those faculties, moral and intellectual, which are the constituents of human nature. His being is narrower, though his intelligence is larger; there is less substance in it, though in it pure intellect may be more expanded. There is also less greatness in him in proportion as there is more consciousness of greatness. He loses that simple power through which the “men of old,” as the poet tells us,

“Went about their gravest deeds
Like noble boys at play.”*

To the man of action he stands in a relation like that which criticism bears to poetry. The power that analyses sits in judgment over the power that creates, and does not know that it is but a separated section of the great creative mind. It is not in force of character that nations advance in proportion as literature advances, even during its best period. They often lose in energy as they gain in thoughtfulness—a circumstance which renders a nation that has retained somewhat of barbaric strength and unity of action not a little formidable to its more peaceful neighbours. But the change is far from being owing exclusively to literature. In this respect literature doubtless is acted on by society, although it reacts upon it in turn. In doing the latter, it often averts a worse evil than it brings. Without it the light heart might more often be lost without the grave mind being won.

“Of all low ways that worry, vex, and weary us,
Preëminently two there may be reckoned:
The first of these is trifling with things serious,
And seriousness in trifles is the second.”

When the season of buoyancy departs, that of seriousness comes perforce; and if the culture of high literature did not aid those influences which turn it to a better mood, it might more often degenerate into

* Lord Houghton's Poems.

that seriousness about trifles from which levity on grave matters is the dreary recoil.

Be this as it may, the evil, if evil there be, is not mended as literature advances to its second period. It, too, has its thoughtfulness; but its thoughts have lost their solidity. Here again the individual is the interpreter of that which society but produces on a larger scale. The different classes of thoughtful men differ from each other as much as the man of thought differs from the man of action. We find one class of men whose thoughts are substantial and vital, moulding their being and determining their deeds; we find another class whose thoughts, no matter how beautiful, or even profound, are but barren thoughts, and produce no more effect on the mind through which they pass than the reflection of clouds on the water through which they seem to move. Such thoughts may belong to very great minds, yet they cannot be said to be their offspring, for they partake in no degree of their substance. The thoughts which are the genuine birth of the mind are those which have been quickened at least by experience, not those which rise out of a region of pure abstraction. They are connected with actual life by a certain bond of action or suffering. Action and suffering render experience possible; experience communicates reality to thought; and thought thus impregnated, as it were, from the outward world, brings forth the substantial offspring of the soul. The thoughts thus produced bear on them the likeness of the soul, and preserve a family resemblance to each other. They may be few in number, and they are slowly matured; but they possess the consistency of life; they enlist strong sympathies; they lead to action. With the other and more abstract class of thoughts it is different. They cost little and bequeath nothing. They are but ciphers without a unit to stand before them. They pass through the mind, but do nothing for it; as bricks pass through the mould, which still remains a mould, not a house.

Here, then, are two classes of thoughts. Which should we expect to predominate in the earlier, and which in the later, period of literature? The order is the same as that which we find in the growth of society itself. That earlier literature which has scarcely separated itself from life is that which possesses solidity of thought. The consistency of sincerity belongs to it. Its mirth is as earnest as its pathos. It comes from the heart, and goes to it. At this period books are looked on with reverence, as human souls embodied; nay, as truth itself, militant or triumphant. At a later period, literature would be embarrassed by such tokens of respect. It claims far other merits. Its pride is in its versatility. It prefers aspects and phases

of truth to truth full-faced, and looks on reality as its rival. It has lost its hold both of fact and of the ideal; and is thus separated from truth by two removes. This is the period when books multiply, and knowledge is mapped out into provinces, but when men are moved no more. It becomes an understood thing that authors are too clever to mean quite what they say, and that, however conclusive a statement may seem, the opposite one might be made to appear conclusive no less. Opinions take the place of convictions, and views of opinions. Literature acknowledges a dependence neither on faith nor on nature. She has set up in her own name and become a Profession. She copies the great works of antiquity, or re-combines their elements. She avoids their faults, but cannot catch their inspiration. Her hand has precision, and her taste is good; but her work cannot rise above the academic.

There remains to be noticed the third period of literature, which, however low it may be, with the aid of a little plunder from better times, knows how to trick itself out to advantage. It is the decline. The period of thought divorced from moral vitality is succeeded by that of words divorced from thought. "A man full of words shall not prosper," neither shall a nation or a literature. A time comes when literature pours itself forth on all the winds, and means nothing. Here and there it has learning; but its learning is undigested; its precision is but pedantry; and what passes for originality proceeds not from depth, but from paradox, or from the circumstance that the writer has forsaken the highways of life and sought for the by-ways, in order to chronicle trifles which it was not worth while to observe. We speak with contempt of the Eastern opium-eaters; and do not know that in reading such books, remote from all truth, we are opium-eaters in our way, contented if a gay imagery passes before a vacant eye, and careless of the avenging debility. A portion of this literature embodies a nation's day-dreams, another its gossip. What we read we call 'books;' but it is neither fair print nor a forcible style that makes aught worthy of that name. Its true type is to be found in the newspaper-press: there we find it in its most honest form, because with least of pretension; and there we should study its mode of action, if we would know the secret of a spell by which many made for better things are ensnared.

Whoever has been thrown, during a rainy day at a country inn, upon a file of old newspapers for his solace, can hardly fail to have learned something. He has been amused with more of artistic skill than he knew to have been so expended. He has admired the tact with which the reader's interest has been kept up from day to day:

the rumours circulated to be contradicted, but never contradicted till a new one has been provided; the clever disquisitions resting upon a baseless hypothesis; the art with which brilliant illustrations of past history were woven into a context with which it was plain, within a week, that they had no relation. He has seen the petty scandal of the hour blown to the dimensions of a political philosophy or a theology, and replaced by another with still brighter hues, when the last bubble had burst. He has observed the culinary skill with which an article, which was first served up hot, was a week later made to do duty cold, with the aid of a little fresh garnish; the ability with which a single truism was expanded into a column of letter-press, while yet a concise style made each sentence, apart from the rest, seem to burst with significance. He has noted the craft that guided popular sentiment while it seemed to follow, or that followed where it was supposed to guide. The work was never allowed to lose its freshness; something was always reserved for the morrow; and each day had its infinitesimal portion of real news spread over tracts of letter-press large enough to paper the walls of Bedlam. The man of anecdote spread his nets from the nearest servants'-hall to foreign courts and camps, and affirmed that in his pilferings was to be found the fate of the civilised world. The philosopher provided his theory to prove the popular impression a profound discovery, or change the popular will into "simple modesty." The moralist did the virtuous indignation with dignity as well as force; and the prophet had his vaticination in time and tune. If either had to be reversed, it was easy to find a cause in changed circumstances, or different contributors simply exchanged manuscripts, and each writer wrote with the strength of sincerity, while yet the journal enjoyed the full benefits of duplicity and tergiversation. In short, a great combined work was done as if Providence itself had directed the various agents, while the aims and results were very different from those commonly attributed to Providence. Every one had played his part with a considerable share of self-respect; but a great conspiracy had, notwithstanding, been carried on against truth. Whatever had to be said or done, some one was always found to whom it was the most natural thing possible to say or do that thing. He gained his livelihood, it is true; but he worked as much from some strange sympathy with the vast machine of which he was a part, as for pay. Of course the world was deceived; but that was because it was more anxious to be deceived than any one was to deceive it.

Is this exaggeration? Literature sinks low in proportion as its pretensions are high, from the moment it proves false to them; and with all its parade of high functions, may easily subject itself to

influences not nobler than those which determine the character of the newspaper-press. A book of philosophy may be but the battle-cry of a faction, and a history in many volumes may be but a party-pamphlet in disguise. Novels, or works that bear the name, may introduce the reader to company as low as the theatre could have introduced him to at its lowest period. The highest problem may be placed in the hands of the penny-a-liner, and its solution be illustrated by a caricature. Books of travel and gossiping memoirs but carry the plague forward on lighter wings. In a period of corruption literature becomes but the servant of a nation's humours, or of her curiosity. Society having got into a morbid state, literature has to sympathise with morbidness. With the melancholy it must be melancholy, ever implying that the universe was made by mistake, or was not meant for persons whose merits cannot be fathomed by their nearest friends. Like the attendant of a wealthy hypochondriac, it must know how to talk of every symptom, tread the deep carpet noiselessly, and draw back the curtain carefully, not letting in too much light on a temple consecrated to all the maladies. It must console—not by recording other sufferers, but by proving that such suffering was never known before. It must prove that society is ill-used; and enlarge on the fact that the richer the nation grows, the more loudly a certain formidable class proclaims that it is starving. It must be caustic on foreign morals, and marvel at the continued existence of Continental nations; for its patriotism is not of that order which loves what is native to the soil, but of a very different one—that which cavils at every thing else. To every one it must be eloquent on his wrongs, and prevent him from undervaluing himself. Punctual to the hour, books and pamphlets must come by hundreds, grinning with the promised jest. Old jests, like old quack medicines, will serve as well as new, if the wheel be not made to bring them up again too soon. Hardly an incident in Church or State, in public life or in private, that does not admit of a humorous exhibition, if the adept has learned but the art of tossing them, and catching them on the reverse side. The sadder society grows, the more it wants to laugh: the old jest-books are galvanised accordingly into reluctant life, and fresh animation flashed into a million of old skulls. The tourist shuns antiquities and arts, but preserves in amber his bill of fare and the witticisms of the *valet de place*. Philosophy laughs like a monkey; and even the epicurean poem indulges in a cynic grin when the cup that has stood too long turns sour. Mirth means neither gladness of heart nor a sense of the humorous: it is a stereotyped affectation implying nothing but a fixed resolution to see nothing seriously. Nothing can surprise, nothing can delight

the genius of this dried-up literature. It looks down upon all things with the same stolid eye and from the same imaginary elevation.

The picture we have drawn is a sad one, but not necessarily a hopeless one. Whence comes the evil? Has literature generated the disease spontaneously, or caught it from society? Even the lightest species of literature is obliged, by an inner law, to delineate with fidelity that society of which it is the exponent; only its fidelity is that, not of the compass, but of the weather-cock—true to the fleeting breeze, and telling the truth of that in which the truth is not. It may increase the evil which it illustrates, but in the main it must be regarded as a symptom rather than a cause. To remove the symptom the cause must be removed, and that cause is to be found in the condition of society. But that condition may be unsound without being beyond the healing art. It is true that the distempered state of literature we have glanced at may proceed from an absolute hollowness in the condition of society, from an incurable corruption at its heart. But it may proceed also from maladies more near the surface and less difficult to deal with. The triumph of literature itself produces some of the evils it has to contend with. The number of readers becomes immensely large; the supply of books grows proportionately: the necessary consequence is, that there gradually comes into existence a vast book-trade, ruled by the ordinary commercial laws of supply and demand. Now there are objects enough which may become legitimate matters of barter; but thoughts are not of their number; and when that becomes commercial which was intended for higher things, the trade thus generated becomes among the lowest that exist. The evil is increased when the wholesale or retail dealers in this trade are called on, not to meet intellectual needs, but to provide intellectual luxuries, cosmetics, and trinkets. The flimsier the merchandise, the more unscrupulous will naturally be its vendors. Another cause for the evil will be found in the large number of writers who are drawn to literature not by any real vocation, but by vanity or the instinct of imitation. The aids and appliances of knowledge have multiplied: dictionaries, grammars, and careful editors have thrown the gates of ancient learning back on their hinges; and translations have made all literatures of one tongue. The natural consequence is that multitudes become authors, who soon discover that, with great powers of expression, they have nothing to say. They began without genius, and found subsequently none of those wholesome difficulties by rubbing against which even inferior faculties acquire a fine edge. Facility thus fosters mediocrity. With no bad motives men write; and as literary vanity gains upon

them, they seek in affectation or exaggeration the originality denied to them by nature. It has sometimes been said that improvements in the medical art have an indirect tendency to make the human race degenerate, by keeping alive multitudes of sickly children, who become the parents of the next generation, but who, in an earlier period of the world, would have died off in infancy. It is thus that bad books generate worse, until the swarm appears less the offspring of living intelligence than an insect race generated by intelligence dead. Yet in all this what can we say but that nature's usual law of compensation prevails? Great intellectual gains have become greatly reduced by their own indirect consequences, and the strength of the flood, by breaking the barrier, has made the stream shallow.

So long as the impaired condition of literature results only from special circumstances inherent in a particular stage of society, not from a decay of its moral energy, there is room for a better order of things. In the midst of ephemeral letters great books still rise up, fountains of genuine power and omens of better times. For a time they are lost in the crowd; but it dies off from them at last, and they emerge. The very circumstance that their authors had to do battle with all the contradictions of an inferior day gives to those works an extraordinary value. They could not have survived, had not the spirit of life been strong within them; and they are often in a remarkable degree free from conventional vices. To produce them their authors are compelled to have recourse to deeper principles than prevail in their own day, or in times near their own: the consequence is, that those works, while belonging to what we have called the third period of literature, often resemble those of the first period more than those of the second; as a man often resembles his grandfather more than his father. So long as they appear, the struggle is still going on between the two spirits that rule the age. As the higher spirit or the lower one prevails, literature must rise or fall. Indirectly its battle is fought by whatever imparts to society a more manly heart (which has always the finer sensibilities) and a deeper mind. The merest drudgery, if it imparts strength or exacts self-denial, contributes to the elevation of literature more than all the patronage of wealth or protection of academies. In proportion as vanity, effeminacy, and self-occupation cease, the nobler books will find their own, and the meaner will lose their attractions. Men will still need amusement as well as work; but they will find out that idle books are the worst form of idleness. Idleness in the fields, or idleness among neighbours, is visited by many a healthy and genial influence; but the idleness of those who are always breathing the exhausted air of books intended but to amuse the idle, debilitates and destroys.

Literature throws off its diseases chiefly by a recurrence to wholesome food and wholesome exercise. However beset by modes and fashions, the aspirant may ever turn his eyes back upon that one great model of all genuine art—Nature. How to understand her, and how to interpret her, he will best learn by the assiduous study of those chief writers—few, but permanent—who have stood out in each great age of literature, the Classics of the nations.

Violet's Freak.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FREAK.

NEXT morning when she entered the breakfast-room, the expected invitation from her cousins in London was placed in her hands. She flushed up when she read it, knowing well what it meant; but she returned it quietly to her aunt, and went on sipping her tea.

After breakfast, aunt and niece had a serious conversation in the garden; and after that Mrs. Dorothea sought Mrs. Singleheart in dismay. Violet had acknowledged her past faults, and asked forgiveness: Violet had actually talked some common sense; and yet she had declared her intention of wearing her ring and keeping her promise.

Mrs. Singleheart heard with approval. "Never mind her, my dear," she said; "she is going to London, and that is all we want."

Meantime Violet was busied in conceiving an idea which exceeded in foolishness any of her former caprices. Her one aspiration was now to be true and thoroughly in earnest. A fit of reaction was upon her, and she had yet many mistakes to acknowledge, and many pains to endure, ere her judgment gained the balance it wanted, and she learned to avoid extremes. Rushing in haste from the trammels of one folly, she leaped into those of another.

"Aunt Dorothy seems to think," she said, "that this London lawyer will be sure to like me. I will try and make him detest me: I will be as ugly and stupid as ever I can."

Musing on this resolve, it took by degrees a heroic shape, and developed itself into a plan. Aunt Dorothy drove with her to the neighbouring town to make purchases in preparation for her approaching visit. Instead of spending hours in selecting the most dainty fabrics and fantastic fashions, she quickly chose the ugliest articles she could find, and hurried away from temptation. Aunt Dorothy would have remonstrated; but Mrs. Singleheart, more far-seeing, advised her to let the girl have her own way, rightly surmising that the remnant of her folly was about to expend itself in a last effort, and that speedily a recovery might be looked for.

On the morning of her departure, Violet, having left all her pretty gowns hanging up in her wardrobe, resolutely equipped herself in a

dress of dowdy make and ugly pattern. Before tying on her bonnet, she rubbed something over her face which made her fair skin yellow. Then she drew the comb through her hair, bringing it heavily down over her low forehead, so as almost to touch her eyes. No longer pretty, but quite the reverse, she regarded herself thus metamorphosed, and in spite of the twinges of mortified self-love, she enjoyed a species of satisfaction.

"I shall often be vexed to look like this," she thought; "but it will help to keep me true. The pain will be a good punishment for my vanity."

When she stepped into the carriage to drive away, a thick veil was tied tightly over her face. She thought that the kind old ladies were thus kept in ignorance of this new extravagant whim. They were too wise to undeceive her.

CHAPTER VIII.

VIOLET GRASPS THE WHIP.

DURING the first half of her drive to London, Violet hugged her new resolve; and whilst smoothing down the folds of her ugly dress, and touching the disfiguring masses of hair which hung over her eyes, congratulated herself on her lately-acquired strength of purpose and capacity for self-sacrifice. She thought bitterly of her past misconduct. She blushed to remember how she had recklessly, through mere wilfulness and caprice, amused herself with the attentions of a gentleman, much as she would, some few years ago, have amused herself with her doll or her skipping-rope. Now that she had parted from good Aunt Dorothy, her heart smote her sorely for all the pain and annoyance she had so often inflicted on that kind guardian. "I wonder she had so much patience with me," she murmured, the tears starting in her eyes. "I wonder she didn't beat me like a baby and lock me up. But I have taken the rod in my own fingers now; and if I only live long enough, my wicked evil-working vanity shall suffer sorely before I will lay it down."

Truly enough she was preparing to beat herself, and in a very original fashion. She grasped the rod, and looked forward to future smartings with Spartan firmness. Towards the end of her journey, however, the enthusiasm of her valour began to cool. The illusion of calm heroism vanished, and she saw her cowardice in its true colours. The spirit made feeble efforts to sound the depths of its own courage; and the flesh began to shrink from anticipated blows. In the midst of a tremor of shame and dread, Violet arrived at the house of her cousins in London.

The Dashaways lived in a fashionable square. They were not rich, but they dressed splendidly, went every where, and mingled conspicuously in the wealthy crowd. The Dashaway papa was not a person of much consequence; but little known except at his club. The Dashaway mamma was a lady whose chief aim in life was to be considered a person of vast importance in the little world in which she moved. The Dashaway daughters were three very elegant young ladies, who chiefly lived to dress. The two eldest had the reputation of being good-natured girls; that is, so long as they were stylishly attired, and had plenty of amusement, they were willing to live on agreeable terms with all others whose gowns and bonnets cost as much as did their own, and who had also license to spin perpetually in the giddy dance of pleasure. Laura, the youngest of the three, was a beauty,—a goddess, before whose shrine mother and sisters were accustomed to bow.

For some reasons Violet's visit was welcome to the Dashaways, and for other reasons it was rather the reverse. They had not seen her since her childhood; but rumours of their cousin's beauty had not failed to reach them. Poor Aunt Dorothy was too fond and proud to keep silence on the subject. Laura was at present the star of the Dashaway and other drawing-rooms. It would be rather vexatious were Laura to be outshone. Still, the office of *chaperone* to an heiress was one quite after the heart of the mamma. The presence of wealth in her train would give an *éclat* and importance to her movements which a whole legion of beauties could never bestow.

On the evening of Violet's expected arrival, Mrs. Dashaway sauntered about the room which was prepared for her niece, arranging the flowers on a stand, shaking out a curtain to flow more gracefully, and stopping now and again before a cheval-glass to arrange the fall of a lappet or to settle the folds of her duchess-like drapery. She was very curious to see this niece, who was an heiress and a beauty; very anxious to compare her with her own daughters. "I hope she will not be too great a belle," thought this unworldly mother of three daughters; "her wealth will make her attractive; Laura's Grecian features and golden hair will be little when weighed in the scale with her thousands a-year. If she be commonly good-looking and lady-like, the young men will hover about her like drones about a hive. I only hope master Frank Forensic may not be caught like the rest. If she plays Laura that trick, I shall not easily forgive her, nor myself for bringing her here."

The bustle of Violet's arrival interrupted the mamma's speculations.

With her head down, and her cheeks burning through her veil, Violet entered the Dashaway hall. The servants, who had expected to see a very splendid young lady indeed, retreated a step, and telegraphed glances when they saw the dowdy little figure. On the drawing-room landing she encountered a violent rustling of silk, and was welcomed by her aunt and cousins. Her burning consciousness of the oddity of her appearance forbade her to lift her eyes to scan their faces. She writhed under their criticism,—she who was accustomed to raise her proud little head, and receive the homage of admiring glances as her right from man and woman. She dared not look at the faces around her; but she felt their involuntary looks of surprise stinging her from head to foot. Now was her pride suffering its promised pain; now was the lash of the whip cutting into the quivering flesh.

It was wonderful how doubly and trebly increased was the ardour of the mamma Dashaway's welcome, after a dowdy little bonnet had been removed by eager cousinly fingers, and the visitor stood confessed in all her plainness of person and tastelessness of attire. Mamma looked at Laura, and Laura looked at the mirror. Triumph took possession of the breast of each, and the sirup of complacency sweetened both tongues. Emily and Georgina "took her to pieces" meanwhile in their own minds. It was a wonder she was not better-looking. Her features were not bad, rather good indeed, when you examined them one by one; but she was awry somehow. Her hair was rather a pretty colour, but then it came down to her eyes, and she had no forehead. Her skin, too, was the skin of a half-caste.

They left her at last for a little while. She glanced at herself in the glass and started back. What a disfigurement,—what a blotting out of fair lines was there! She instinctively threw the hair back from her brows, and snatched a towel to rub that lying stain from her skin. Ah, but the stain was not so easily removed. Besides, had they not seen her, and how account for a change? And besides (this came last of all, we are sorry to say) had she not resolved to punish herself, and would she now let the rod drop out of her fingers because the first strokes drew blood?

She smoothed the hair above her eyes, and made herself as presentable as was possible under the circumstances. She looked ruefully through her wardrobe, and at last arrayed herself in a dinner silk of a chessboard pattern; such a gown as might better have suited her grandmother. Her toilet finished, she contemplated her unfamiliar figure in the mirror. A maid came in to help her; for, in order to preserve her secret, she had brought no servant with her.

She saw in the glass the disdainful glance of the fine lady's-maid bent on her face, and the heart of eighteen swelled in her throat.

Next, her cousin Laura came in to see if she were ready to descend to dinner,—came floating in, radiant in a robe of pale blue, with ornaments of gold twinkling on her fair throat and wrists. Violet saw in the glass the contrast presented by her own deformed figure and this bright creature. She struggled in silence with her vanity for some moments while she fastened the clasp of a bracelet. When the evil spirit was laid, she raised her eyes meekly to her cousin's face, placed her hand in hers, and accompanied her downstairs.

CHAPTER IX.

WHOLESOME SMARTINGS.

MR. FRANK FORENSIC had been intimate with the Dashaways for years. In bygone holiday times he had danced with Emily and Georgina at juvenile parties. In the present days, he was often invited to their house. The young man was rapidly making name and fortune; and of late there had been rumours of his having great expectations from some unknown quarter. The condition upon which depended the fulfilment of these great expectations was of course a dead secret to the world. And so the Dashaways were very civil to Mr. Frank Forensic. They still called him "Frank," as in the days of the juvenile parties; and the mamma thought in her heart that, if report spoke truly, he would not be a bad match for her pretty Laura. "Frank," however, had not yet seen a face as sweet to him as the little childish face that lay between two covers of a small morocco-case kept by him under lock and key; and which somehow reminded him of waving trees and tinkling streams, and other things fresh and pleasant, and utterly distinct from any thing that existed in the artificial atmosphere in which he lived and worked.

From his intimate friend Mrs. Singleheart, Frank had received intimation of Violet's expected visit to London; and with alacrity he had accepted an invitation to a party given by the Dashaways on the evening after her arrival.

Violet's first night with her cousins passed off drearily in the extreme. Their conversation was of gaieties, past and to come, of which she knew little, and which had no interest for her in her present troubled state of mind. Their manner was irksome to her. They assumed superiority; and she was as yet very far from feeling humble enough to enjoy being patronised. Then she did not like the mamma Dashaway. She compared that worldly and fashionable dame with the gentle unpretending Aunt Dorothy at home, and won-

dered that she had never discovered the latter's perfections before. When she laid her head on her pillow that night, she heartily longed to be back at Summerfield; if only Summerfield could be first removed a thousand miles away from Brushwood, gaunt Brushwood, whose dreary walls must enclose her a prisoner one day, and if only Mr. Augustus Canterdale might be banished to the other end of the world. Oh, if time past could only be wished into the future again, and she could transport herself back to the day when she first arrived from school! How patiently she would read aloud from Aunt Dorothy's sober books; how earnestly she would stitch, stitch, and help Aunt Dorothy with the charity-children's petticoats! How thoroughly would she now believe the dear old lady's warning, that the poems and tales she devoured were not to be taken as pictures of real life, and that those who accepted them as such would be led into trouble and confusion!

But it was useless wishing now. Of her own will she had done the mischief. Obstinate she had been frivolous and vain and disobedient. The sin was upon her head, and so also must be the punishment. It was nobody's fault but her own that she found herself condemned to marry a person whom she disliked, and to spend her life an unhappy prisoner in Brushwood Park. It was nobody's fault but her own that she was now a disfigured creature, shamefaced and unattractive, suffering a self-imposed penalty without the patience which might give dignity to the little sacrifice; instead of being free and glad, fair and pleasing, as God had made her. No; it was useless wishing now. She cried herself to sleep, and wakened in the morning sad and humble.

The prospect of the expected party was painful to Violet. She dreaded meeting new strangers, and reading the criticisms that their eyes expressed. She began to perceive that the appearance of the heiress of Summerfield had astonished a great many persons, being something so very much the reverse of what had been expected. This was part of her punishment, and must be endured; yet it was with no little shrinking at heart that she witnessed the preparations for the evening festivities.

A school-girlish white muslin with heavy blue trimming was the dress in which Violet arrayed herself for her first party. Emily and Georgina shrugged their shoulders at her. The mamma remonstrated mildly; but Violet winced to see the expressive glance with which she turned from her to the beautiful Laura, whose becoming dress was a marvel of exquisite tint and texture. She winced, and a tear sprang to her eye. "I don't care what they think," said that tear; "but I wish I were home with Aunt Dorothy."

She entered the room with Laura, and quickly looked about for a shady corner in which to hide herself; but there were no shady corners that night in Mrs. Dashaway's brilliant drawing-rooms. She got as far as possible into the shelter of a curtain, and began to watch the guests as they came in. She had heard Mr. Forensic mentioned during the day; some one had said that he was expected in the evening. She had heard other names in the same way; Mrs. This and Miss That. Now, feeling indisposed to ask questions of her cousins, she employed herself in speculating on the names, tastes, and dispositions of the different people as they came in. That large lady in amber silk was no doubt the Hon. Mrs. So-and-so, and looked as if she were fond of poodle-dogs. And that old gentleman, with the shrivelled face, the scant white hair, and the waspish expression of countenance, that was surely Mr. Forensic, the lawyer who was going to grasp Summerfield. "Ah!" she thought, "he could tell them all what a cheat I am; and that Summerfield is not mine after all. I wish he would; and then they would be shocked, and send me home; and nobody would notice whether I was ugly or not, any more."

At that very moment the real Frank was standing at some distance surveying the crowd from the observatory of a corner. He was looking out for the original of that face which he had left locked-up at home, and was getting rather impatient because he could nowhere find it. He was a tall man, and looked clever and good-natured; but he was neither so young, nor so well-looking as the heir of Brushwood. Amongst the scores of faces which Violet's eye had scanned was this one; and the idea which it suggested was as follows: "That is a kind-looking man; if I were a beggar, I am sure he would give me a penny."

In the same way, Frank's eyes had rested on Violet; and it had occurred to him to wonder who was the plain serious-looking little girl who sat so persistently behind the curtain, and who seemed to be so soberly "taking notes" of the company. By and by Violet saw him dancing with Miss Laura; and during the progress of that dance he learned, to his surprise, that Miss de Coverley of Summerfield was in the room.

When the dance was over, with smiling grace the fair Laura conducted him to her cousin. Violet had been busied in watching some other people, and was startled out of a reverie by Laura's voice at her side. This was how she missed hearing the name of the gentleman who was presented to her.

If Frank was astonished and disappointed, his grave good-humoured face betrayed nothing. Perhaps it was to cover embar-

rassment that he asked the young lady to dance the set of quadrilles which was just about to be formed. And certainly it was the result of embarrassment, of not being prepared with a ready refusal, that Violet crossed the room on his arm, and took her place amongst the dancers. She had taken it for granted that no one would ask her to dance; that all would shun a person so unpleasing. And now, how she wished that she had been left in her corner; now, when she stood unsheltered in the centre of the crowded room!

Poor Violet! she felt as if all eyes were upon her. Trembling with nervousness, she moved awkwardly and made mistakes. "Miss de Coverley of Summerfield Hall" was whispered in more quarters than one; and "Dear me, what a plain little girl!" and "I thought some one said she was pretty!" were the most flattering of the remarks which followed the mention of her name. The dance went on, and she grew more hot and uncomfortable. At last it came to an end, and with burning cheeks she begged her partner to take her back to her seat behind the curtain.

"She is terribly shy," thought Frank; and forthwith restored her to her corner. After another dance, however, he came sauntering back to her neighbourhood, just to see how she was getting on. Arriving by her side whilst her face was turned away to the window, he detected her in smuggling a tear from her eyelash whilst she examined the leaves of a plant close by.

"Poor little thing!" thought good-natured Frank, "I wonder what she is unhappy about. I wonder if these Dashaways are kind to her. A worldly set! and she just fresh from the country, poor child, and her kind aunt. She's home-sick, perhaps. I wonder if these people could have heard any rumour about her property being in danger. If they have, I wouldn't stake much on their affection." Here Frank glowered at unconscious Laura and her unconscious mamma. "If I thought so, I'd write off this very night, and state at once that I forego my claim. I might as well have done it before, but I am such a fellow for putting off and forgetting. Poor little thing!"

He sat down beside her and began to talk. Very quietly at first, just a word now and then, so as not to frighten her. By and by she got accustomed to his kindly manner; felt that he was not staring at her, nor thinking of her ugliness, and listened to what he said, quite pleased. He asked her about her aunt and about Summerfield, and what she had seen since she came to London; advised her what pictures were best worth studying in the National Gallery; offered to lend her a copy of Gray's poems; and asked her opinion about things that were not silly, in a grave deferential way. And

all this time Violet had not the least idea of who he was. Mrs. Dashaway came up once and addressed him as "Frank," but that told her nothing.

Violet danced no more that night. Two or three times Frank left her to join the crowd, but always found his way back again to the silent white little figure beside the curtain. She was so shy and lonely, poor little thing; and she could really talk so intelligently when you drew her out! The evening that had begun so dismally passed quickly and pleasantly for Violet; and when the time for breaking up arrived, she had not yawned once, and had forgotten whether she was ugly or the reverse. When she went to her room that night, however, she turned the face of her dressing-glass to the wall and muffled the cheval-glass in a neighbouring curtain. She went to sleep thinking of those pictures which she was to see in the National Gallery.

The next morning Laura was rather sulky at breakfast, and the mamma Dashaway was less bland than usual.

"How nicely Violet monopolised Mr. Forensic last night!" cried Emily archly, as she seated herself at the table.

"Mr. Forensic!" echoed Violet in amazement; and she blushed up to the roots of her hair, and then turned as white as the table-cloth.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. SINGLEHEART TO AUNT DOROTHEA AT SUMMERFIELD.

London.

MY DEAR DOROTHEA,—You will be surprised to see where I date from; but I have been in London for the last three weeks, paying a visit to my sister and her family. I have seen Violet several times, and have more than once been on the point of writing to you concerning her. My motive for delaying to do so has been a good one; but I think the time has now come when I may tell you all I have observed.

The first time I met her was by chance at a *conversazione*. I noticed the Dashaways, and observed Laura speaking to a plain sad-looking little girl, who had been sitting very quiet for a long time, and looking as though she were exceedingly tired and wished the evening were over. After Laura had left her, I continued to observe this girl, thinking I traced in her a likeness to some one I knew. At last, happening to raise her eyes, which she seemed to keep habitually on the ground, they met mine by chance, and she started and blushed crimson. The expression of the eyes was familiar to me, and I said to myself, "It is Violet."

I went to her side at once and spoke to her. She seemed both glad and ashamed to see me. She clung to my hand, but I could not get her to talk much. She shunned meeting my eye, and indeed I did not wonder. You never saw a creature so completely metamorphosed. You remember we suspected that she had been disfiguring herself in some ridiculous manner on the day she left home, but indeed I never dreamed she would have persevered like this. I said to her, "Violet, what have you been doing to yourself?" and she squeezed my hand tight, and said, "Please, don't say any thing about it, Mrs. Singleheart. I did it to punish myself, and I think it is doing me good."

The child's words struck me very forcibly, and showed me her character in a new light altogether. I felt a little triumphant when I remembered how some time ago I had prophesied that there were better things in Violet than you or I could see just then. I obeyed her request; and when Mrs. Dashaway spoke to me in a pitying sort of way about poor Violet's being so "sadly plain," and lamented that pretty children "would grow up so different from what you expected," I made an effort, and (not without some difficulty, I assure you) kept poor Violet's secret.

Now if I had written to you of this at the time, you would have been most indignant at the part I had taken in the matter, and would have come hurrying up to London to insist upon your dear girl's throwing off the mask, and shining in the firmament of society as her natural gifts would entitle her to shine. But in this, dear friend, you would have been wrong. The more closely I observed Violet and studied her conduct, the more convinced did I become that she had spoken truly when she said, "It is doing me good."

For indeed any advantage which she has lost in appearance, she has surely regained with double interest in her manner, and I think in her mind and tastes also. She is diffident and thoughtful, and I find that she gives her attention to worthy things which some time ago would have had few attractions for her. I believe that a strengthening and invigorating process has been going on inwardly as the result of what appeared at first a ridiculous whim, but whose origin I now trace to a noble impulse. Therefore I refrained from writing to you some time ago as I am writing to you now; I did not wish the good work interfered with. But I must now continue my narrative.

The next time I saw Violet it was of an afternoon, when I had called to pay a visit at her aunt's house. Mrs. Dashaway and the young ladies were there, and, as usual, had a great deal to say, while Violet was very silent. I did not quite like their manner to Violet; and I thought she did not seem at ease with them. I hope

I have not judged them too hardly; but they seemed to me to regard her as a stupid ugly little thing, who would not have been entitled to any consideration had she not been an heiress. It was clear to me that Violet felt this more keenly than I did; and I must say, I was pleased to see how patiently she bore it.

And now about my old friend Frank. He called to see me shortly after my arrival; inquired for you; and I thereupon asked him if he had seen Miss de Coverley since her arrival in London. (Of course he was not aware that I was in the secret of the will.) I thus found an opening to talk of Violet, and to learn what opinion he had formed of her,—a matter on which, I confess, I was rather curious. I mentioned casually that her aunt Mrs. Dashaway seemed much disappointed in her looks. He frowned at this, I thought, and said quickly:

“Looks, Mrs. Singleheart!—looks are not every thing. She has gifts and qualities which are a thousand times better than beauty.”

He got up then and walked over to the window. And as I looked after him, I thought, “I am exceedingly glad to know you have found that out.”

Some time passed, during which I often saw both him and Violet. I sometimes met them in each other's company, and rejoiced to see that they seemed very excellent friends. Indeed, I knew from Frank that his good opinion of the child was not decreasing; for I need hardly tell you that I am one of those persons with whom others are inclined to be confidential; not that Frank has any idea that he ever made a confidence to me.

One evening I was at a musical party at Mrs. Dashaway's house. Towards the end of the evening an incident occurred which surprised me a good deal. Frank was standing by Violet's chair, talking to her. She was looking very happy, when Mrs. Dashaway paused in passing by, and whispered to her. Violet coloured to the eyes, and in a few minutes afterwards rose and left the room. I followed her upstairs, and found her in her own room crying bitterly. When I spoke to her kindly, she threw her arms round my neck, and forth came a whole burst of troubles, which had all been kept secret before.

“It's all about Mr.—Frank, as they call him,” she said. “Aunt Dashaway says I talk too much to him; and I can't help it. I don't dance; and I go and sit in the farthest corners, and still he comes and sits beside me. And I can't help being pleased; because he talks so nicely and cleverly, and he keeps me from feeling lonely. He's the only person in London who has been kind to me since I

came. And please, Mrs. Singleheart, will you write to Aunt Dorothy, and ask her to send for me home?"

I said I would think about that. She looked very dreary when she said that word, 'home;' and she certainly shuddered as she glanced at that wretched little emerald ring which she always wears on her finger. "We must try and rid you of that before we bring you home," I thought.

Some days later I was going to see her one afternoon, when whom should I meet a few doors from the house but Mr. Augustus Canterdale? "And where have you come from," I thought, "you bird of evil omen?"

I was glad to find that Mrs. Dashaway and her daughters were out visiting; for I dreaded to find poor Violet in trouble, and I wanted to have her all to myself for an hour. I had a few minutes of suspense in the drawing-room, and then in she came, not down-cast or tearful, as I had expected, but smiling so brightly, and tripping with so light a step, that I guessed at once what had happened. I glanced at her hand, and the emerald ring was gone.

She flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me over and over again. "Oh, Mrs. Singleheart," she said, "I have been such a foolish girl; but it seems so long ago, all that; and I am going to try and be wise for the rest of my life. I am free now; and, oh, I am so happy!"

I made her sit down and tell me how it happened.

"This is how it has been," she said. "Some time ago my cousins were speaking something about my being an heiress; and I told them I was not an heiress at all; for that Summerfield had been willed to another person, and would cease to be mine after I reached the age of twenty-one. You cannot think how amazed they seemed; and I cannot help feeling that they have never been so kind to me since that day. It seems they told some other people about it, and the report reached Brushwood. Mr. Canterdale refused to believe it, and came off to London, to ask me whether it was true or not. When I heard who wanted to see me, I got quite sick; but when I came into the drawing-room, and saw his face of dismay at my changed appearance, there came such a delicious rush of hope into my heart, that I felt strong in a moment. He could not help staring at me, and evidently thought me dreadfully ugly. He was in a pitiable state of embarrassment. He said something about having heard that I had had an illness, and evidently thought that bad health had wrought the change that he saw. I did not contradict him.

"By and by I discovered his errand, though he tried to manage

his business very artfully. I gave him full information; and between the bad news and the sight of my ugliness, he was so dismayed that he evidently thought he should never get back that ring soon enough. I quickly made him a present of it, and bowed him out. And now, dear Mrs. Singleheart, coax Aunt Dorothy to take me home at once; tell her I am going to be so good, and never give her trouble any more."

And now, dear Dorothea, I am leaving London early next week and, if you approve, I will gladly undertake to conduct Violet to Summerfield, and will be pleased to rest with you a day or so on my way home.

I remain, my dear Dorothy,
Your affectionate friend,
SARAH SINGLEHEART.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

It need hardly be said that lonely Aunt Dorothy at Summerfield opened wide her arms in welcome to her worthy friend and her repentant niece. Violet was thankful and happy to find herself once more at home. She was a new creature now, and entered eagerly upon the pleasant duties which she found lying every where around her. Aunt Dorothy no longer lay awake at night, ruminating in sad perplexity. The bare recollection of her old absurdities was enough to make Violet's face burn with shame.

Not to spin our story too long, we may as well state at once that Summerfield did not pass away from the hands of the De Coverleys. Mr. Frank Forensic before very long succeeded in obtaining an invitation from Aunt Dorothea. We need scarcely inform our readers that he was not disagreeably surprised to find that his pet miniature had got an original after all.

In course of time there was a wedding at Summerfield, and the bridegroom's name was Frank. The Dashaways came from London to be present, having learned that the story about the loss of Summerfield had been quite a false alarm. The sudden and extraordinary change for the better in Violet's looks is still a problem amongst them.

Mrs. Singleheart and Aunt Dorothea are faster friends than ever. And there is nothing more to be told.

R. M.

The Concordat of Eighteen Hundred and One.

MONSIEUR THIERS, in his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, observes, with regard to the Concordat, that despite revelations already made, much still remains to be known. A curious page has now been added by the Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, if free from suspicion. Looking at what relates to the Concordat precisely, we are struck with some remarkable discrepancies between his account and that given by the great French writer. None can be better informed than Cardinal Consalvi, who was the prime negotiator throughout this momentous affair, besides being Secretary of State to Pope Pius VII. and his intimate friend. The violence displayed by Bonaparte, and the bad faith of the French government, come out strongly in these pages. Consalvi expresses himself on all occasions with priestly moderation, making large allowance for the difficulties of circumstances; but facts speak an eloquent language. Neither the Pope nor his minister appear to *tremble*, as they have been too often represented. Simply they are men knowing they have a high duty to perform, with little of human means to aid them; anxious to obtain as much as possible of Church right, determined to cede nothing that conscience forbade.

The first step emanated from Bonaparte, as he was returning through Italy after the battle of Marengo. He intimated to the new Pope, through Cardinal Martiniana, Bishop of Vercelli in Sardinia, that he wished to enter into negotiations for the purpose of settling religious affairs in France. A request was likewise added that Monsignor Spina, Archbishop of Corinth, *in partibus infidelium*, might be sent to meet him with this view at Turin. Monsignor Spina accordingly went thither; but General Bonaparte, instead of arriving, expressed his desire that the prelate should immediately come on to Paris. He did so, accompanied by Padre Caselli, belonging to the Order of the Servites, as his theological adviser.

After a short stay in Paris, Mgr. Spina announced that he did not hope any favourable result. The spirit of the French nation, or at least of the prevailing party, and that of the government, seemed alike opposed to granting such terms as Rome must necessarily demand. Nevertheless the negotiation was not put an end to; Mgr. Spina still lingered in Paris, when a new feature suddenly sprang up by the unexpected arrival of a French envoy in Rome.

He came without any official mission, without credentials. A communication to Mgr. Spina simply required him to notify to the Holy See that a French diplomatist was proceeding to Rome for the better settlement of affairs. But if the mode of proceeding betokened a want of courtesy, and might give reason to mistrust the sincerity of the French government, no person could have been better chosen for the circumstances than M. de Cacault. He was a man of honour and integrity; and though he had served under the old monarchy, was greatly esteemed by Bonaparte. Some of the best years of his youth had been passed in Rome; he loved it and many of its inhabitants; was familiar with Roman usages, and well disposed towards the Papacy. Several projects for a Concordat had proved abortive. Under his influence one at length reached Rome which seemed possible of acceptance, with amendments. The draft in its corrected form was sent back to Spina, and powers were given him to sign it, if France accepted. But Bonaparte would agree to nothing short of the original form; and he warned the Pope at the same time how much his resistance was perilling religion in France, as well as the temporal power of the Holy See. Pius VII. felt it his duty to persevere; Mgr. Spina was instructed to express this determination in the mildest language.

The courier from Paris was anxiously expected. On his arrival M. de Cacault went in person to communicate the tenor of the despatch received. His instructions were to inform the Pope, "that if within five days of the intimation given, the draft of the Concordat already sent from Paris was not signed without any change, restriction, or correction, he (Cacault) was to declare a rupture between the Holy See and France, and to quit Rome immediately, bending his course towards Florence, where General Murat lay, at the head of the French army in Italy." At the same time M. de Cacault asked for his passports in readiness.

Despite all the dangers that threatened, the Pope's answer, concerted with the Cardinals, was such as became the head of the Church.

He regretted his inability to acquiesce in what was required, for the most sacred duty forbade it; he deplored the departure of M. de Cacault, the unwarranted rupture with France, and the consequences that might ensue; but placed his cause in the hands of God, prepared for all events.

Cardinal Consalvi bore this message to the French envoy. M. de Cacault little expected such a reply, and was deeply moved. The violence and inflexibility of Bonaparte's temper left no room to hope any modification in that quarter; his own orders received were peremptory; on the other hand, M. de Cacault's good sense admitted the

cogency of the arguments used; he saw that Rome could not yield on matters of conscience.

But it was difficult to point out any prudent mode of acting. At length Cacault lighted on what seemed to him a means of salvation. He suggested that Cardinal Consalvi should go himself to Paris, and in person state to General Bonaparte the same reasonings; they could not fail to have their weight. This idea appeared at first impracticable; but it was referred to the Pope and Cardinals; and the mission of Consalvi was finally decided on.

Another difficulty still remained. Whatever might be the subsequent success in Paris, the departure of Cacault from Rome alone sufficed to proclaim a rupture. He might perchance stay the march of Murat; but how arrest the movements of Italian revolutionists eagerly watching their opportunity? Cacault acted throughout with good feeling. He dared not prolong his stay one hour beyond the time prescribed; but, fertile in expedients, he advised that Consalvi should accompany him to Florence. Thus a fair understanding with France would still be supposed to continue.

M. de Cacault, however, appears to have written home, laughing at the fears displayed by Consalvi during this journey: he calls him *le malheureux*; and declares that he was constantly saying to the inhabitants of the districts through which they passed: "*Voilà le ministre de France!*" M. Thiers quotes this letter in support of similar views, and mentions the correspondence of Mgr. Spina, and afterwards of Cardinal Caprara, with Rome, as having a like tendency. That of Consalvi he evidently did not see; and we must bear in mind that the two Papal envoys named above were expressly chosen by Bonaparte himself.

General Murat received Consalvi most courteously, and the latter continued his route to Paris. After a fatiguing journey of fifteen days, he arrived there in the night of the 6th of June. The Cardinal alighted at the hotel where Mgr. Spina and Padre Caselli were staying. Early the next morning, Abbé Bernier—the negotiator on the part of the French government—called upon him. Consalvi lost no time in requesting an audience of the First Consul, inquiring also in what costume he should appear, as the ecclesiastical was not then allowed in France. An immediate answer came from the Tuileries, fixing the presentation for two o'clock of the same day, and desiring the dress to be as much as possible in Cardinalitial style.

Bonaparte liked pomp; but here, of course, he had also an object in view. It was no slight thing to show to his court and to France an ecclesiastic and a Papal ambassador publicly received.

This first visit to the Tuileries is amusing. The master of cere-

monies came in one of the court-carriages a little before two to conduct Consalvi, who went alone, because Mgr. Spina was not in a recognised official position. The Cardinal was shown into an apartment on the ground-floor of the palace, and left there in solitude. Nothing seemed to be stirring. Presently the master of ceremonies returned, and, announcing that the First Consul was ready to receive Consalvi, pointed to a little door opening into the hall of the grand staircase. On issuing out there, the Cardinal, to his great surprise, found himself in a new world. The hall and staircase were thronged with persons, whom he at first naïvely imagined to have collected there from curiosity at his own presentation, strangely made known. But as he reached the head of the staircase, drums began to sound; and he passed on through saloons lined with men in rich official costume. At length he entered a room where there was only one personage, who came forward, and saluting the Cardinal without a word, walked, slightly preceding him, towards another apartment. This personage, he afterwards learned, was M. de Talleyrand. Consalvi expected now at last to reach the First Consul's cabinet, and have a private audience. But the door opened, and, as if some fairy had touched it with her wand, an immense glittering assemblage met his gaze. At the farther end of a vast hall the different bodies in the State were symmetrically ranged: there might be seen the senate, the tribunes, the legislative body, and the high courts of law; on either side stretched lines of officers in full uniform, and of every grade; nearer were the ministers and state-functionaries; in front of all, sitting in a detached group, appeared the three Consuls of the Republic.

As Consalvi drew near, the one in the middle rose, and went a few steps towards the Cardinal, whom Talleyrand then presented to Bonaparte.

Consalvi would have made a few complimentary phrases, but ere he had time, the First Consul began in a decided tone: "I know the motive of your journey to France. It is my desire that conferences be held at once. I give you five days; warning you that, if the negotiations are not concluded by that time, you may return to Rome; my decision in such a case being already taken."

The Cardinal, outwardly at least unmoved by all the surprises he had gone through, answered by expressing the Pope's sincere wishes for an amicable termination, and his own hope of being able to finish in the desired time. Bonaparte then entered into matters, standing, as he was in public, and spoke for more than half an hour with great vehemence and flow of language, but without harshness, on the Concordat, the Holy See, religion, the state of things in general, and

even on the clauses rejected. Cardinal Consalvi endeavoured to justify Rome; and the conversation ended by Bonaparte saying: "Well, let the negotiations commence at once; there is no time to be lost, with all the great affairs I have in hand." Then, making a sort of bow, he stepped back to his place between the other two Consuls, and Consalvi retired in the same way as he had made his entrance.

How different is this account to that hitherto given of Consalvi's first audience from Bonaparte! M. Thiers speaks of it as having taken place at Malmaison, and of the General as seeking to allay the trembling Cardinal's apprehensions. Here, on the contrary, we see an evident attempt to work upon the new ambassador externally: the great captain did not disdain to stoop to stage effect.

Consalvi had scarcely returned home, when Abbé Bernier called, and asked to have drawn up, for the next day, a minute of the reasons why the Pope had refused the draft presented by M. de Cacault. This had already been fully explained in the preceding interview; but no matter; the poor Cardinal had to set aside fatigue, and pass his first night after the journey in drawing up this paper.

M. de Talleyrand made an ill-natured comment on the margin ere presenting it; its effect upon the First Consul was not satisfactory.

There was so much to settle, and the parties agreed so little, that it proved impossible to get through with matters in the five days marked out. Many more passed, and nights were unreservedly given up. Abbé Bernier constantly declared that he could decide nothing without reference to the imperious will of Bonaparte; but Consalvi was never allowed to consult the Pope, under pretence that all must certainly be finished the next day. The good-will of Bonaparte cannot be doubted; he really wished to reëstablish religion in France: nor was it entirely for his own purposes. He had even then a sort of intellectual faith at least; many points at issue could not easily be comprehended by one who did not practise Catholicism, and he sincerely believed that he had a perfect right to make use of religion as an engine of state. His colleagues in the government and the court generally were incredulous; the same might be said of Paris; and if a better spirit prevailed in the provinces, much still was there to deplore. The clergy itself was split into hostile factions; its purest members had shed their blood on the scaffolds of the revolution, or were now mostly in exile; the new Constitutional priests were either devoid of all sacerdotal virtues, or in a few instances honestly deluded. Then there were those who, unfaithful to their vow, had contracted marriage.

Such were the elements in the French nation with which Consalvi had to cope. His two coadjutors were not men to be relied on in

moments of difficulty, as the event proved. Abbé Bernier, the representative of Bonaparte in these negotiations, had rendered good service to religion; but he was a courtier also, as facts hereafter showed. The ambassadors of Austria and Spain were perpetually representing to Consalvi the disastrous consequences that would ensue for all Christendom, if he failed to bring the present negotiation to an amicable close. Long and hard was the struggle. A battle was fought over each clause in succession. One of the most obstinate took place against Bonaparte's decision for a general deposition of all the Bishops then existing.

At length, after twenty-five days and many nights of incessant toil, an understanding was arrived at. On the 13th of July, Abbé Bernier informed Cardinal Consalvi that the First Consul accepted all the clauses as agreed upon between the negotiators, and consequently that it only now remained to write out authentic copies of the treaty for signature. This could be done he said by both parties simultaneously.

The following day was fixed for signature, which ceremony the Cardinal, waiving etiquette, consented should take place at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, elder brother of the First Consul. His two colleagues were to sign with Consalvi; Joseph, Abbé Bernier, and the Councillor of State, Crétet, were to represent the French government on this occasion. M. Bernier then concluded by saying he should come next day for the Cardinal, when all would be over in one quarter of an hour; for "there is nothing else to be done but to put six signatures, which together with our felicitations will not require even so much time." He then showed the *Moniteur* of the day, wherein the conclusion of the affair was announced in these terms: "Cardinal Consalvi has succeeded in the object of his mission to Paris."

According to agreement Abbé Bernier came the next day about four o'clock to conduct the Cardinal and his colleagues to the house of Joseph Bonaparte. In his hand was a roll of paper, which he did not undo, but which he said was the copy for signature. The Cardinal likewise took his, and they all drove off together.

Consalvi had not yet met with Joseph; but the reception was of course highly polite, and the six personages sat down at the table prepared. As they took their places, Joseph observed: "We shall soon have it over, as nothing remains but to sign."

Some little discussion arose as to who should sign first, which Joseph was disposed to do; but he yielded with a good grace to Consalvi, whose right it was.

The Cardinal then took up a pen; but, to his surprise, Abbé Ber-

nier immediately offered his copy of the treaty for signature, as if for Consalvi to sign that without looking. The latter cast his eyes on the top lines, and perceiving they were quite different from what had been agreed on, perused the whole with scrupulous attention. The result was that he ascertained that this was not only a copy of the very treaty the rejection of which by Pius VII. had caused M. de Cacault to leave Rome, but that it also contained other clauses previously rejected as inadmissible.

Consalvi's astonishment at such barefaced treachery may be conceived; he did not scruple to express it, and declared he could not sign. The above account, and much of what follows, have never before been published. Consalvi inclines to exonerate Joseph from all connivance; our own impression, from the facts stated, is that he was fully prepared for the part he had to act. However this may be, both Joseph and M. Cr  tet protested total ignorance of every thing except that they were to sign the treaty agreed on. Consalvi then turned to M. Bernier for explanation, expressing surprise at his silence. The Abb   stammered out with a confused air that he could not deny the change of document, but that the First Consul had so ordered, affirming that all liberty existed until papers were signed. In short, Bonaparte was not satisfied, on reflection, with the stipulations made, and had resolved they should be altered. Consalvi, thought such a maxim very inapplicable to the present case, and would have given up negotiation as useless. But Joseph intervened representing in strong terms the consequences that would ensue for all Catholic nations. He ended by saying, "We must try to understand each other this very day, because the conclusion of the treaty has been announced, and its signature is to be made public at the grand banquet to-morrow. Great would be my brother's anger if it appeared that he had propagated false news in an official paper on so grave a matter."

Moved by the weighty interests at stake, and that were pressed upon him so blandly, Consalvi consented with a heartsick feeling of uselessness to try and draw up a new treaty. The discussion began at once, where they were, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted uninterruptedly nineteen hours! that is to say, until the following day at noon. Neither servants nor carriages were dismissed, because the negotiators went on hoping each hour to finish. The new treaty was on the basis of that so strangely rejected by Bonaparte, but with a few modifications unimportant for religion, and intended to meet his views. Consalvi could not adhere to one clause substituted, by which publicity of Catholic worship was only allowed under certain police-regulations not defined. Joseph contended hard for this, and

especially as the time drew near when he was to give his brother an account of what had passed. At length they agreed to isolate that clause, and draw up a copy of all the rest. Joseph then hastened to the Tuileries, while the others, overcome with fatigue and sleep, anxiously waited his return. An hour passed.

Joseph came back, saying that Bonaparte, in his first rage, had torn the treaty in a hundred pieces; but had afterwards consented to all it contained, provided the one reserved clause were added. He was resolved on announcing either a treaty signed, or a rupture, at the great dinner to take place that evening.

Two hours again passed in vainly trying to persuade Consalvi to yield. But he held firm to what he considered his duty, and at four o'clock that memorable sitting broke up.

At five, that is, one hour after, Consalvi was to attend the banquet. It is easy to imagine that his feelings could not have been of the most agreeable. When he arrived at the palace with his two companions, General Bonaparte was already surrounded by a brilliant crowd of ministers, ambassadors, French nobles, foreigners of distinction, officers, and magistrates. Immediately on perceiving Consalvi the First Consul cried out in a disdainful tone, his countenance flashing anger, "Well, Cardinal, you have resolved on a rupture; and so let it be. I do not want Rome. I will act for myself. I do not want the Pope. If Henry VIII., who did not possess the twentieth part of my power, could succeed in changing his country's religion, much more shall I know how to do that. By changing religion in France I shall effect the same nearly throughout Europe, wherever my influence extends. Rome will perceive what she has lost, and weep over it when too late. You may go; that is the best thing for you now to do. You would have a rupture, and it shall be according to your wish. When do you start?"

"After dinner, general," was the calm reply.

This answer seemed to astonish Bonaparte. He looked fixedly at the Cardinal, who seized the opportunity of gently pointing out the ecclesiastical impossibilities that hedged-in his own good-will and that of the Pope.

Bonaparte softened his tone for a moment, but finding he did not carry his point as to the clause in question, apostrophised the Austrian ambassador, M. de Cobenzel, saying he would set all Europe in a blaze rather than yield. Bonaparte then repeated similar expressions to several other guests. Meanwhile M. de Cobenzel, in the deepest concern, was endeavouring to impress upon Consalvi the necessity for conciliation.

At that moment dinner was announced, and they passed into the

banqueting-hall. As soon as it was over, M. de Cobenzel went up to the Cardinal and resumed conversation. While they were talking, the First Consul passed, and told M. de Cobenzel that he was wasting time if he thought to overcome the obstinacy of the Pope's minister. M. de Cobenzel, who united winning manners to high intelligence, immediately observed that a conciliatory step lay with the First Consul alone. "How so?" exclaimed Bonaparte. And he was at last persuaded to allow a final conference, though declaring all the time that the clause should be introduced.

A painful communication awaited Consalvi. Ere the conference began the next morning, his two colleagues informed him that they were resolved on signing the clause rather than brave a rupture. The support of men who could desert their cause in the hour of trial assuredly added little moral weight, but their abandonment at such a moment might be fatal. Consalvi concealed the pang he felt, and persuaded them to keep silence on their intention till the time for signature came.

Twelve hours were again devoted to the discussion of this article. Consalvi obtained at last the addition of a restricting clause, defining that the police-regulations should refer to the maintenance of public tranquillity.

This famous treaty was thus at last signed by all present; with the proviso, on Joseph's part, that his brother might probably refuse to ratify on account of the restriction introduced. The next day, however, Bonaparte, after displaying much anger, and then after a long meditative silence, did agree to ratify. What he brooded over then, subsequently and by degrees appeared.

From the very onset of the negotiation Bonaparte had wished to introduce a clause declaring that some of the new Bishops should be chosen from the ranks of the Constitutional priests. But this had been formally set aside by Rome, these priests not even being in communion with her; and Bonaparte had explicitly waived it.

Now, after granting the Cardinal his audience of leave, he suddenly sent for him again, and, at the close of a long conversation on all sorts of topics, observed, as if inadvertently, that he was quite embarrassed at having to choose Bishops from both parties—the Constitutionals and the non-Constitutionals. The only modification Consalvi could possibly obtain, was a promise that the Constitutionals should be obliged to make solemn retraction. But what reliance could be placed on the assurances of a man who had repeatedly agreed, during the conferences, to give up altogether nominating Constitutionals to the vacant sees? Pius VII. had adjured Bonaparte in touching language not to force him to pronounce deposition;

but no; the pain and the humiliation were to be complete. And now that the sacrifice was made, the very evil it had intended to avert was brought upon the Church.

But God had His own way of bringing good out of evil. A grand and beautiful spectacle was presented to the world. Not all, alas, could understand; but many did. The manner in which the Bishops responded to his call was a healing balm to the saintly soul of Pope Pius VII. Their virtue shone purer through the ordeal of persecution. M. Thiers, quoting one of the letters penned by the retiring Bishops, adds: "Let us confess it; that is a noble institution which inspires or commands such sacrifices, made with such sentiments."

Cardinal Consalvi saw the First Consul once again, on the eve of his departure, at a review; but met with no recognition save a momentary fixed glance.

Just as he was stepping into his travelling-carriage the next night, Abbé Bernier brought a message from the Tuileries, requiring a draft of the Papal bull that usually accompanies a treaty, to be immediately drawn up.

Consalvi urged the necessity of consulting the Pope previously; but to no purpose, of course; and eight hours were instantly given to this work. Happily the Cardinal and Bernier agreed upon the general tenor of the Bull.

The latter then impressed upon Consalvi the expediency of using all imaginable despatch, as Bonaparte intended to make public the Concordat directly it returned with the Pope's ratification.

At last the *martyred* Cardinal was allowed to set off on his journey. Truly his whole stay in Paris had been nothing short of a martyrdom. Nor was all ended yet.

Deeply sensible of the religious interests at stake, he travelled to Florence—in those days of no railroads—without stopping; out intended to take a little rest there. However, a few hours after, he was overtaken by a French courier, urging him to proceed onwards without delay, as the First Consul considered it of the utmost importance to publish the Concordat immediately. Consalvi then set out again, and arrived at Rome half dead with fatigue. Himself and suite had their legs so swollen that they could not stand.

And what was to be the result of all this haste? The Pope's ratification was sent to Paris as quickly as possible; but instead of hearing that the Concordat was published, there came pressing exhortations as to the tenor of the Bull. Bonaparte now required some few changes in it, which were granted. Then he asked for a Cardinal-Legate to be sent to Paris, and insisted on the choice of Cardinal Caprara for these important functions. Under the circumstances, his

wishes were pretty nearly behests. It was done as he desired. But not all these concessions, willing or unwilling, could bring about the proclamation of the treaty concluded, though this was the point always put forward as his grand object. Cardinal Caprara, as was expected, did not refer to Rome quite so often as he might have done. The Pope attempted to recall him; but in vain.

Finally, after a lapse of ten months, the treaty with Rome was made public in France; and then the secret of all the delay came out. The Organic Articles had been added, as if they formed part of the treaty concluded with the Pope. But in reality Pius VII. had altogether disallowed them. As is well known, they virtually overturned the Concordat that preceded. The Pope protested in the most solemn and public manner; but Bonaparte did not the less maintain his Organic Articles, and he caused a note to be put in the *Moniteur*, saying that the Papal reclamation was nothing more than the accomplishment of a formality usual on such occasions.

Still it was very evident that Bonaparte did not wish to do harm to religion; its reëstablishment in France was a deed that he alone could then have achieved. Where he could render honour to the Church without detriment to any of his state-purposes, it was done; but he never yielded what he considered a political interest to any requirement of conscience. The ceremonies at Notre Dame were surrounded with every circumstance of worldly pomp. Bonaparte not only attended himself in great state, but took care that his court and his generals should do the same. A few Constitutional priests were named Bishops, and their abjuration of schism was forwarded to Rome. Many, however, solemnly denied having ever made it. Some few testified sincere conversion.

This non-abjuration of the Bishops, and the existence of the Organic Articles, were the two monster-evils that lay heavy on the heart of Pius VII. During three years he vainly struggled for redress. And the hope of obtaining it was the motive that mainly induced his consent to go and crown the new emperor in his capital. The suppression of both grievances was partly guaranteed ere he would start. The French government had offered temporal advantages instead, such as the restoration of the Church's patrimony; but Pius VII. held perseveringly to spiritual matters. After a long and stormy negotiation, Bonaparte solemnly engaged to force the Constitutional Bishops to submission, or else to depose them from their sees. He likewise promised officially to change the Organic Articles on the heads already mentioned by the Pope, and to examine his other objections. On this understanding it was that the Pope set out for Paris. History has recorded how Bonaparte acted subsequently.

The Organic Articles were left untouched, the decrees of Milan were rather aggravated than otherwise.

As regarded the schismatic Bishops, Heaven granted Pius VII. the happiness of witnessing their sincere return to Catholic communion. The French government did not in any way contribute to this result; it simply left the Pope to do what he could. Grace touched the hearts of these misguided men, nor could they resist the softening influence of Pius VII. For the sake of general edification he thought it right to make public their unanimous submission, and not one dissentient voice was raised.

This, if we may trust these newly-published memoirs, was the true course of this memorable episode in French history.

V. V.

The Revolution at Tours.

Tours is certainly the most charming town I have ever seen—Rome always excepted; and charming is perhaps hardly the word to apply to the metropolis of the Christian world. Here, in the centre of smiling Touraine, are such splendid churches, such picturesque old houses, such a wide rolling river, such richly-wooded hills and luxuriant fields. The islands on the Loire are crowned with poplar spires; the gardens of the modern villas are bright with roses; and I saw a cherry-tree this morning gorgeous with scarlet fruit in relief against the sky.

But if I inflict any more adjectives upon you, you will say that the florid Gothic of the fifteenth century has infected my style! And my thoughts have been running all day upon a subject of some gentle gravity, in which I am sure all will be interested—the tomb of St. Martin of Tours. I set out this morning to see an old house said to be that of Tristan l'Hermite, the executioner of Louis XI., rendered sufficiently familiar to us by the amiable portraiture of Sir Walter Scott. In the absence of authentic information, we may conclude that a profuse decoration of ropes carved in stone has caused the house to be thus named. I found in a narrow street (*Rue des trois Pucelles*) a tall, narrow, dirty, dilapidated brick house, its successive stories full of lodgers. The door and the windows are fringed with stone cut and carved. Fantastic stone animals crawl about the corners thereof. I liked it all the better for being old and dirty. One knows but too well the usual style of French “restorations;” how the poor old walls are made to glisten with soap and water; how a touch of paint is bestowed here, a touch of gilding there, and a coat of varnish everywhere; and how wandering antiquities are brought together from various quarters to take refuge in the “Musée.” Nothing of the sort has happened here. The dirty old house stands in the dirty old street, appropriated to its original uses; and all its details can be investigated by the artist or the antiquary with a leisurely eye, without the help of a catalogue.

A curious brick tower, seventy feet high, is attached to the house; and the staircase is kept neat and clean, and is shut off from the rest of the dwelling. You ring for the concierge; you enter the court, and signify politely that you will give her a franc if she will take you to the top. The windows looking into the court are also ornamented, and over certain of them may be read the noble motto, “*Assez aurons*”

et peu vivrons." Under a vaulted recess is a stone well; and in the corner of the court is the door of the tower. Up and up we went; the bricks turning and twisting in extraordinary geometric curves. On the right hand, in the wall, is a mysterious secret staircase, more like a chimney than anything else. The top emerges on the roof of the tower, and has been stopped up by the inhabitants of the house, who were probably afraid that the ghost of Tristan l'Hermite would continually climb up and down. This concealed passage has an ugly look, and I thrust my umbrella up from the bottom as far as it would go, and wondered how any human body could ascend that narrow channel. Once upon a time this secret stair descended into the cellars; but here also it has been closed; and the only opening is now into a sort of cupboard-recess in the main staircase. I have seen something like it on the rock of Cashel in Ireland, and both times the contrivance affected me with an indefinable sensation of fear. How awful to feel a fancy that while you were quietly walking up and down your family stairs, other creatures, with purposes unknown, were creeping about in the recesses of your walls, and might chance to drop out upon you in the middle of the night! Thin walls are apt to be damp, but at least they have this in their favour, that they cannot harbour secret stairs.

We reached the top of the tower, passing a small chamber where poet or artist might live most undisturbed. The top is covered over, but an open balustrade allows a view on all sides over Tours, whose roofs throng close up on every side. The sight of these ancient black roofs made me think of the revolution, and I asked the concierge if any of her family had suffered in the terrible storm which passed over the town. No, she said; none of her own family, but her mother had remembered it all; and the father of the late *propriétaire* of this very house had been guillotined. As she spoke, the concierge pointed to the high roof of a neighbouring church.

"That," she said, "is the Carmes. At least it was once the Carmes; it is now a parish church. The late *propriétaire's* father bought it to save it from destruction; and for this offence, this mere purchase, he was guillotined! His daughter has been dead only nine years."

"But the church was anyhow saved," said I; "the poor man was not guillotined for nothing."

Yes, the church was saved; and when, half-an-hour after, I entered its portal and walked softly up the pillared aisle, I remembered it had been saved at the cost of a devoted human life. If you ask me why the revolutionists did not pull it down when they guillotined the man, I can only answer that I imagine violent material

destruction to be the work of a given moment of passion; that passed, even madmen would hesitate to pull down good stone walls, which might serve for a warehouse, as St. André at Chartres; or a theatre, like St. Foy in the same town; or as St. Julien of Tours, which was long used as a remise or coach-house for diligences! The two latter churches have of late years been redeemed, carefully restored, and reconsecrated.

To return to the top of the tower. The concierge showed me the direction of Marmontier, where is the convent of the Sacre Cœur; concerning which I felt an eager curiosity and tender interest, for the sake of some English sisters. She showed me the tower of Plessis, the hills above St. Symphorien; and lastly, the two forlorn towers of St. Martin. I say forlorn, because the vast church which lay between them is absolutely gone, and its site covered with shabby streets, whose new houses contrast significantly with the hoary dwellings which once surrounded the cathedral.

"This one to the left," said she, "is the Tour de Charlemagne, and the other is the Tour de l'Horloge."

"And it is gone," said I; "absolutely gone! What a horror! what a scandal! what an abominable shame!"

"Ah! *que voulez-vous? c'est la revolution!*" said the concierge, shrugging her shoulders.

"And have you done with them—your revolutions?" I asked; not unkindly, however.

She did not know; there were some folks who said *not*. That it would not be unlikely to recur; and then as to the churches and religious establishments and the clergy, "*c'est à recommencer!*" It was the young people, she said, "*la jeunesse corrompue*;" and then every body wanted to get above their neighbour. She did not know how it might be in other towns, but as to Tours ——!

In fact, my concierge did not take a cheerful view of the state of modern affairs, either as to social life or politics. We returned to the subject of the vast church of St. Martin. Twelve centuries it had stood; adorned with five towers; a centre of love and prayer. Now only those two solitary relics remained. But the bishop; ah! he was such a holy man; his very face was the face of a penitent, of a saint. The bishop sadly wanted to rebuild the cathedral; and had a large sum of money collected for the purpose, but not enough. There was, however, always the tomb of St. Martin; and a great many people came from all round Tours to pray before it.

"How, the tomb?" I asked; "I thought you said the church was utterly destroyed and streets built over the site. My Guide-book says nothing of the tomb."

She replied, "It was only discovered two years ago; long since your Guide-book was published. It was discovered under a house; and the bishop has had a small chapel built over it; and it is there the people come to pray."

"And is it *really* the tomb of St. Martin?" I asked, somewhat doubtfully; for the idea of finding a tomb under a house seventy years after the church was destroyed sounded very vague.

"Nay, I suppose so; they were very sure; and *il n'y a que la foi qui sauve*."

I felt sharply rebuked for my feeble attempt at historic criticism; and I told the concierge I would go and seek out the little chapel, and visit the tomb, about which the good bishop was so sure.

I left the house of Tristan l'Hermite, and plunged into the narrow twisted streets of Tours; past the flower-market; past the house with the groups of sculptured figures at every angle,—until I came to the immense solid dark Tour de Charlemagne, standing up like a single mast above the flood. I turned a corner, and there was the Tour de l'Horloge, its chimes ringing out the hour. It also rose massively from the houses at its feet; and the broken ornaments which were crusted into its surface clearly indicated the building which had been torn away from its flanks. The springing arch of the great entrance was yet visible; but a street ran right up what should have been the centre of the nave, one of the busiest streets of the town; and another street occupies the line of the transept. Who could believe that those noisy pavements cover the ground where countless thousands came to pray?—for St. Martin of Tours was one of the four great places of pilgrimage of the world.

By dint of inquiry I found out the temporary chapel spoken of by the concierge, and saw beneath it the block of ancient masonry in which the body of St. Martin had reposed; but in order to understand what I saw I was obliged to read a book; and in order to make you understand likewise, I must give you a summary of its contents.

Ecclesiastical history tells us that St. Martin died on the 9th of November in the year of grace 397,—not at Tours, but at a little town named Candes, situated at the junction of the rivers Loire and Vienne. The Poitevins and the Tourangeaux each conceived they had a claim to the body of the saintly bishop; and the Tourangeaux were successful, and brought the corpse to their own town. Tradition says that the vessel on which it was embarked floated up stream without sails or oars; that the trees on either side burst with blossom, the sick recovered their health, and heavenly music was heard to accompany the boat until it arrived at Tours. The body was first

deposited on the banks of the Loire, guarded by the clergy and the people, and was interred in a cemetery just outside the then existing town. Eleven years afterwards St. Brice, his successor, built a chapel on the tomb, dedicated to St. Stephen; because at that time churches were dedicated to martyrs only.

Sixty-four years after the death of St. Martin, St. Perpetuus, at that time bishop, built a more spacious basilica, of which St. Gregory of Tours gives the description, as the richest and most remarkable edifice then existing; and on the 4th of July, A.D. 473, the body was transferred to the new tomb. *This* is the tomb of which the masonry appears to be in authentic preservation at this day. I have said the *body* was transferred, but I should have said the bones; laid side by side, wrapped in a white stuff, and placed in a great alabaster vase, which was again enclosed in a chest or *chasse* of precious metal, of the shape of a coffin. The *chasse* was placed in the tomb, which was a little oblong construction, five or six feet long and about three feet wide, which also was lined with metal and fastened by a metal door. A marble stone lay upon the top, and above it the decorations of a rich altar; and hereon Mass was celebrated; an honour until that time only accorded to the tombs of martyrs.

Now the basilica built by St. Perpetuus was destroyed by fire not very long after; but was rebuilt by Clotaire, and became increasingly sacred in the eyes of the Christian world. Kings came hither to ask for health or victory; queens, that they might prepare for death. It was visited by several Popes, and holy Bishops and eminent personages were buried near the tomb. Under the direction of Alcuin a school was here established, which became the cradle of all the universities of France. The chapter held directly from the Pope, under the protection of the king. It was rich; it possessed the privilege of coining money; and could send armed men to battle in defence of its patrimony.

Therefore came the Normans, about the year 838, during the reign of Charles the Bold, and attacked the town; but the body of St. Martin being carried round the ramparts, they were struck with fear, and took to flight; after which the chapter, alarmed at the footing obtained by the Normans in other parts of the kingdom, removed the relics successively to Orleans, Chablis, and Auxerre, so that the tomb remained empty for about thirty-four years; and when the Tourangeois reclaimed their treasure, it cost a struggle, which resulted in actual warfare. The chapter of Tours was assisted by Ingelger, grandson of the Duke of Burgundy, who succeeded in bringing back the *chasse*, which was carried by noblemen walking in the midst of the victorious troops.

We need not follow the vicissitudes of the church of St. Martin during the succeeding centuries. It suffered by fire again and again; but the tomb remained uninjured until 1562, when the Protestants pillaged the sacred edifice, and actually scattered the greater portion of the body of St. Martin. But in the following year the few remains rescued were restored to the tomb; and the spot in the neighbourhood of the clock-tower, where the ashes of the different relics treasured in the cathedral had been cast, was surrounded by an iron grating, beside which pilgrims came to pray, up to the date of the French Revolution. Then it was that the noble edifice, adorned by the munificent piety of ages, was finally ruined, the chapter dispersed, the apse demolished, the tomb ravished and destroyed; but the two great towers remained standing, and likewise the immense nave. A perspective drawing of the building while in this condition still exists. It remained thus until 1802, when the nave also was taken down, and only the towers now attest the glory of the ancient church and the vandalism of its destroyers. The final act of demolition was consequent on a geometrical plan or map executed by the Commune in 1801, which laid down streets and measured out houses over the whole site of the basilica. It was executed without the slightest opposition; and a crowd of mean-looking houses, strangely contrasting with the older piles of wood and stone in the vicinity, now encumber the consecrated ground. The Rue St. Martin runs nearly parallel with the ancient nave, and the Rue Descartes follows the line of the transept. The remainder of the site is covered by private buildings, only a fragment of the cloister remaining, excepting of course the towers.

Under these circumstances anybody would have thought the pilgrimage to the Tomb of St. Martin, dear to all the countryside, was for the future a hopeless desire; but the piety of Tours refused to admit the idea. Under the Restoration, M. Jacquet-Delahay organised a subscription for the rebuilding of the basilica; but his project was abandoned on account of what seemed at the time an insuperable objection. He had himself stated that the site of the Tomb was traversed by the public way. Nevertheless the popular devotion to St. Martin began to recover life and vigour, and pilgrimages were multiplied to the different places rendered memorable in his earthly career: to Marmontier, where he lived during his episcopate; to Candes, where he died; to Ligugé, where he founded the first Gaulish monastery. Also researches were made both in France and England for such maps or plans as might enable the exact proportions of the old church to be ascertained; and by means of the one made in 1802, mentioned above, and which was discovered in the

archives of the prefecture, the exact position of the Tomb itself was fixed upon; and it was proved that, contrary to the general opinion, this spot was *not* under the public way, but covered by one or more small houses.

In 1854 Cardinal Morlot, then Archbishop of Tours, had favoured the establishment of a pious association for giving clothes to the poor. It was called the *Œuvre de St. Martin*, and was identical with the "St. Martin's Charity" of an English village; both alike created in memory of the Saint having divided his cloak with the beggar. A member of the commission, deeply interested in the discovery of the site of the Tomb, bought, in November 1857, the houses supposed to cover the spot, but did not enter on actual possession until three years later.

On the 2d of October 1860, the very day when the house actually came into the purchaser's hands, the commission began their excavations in the cellar, and found, as they expected, part of the old foundations of the choir. The house covered the site of the high altar of the basilica, and of a large part of the chapel in the rear, which had been called "Le Repos de Saint Martin." The arrangement must have been similar to that of the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, or of St. Alban in the church of the town which bears his name.

But the Tomb itself could not be found. It was evidently beyond the limits of the cellar-wall—in that of the neighbouring house; and the works were suspended until possession could be obtained of that also; a small chapel being arranged in one of the upper rooms of the first-mentioned dwelling; where, on the 12th of November, the Archbishop of Tours, assisted by a large number of the local clergy, celebrated Mass once more, after a lapse of seventy years from the destruction of the ancient altar. For the seven succeeding days Masses were celebrated almost without cessation, and the small chapel and the cellar were constantly full of people. A large red cross was traced on the wall of the latter, opposite to where the tomb was supposed to be; and a little lamp, hung from the ceiling, was kept burning day and night. A month later the commission were enabled to excavate under the adjoining house,—the works being skilfully directed by an architect,—and before evening the continuation of the foundations of the choir were laid bare, and, crossed and somewhat injured by a thick wall of modern date, appeared a small oblong enclosure of stone, something between a coffin and a box. It showed signs of having once been arched over, and there was every probability that it was the sepulchre where the bones of St. Martin had once reposed. It was now eleven o'clock at night; hour after hour had passed in

slow and careful search amidst the confused masses of ancient and modern foundations; and more than thirty persons were waiting in the outer cellar, communicating with the other only by a hole in the wall. When those within called out that they had found the two low walls of what appeared to be the ancient sepulchre, a spontaneous burst of voices gave out the Magnificat, which was echoed from cellar to cellar. On the following day the Archæological Society of Touraine, represented by its president, its secretary, and various other members, visited the excavations, and decided that there was no doubt of their successful termination. A lecture had been given by M. Lambron de Lignim, a month previously, apropos of a paper drawn up in 1686, which had been found in the Archives of Tours. This paper described the sepulchre of St. Martin as a small vaulted *caveau*, of very white stone, 2 feet wide, 4 feet high, and 6 feet long, placed parallel to the direction of the church, and immediately underneath the hinder part of the Chapelle de Repos. All these particulars correspond to the aspect and situation of the masonry discovered in December 1860. The height of the pavement of the church was identified by the bases of various columns cleared in the vicinity, particularly of one of the four columns surrounding the tomb itself; and in some public works undertaken in the Rue St. Martin the famous well of the basilica was brought to light. Another singular discovery was that of a small furnace—apparently that which had been used by the Protestants who melted down the precious metals of the reliquaries, &c. All the foundations mentioned were identified with those on the plan or map of the ancient edifice; and it is as well proved as architectural evidence will allow, that the Tourangeois still possess the tomb in which St. Perpetuus laid the body of St. Martin. The only counter-argument arises from the numerous burnings and demolitions to which the upper church was subjected in the course of centuries; but it must be remembered that the tomb was solidly built under the level of the pavement, and the site, except in the outrages of 1562, regarded with scrupulous veneration and respect.

The present chapel is a low building of temporary construction, reached by a small door in the Rue Descartes. It occupies the site of the two houses mentioned above; and the outer wall of one of them remains in the Rue St. Martin, which runs at right angles to the Rue Descartes. The wooden floor of the chapel is on a level with the floor of the street; the tomb is sunk several feet below, under the altar, but is perfectly visible through a railing. Access to it is gained by descending a flight of steps, when a strange sight meets the eye: a space, about four feet in height, extends under the floor of the chapel; this is encumbered by heaps of masonry, bases

of columns, &c.; we are amidst the foundations of the basilica. On the side of the Tomb there is sufficient height to allow of walking easily round it, the altar above being considerably raised. The curious solid stone-work is surrounded by a *grille*. It looks as old as any thing in Rome; a strange, touching memento of our Christian forefathers, firmly fixed in the consecrated soil, while stately churches rose above it and vanished away like the unsubstantial architecture of a dream.

I have only to add that the project of rebuilding the basilica has been embodied in various papers and plans, and especially in a *mandement* of the Archbishop's, dated November 6th, 1861. A subscription is open, and collections in aid are made in the churches; and Monseigneur Guibert says that if he can but accomplish it in his lifetime, he will exclaim with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

B. R. P.

Madame Bourdon's Works.

MADAME BOURDON reminds me of Miss Austen. She has the same good sense as the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*, the same talent for portraying character in its minutest details, or for giving interest to small events of daily occurrence. Her scenes, too, are mostly chosen in the domestic sphere; her heroines figure in the quiet home-circle rather than on the stage of the great world. But here the parallel ends; Madame Bourdon is as thoroughly French as Miss Austen was English. The manners she describes are those of her own country; many of the evils she points out belong more exclusively to it. Still not a few also spring from faults inherent to human nature, and as such claim general interest. She always writes with a moral purpose, and virtue with her is ever grounded on religion, its sole sure basis.

The duties of woman, from early girlhood to the calm decline of age, form the theme that Madame Bourdon loves to handle. As daughter, wife, and mother, she follows her through all these stages in a hundred varied positions of life, showing what she ought to be in each. Nothing is overdrawn or overwrought; the incidents are few and simply natural, such as we every day meet with. Sentiments partake of the same character; Madame Bourdon seems to have a sort of dread of enthusiasm. We rather regret it should be so; a little more colouring would do no harm;

“For all subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life.”

Also 'tis well sometimes to gild the realities of life; and the excess only of imagination becomes an evil to the possessor. In art we love ideality as the expression of the highest faculty of the soul; and so with fiction, one of the branches of art. We like to read of a character more deeply-toned than those we saw in the drawing-room yesterday, or shall be sure to meet there to-morrow.

Still, the simplicity Madame Bourdon adheres to has its merit, and a solid one too. The lessons thus given are thoroughly practical. There is not one of her heroines whose example might not be safely imitated. No mother could fear to see her daughter attempt it. Besides, this merit is greater in an age like ours, when over-excitement forms a prevalent evil, and when the faculty of raising strong sensations often alone suffices to insure popularity.

Madame Bourdon has now been several years before the public, and has produced a variety of works. Still we believe they are not much known in England, and we think they might be read with both pleasure and advantage. A difficulty is often felt as to choosing books of light French literature for perusal. Modern authors abroad do not always come up to our ideas of what is fitting, for young women especially. Those amongst them whose religious and moral tone are alike irreproachable, often fall into the opposite error of being a little too ascetic for the largest class of readers, viz. that which chiefly seeks amusement. Now Madame Bourdon is quite as attractive as she is moral. Her style is both good and pleasing.

About thirty small volumes are due to her pen; they embrace a variety of subjects that cannot exactly be classed. A few are exclusively pious; as the *Eucharistical Month* and the *Imitation of the Infant Jesus*. Some are quite story-books for children; little plays very prettily written.

Others belong to the instructive category, being intended to convey lessons of history to young people under a pleasing form. Amongst these we may remark, besides two volumes of historical tales, biographies of pious women, and memoirs of a workman's family. In the volume devoted to pious women, we find edifying accounts of charitable ladies, from Madame de Miramion, foundress of a congregation in the seventeenth century, down to Madame Swetchine. The memoirs of a workman's family present in a condensed form the whole history of France from the time of the Merovingians to the present day. Of course, in so small a compass only leading events can be noticed; but these are skilfully brought out. Madame Bourdon supposes the papers belonging to this obscure family to have fallen into her hands; and its members are made to represent, through successive centuries, the current ideas and prejudices of their several epochs. Mostly two of them personify opposite parties, the leading ones of the time. This method gives actuality to the narrative.

But the most numerous class of books, and that wherein she excels, are those devoted to tales of social life at the present period.

As has been already remarked, Madame Bourdon never wanders into very elevated regions of society; her heroines mostly belong to the middle educated circles, not to the world of fashion. Two of her fictions are popular studies: *Antoinette Lemire*, the Paris sempstress; and *Martha Blondel*, the factory-girl of Lille. This latter we observe has been translated into English.

Both the above-mentioned little works contain excellent practical lessons for girls in a similar position; while the stories are related

with life-like reality. *Antoinette Lemire* has more of incident, perhaps, than any other of Madame Bourdon's books; it abounds in touching episodes. We admire, too, the delicate way in which the authoress speaks of vice. The lesson is given, and thoroughly; but no offensive detail intrudes itself. There are no exciting scenes to lead astray an imagination, as is too often the case, even while condemning a fault.

The history is that of a young orphan, cast alone and unprotected on the world of Paris, with nothing but her needle for support. Many dangers and temptations assail her. More than once the reader trembles to see her on the brink of a precipice; but Antoinette's weakness is guarded by faith, and she gathers virtue amid the trials of life. The simple scenes described are of constant occurrence, and touching from their very truth. Every one acquainted with this class of persons in Paris may know something similar. Let us take the deathbed of a June insurgent in 1848, as a sample of Madame Bourdon's manner:

Antoinette, at the bidding of Madame de Villemont, jumped into this lady's carriage; it conveyed them rapidly to the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Arrived there, Antoinette was the first to mount the little dark staircase that seemed never ending; but Madame de Villemont, accustomed to like expeditions of charity, followed close at her heels. When they reached Pauline's dwelling, the first room was empty; Antoinette, calling her friend by name, pushed the other door open.

Both she and Madame de Villemont stood still, surprised at what met their eyes. Pauline was there, seated on a low chair, and busily engaged in cutting bandages from an old linen sheet. On the bed opposite the door lay a man who looked prematurely aged, and whose countenance was furrowed by strong bad passions. In his violent tossings the bedclothes had fallen off, disclosing to view his blood-stained shirt, his bandaged shoulder and hand. He appeared to be in pain, though not subdued by it; for feverish impotent excitement was visible in his gleaming eyes and contracted features. A disorderly life had led on by degrees to deeper crimes, and now punishment had come at last.

He feebly endeavoured to raise himself up as the voice of Antoinette caught his ear; Pauline also had started from her seat, standing before her father's bed as if to screen him from view. A glance told what she had suffered. Her cheeks and lips were deadly pale; her sunken eyes spoke of watchings and tears; premature wrinkles revealed sorrows that had long been passing over her young spirit.

"O Pauline!" exclaimed Antoinette.

"What does all this mean?" cried the insurgent, in a hoarse voice, and pushing away his daughter with the only free hand he had; "what do you want with my girl? what do you want with me? why do you come here?"

"We came to see Pauline," replied Antoinette timidly; "we were uneasy about her."

"And what are you to my girl, that you should come after her in this way?"

"We take a lively interest in her," answered Madame de Villemont, "and in you also, since you are her father, and appear unwell."

At sight of the lady, whose dress revealed her station, a strange fury shone in the insurgent's eyes.

"You!" exclaimed he, with strength borrowed from rage; "*you* care about my daughter! you take a tender interest in her! you, a rich and a great lady! Go to! carry your fine tales and your flatteries elsewhere. Yes, you were afraid of the people during four days; you feared for your fine houses, your jewels, your money; beneath your silken robes you trembled; readily then would you have thrown yourself at the feet of a dirty rag-merchant to sue for mercy; but now you are triumphant, you track patriots to their hovels; you throw them into your casemates; you shoot them at arm's length in the cellars of the Tuileries; and on leaving here you will go with your little whining voice to denounce me to the police, to the gendarmes, and to all your list of executioners! Well, do it! Yes, I have fought! yes, I was in the Faubourg St. Antoine! yes, I killed and massacred! And look here, do you see this weapon? I plunged it into the breast of the officer from whom I took it; and if the same were to be renewed, I would do it again!"

And as, with exhausted voice, he concluded this tirade, a poniard which he had taken from under his pillow, reached Madame de Villemont.

"It is a prohibited weapon," added he, with a savage laugh, "and it still reeks with the blood of my victim!"

Madame de Villemont grew pale as she looked at the costly dagger of Oriental fashion which Pauline's father had thrown towards her, and which caught in a fold of her shawl.

"Carry it to the commissary of police," continued he; "that will be a proof against me."

"Silence, father, in God's name!" cried Pauline; "this lady is our friend, and only wishes to do us good."

"Listen!" said Madame de Villemont, drawing near the bed; "this weapon, that you glory to have taken, belonged to my brother; you plunged it into his breast; the blood that stains it is his. Well

nigh have you deprived a mother of her only son, and the poor of a zealous protector. . . . I do indeed hold your life in my hands; but, in the name of God, I pardon you with my whole heart, and implore you to accept the aid I came to offer."

"Oh, madame!" cried Pauline, throwing herself on her knees, and clasping the lady's hands; "pardon—pardon, and thanks!"

The insurgent looked confused; a painful expression crept over his countenance.

"You know this lady, then?" said he to his daughter.

"Yes, father; she gave me work when I had none; she has been like a sister to me."

"Ah!" said he with a sigh; "you met with kindness from the rich, did you?"

"It is not kindness; your daughter may expect more from me," replied Madame de Villemont; "it is a sisterly feeling that she inspires me with; for I esteem and admire her character. As to yourself, I repeat it, fear nothing from me; what credit I have shall be used only to save you."

Flamand, humbled to the dust, turned away his head: it seemed as if the daylight and the aspect of Madame de Villemont were equally odious to him. She kissed Pauline; and pressing her hand, slipped into it several gold coins; saying in a low tone, "Do not refuse me; it is for him." Then she added aloud: "Good-by, Monsieur Flamand; and peace be with you!"

He hesitated an instant; but said at last, "Good-by, madame; I am sorry—I regret—" But he could not finish; shame and emotion choked his utterance; and when Pauline returned to the bedside, he said, with uneasy curiosity, "You wrote, then, to this lady?"

"No, father," replied she; "I should have feared too much betraying your secret. . . . Madame de Villemont came of her own accord; it is her custom to visit the unfortunate."

"And where did you know her?"

"Through my friend Antoinette, who worked with me."

"And she will not peach?"

"Oh, father! if you were in danger, it is from her I would beg an asylum."

He said no more: a commencement of fever was succeeding the violent scene that had taken place.

Among Madame Bourdon's other works, the most striking are *Real Life*, *Memoirs of a Governess*, and *Leontine*. *Real Life*, the first of her productions, may be considered as a fair type of all the

tales belonging to this class. It and *Antoinette Lemire* are the best of any, in a literary point of view.

Real Life is the journal of a young girl, Isabella, who is just leaving her convent-school, and returning to live with her family. She has profited by her pious education, and parts from the good nuns with regret. But soon the pleasure of being at home dries up her tears; nor is she insensible to the charms of her little room, freshly fitted-up for the occasion. What happiness to find her life identified now with that of her worthy parents! for Isabella loves them both dearly, as likewise her two younger brothers; she has no sister. A provincial town is her place of abode; the family circle does not appear very extensive; her chief duties are, to learn house-keeping and to mend the linen.

According to French custom, a husband is soon forthcoming in the shape of a young lawyer; her parents present, and Isabella accepts, him with pleasure. The marriage proves very happy; Monsieur Varley is studious, and rises in his profession. Isabella, as wife and mother, daily advances in those small virtues so essential, Madame Bourdon truly observes, to human contentment.

Every detail that can concern a woman's existence is touched on successively, and a practical lesson offered on each by Isabella's example or comments. She learns to be more devoted to her old grandmother; to estimate better the real worth of her parents; not to let her child encroach on the time due to her husband; to be full of affectionate deference for his family; to get over a little unfounded jealousy; finally, to become by degrees an excellent model of a Christian woman. None of these lessons are protruded as such; Isabella deduces them quite naturally from the small events that make up her daily routine.

The character of Henrietta, her sister-in-law, is very prettily drawn. At first this young woman had been too much inclined to amusement; but a serious illness induces reflection, and she becomes zealously devoted to home-duties—as good as she always had been attractive.

The manners and characters in this story are, as usual, thoroughly French; the incidents simple and domestic in their nature. There is nothing that could be called adventure, nothing the least romantic.

Indeed here, as was before observed generally, Madame Bourdon goes too far in her wish to keep down imagination; it renders her sometimes a little tedious. Life has its poetry, and youth without a shade of romance is not precisely what we either expect or desire.

God bestowed on human nature bright and ornamental faculties

to decorate the more solid useful ones; just as He gave birds and flowers, lights and shades, to beautify material creation. Is not this earth adorned to profusion with all that can minister to the harmless enjoyment of every sense? showing that, in the design of Providence, utility is not all, but that the beautiful may ever fitly blend therewith. Art well crowns intellect, and each becomes more perfect. Woman—beautiful woman—should be an epitome of all that is lovely in creation, attracting man to virtue with the brighter qualities of mind as well as heart. I do not mean to say that Madame Bourdon leaves her heroines devoid of winning charm—far from it; but she is so intent on the common evil of too much imagination, that she positively falls into another extreme.

The style of writing she has adopted, her wish of conveying little lessons, naturally leads rather to detail; but all the advice insinuated is excellent, nor does interest fail throughout.

The account of Henrietta's illness in *Real Life* is very pretty; Madame Bourdon always excels where moral pious truths are to be deduced. The death of Isabella's infant is told with a great deal of simple pathos; indeed the feelings of wife and mother never fail to be conveyed in Madame Bourdon's best style. She does not much deal in description of places, or even persons; but one short account in *Real Life* of the scenery around a country house shows that she can feel nature.

Sometimes characters introduced but for an instant are graphically hit off, as in the case of old Gothe the sorceress, and her son the shepherd. Take also the contrast between the rich hard old woman, making every one around as miserable as herself; and the deathbed of another equally aged, alone in the world, and poor, yet happy and grateful to God, because she possesses practical piety.

Often, however, it seems to me that Madame Bourdon does not show us quite sufficiently the all-powerfulness of religion for consolation. She is satisfied with making her heroines resigned; but, as Madame Swetchine has so beautifully described, there are several degrees in resignation. In "Marcella," for instance, a short tale just published by Madame Bourdon in the *Revue du Monde Catholique*, this girl is represented as pining for human affections, though she had consecrated her life to God. Whether in the world or the cloister, a spouse of Christ with true spousal feelings cannot languish after earthly love except through imperfection. And just so, a soul in union with God is not simply *resigned* to moral pain; it also *loves* suffering.

But these are slight blemishes amid so many real beauties; and it is easier to discover some defects than to steer entirely clear of them.

V. V.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

Not many days after the sheriff and the pursuivants had been at our house, and Mr. Bryan, by reason of the bloody laws which had been enacted against Papists and such as harbour priests, had left us, though intending to return at such times as might serve our commodity, and yet not affect our safety,—I was one morning assisting my mother in the store-room, wherein she was setting aside such provisions as were to be distributed to the poor that week, together with salves, medicines, and the like, which she also gave out of charity, when a spasm came over her, so vehement and painful, that for the moment she lost the use of speech, and made signs to me to call for help. I ran affrighted into the library for my father, and brought him to her, upon which, in a little time, she did somewhat recover, but desired he would assist her to her own chamber, whither she went leaning on his arm. When laid on her bed she seemed easier; and smiling, bade me leave them for a while, for that she desired to have speech with my father alone.

For the space of an hour I walked in the garden, with so oppressive a grief at my heart as I had never before experienced. Methinks the great stillness in the air added thereunto some sort of physical disorder; for the weather was very close and heavy; and if a leaf did but stir, I started as if danger was at hand; and the noise of the chattering pies over my head worked in me an apprehensive melancholy foreboding, I doubt not, what was to follow. At about eleven o'clock, hearing the sound of a horse's feet in the avenue, I turned round, and saw Edmund riding from the house; upon which I ran across the grass to a turning of the road where he would pass, and called to him to stop, which he did; and told me he was going to Lichfield for his father, whom my mother desired presently to see. "Then thou shouldst not tarry," I said; and he pushed on and left me standing where I was; but the bell then ringing for dinner, I went back to the house, and in so doing, took notice of a bay-tree on the lawn which was withered and dried-up, though the gardener had been at pains to preserve it by sundry appliances and frequent watering of it. Then it came to my remembrance what my nurse used to say that the dying of that sort of tree is a sure omen of a death

in a family; which thought sorely disturbed me at that time. I sat down with my father to a brief and silent meal; and soon after the physician he had sent for came, whom he conducted to my mother's chamber, whereunto I did follow, and slipped in unperceived. Sitting on one side of the bed, behind the curtains, I heard her say, in a voice which sounded hollow and weak, "Good Master Lawrenson, my dear husband was fain to send for you, and I cared not to withstand him, albeit persuaded that I am hastening to my journey's end, and that naught that you or any other man may prescribe may stay what is God's will. And if this be visible to you as it is to me, I pray you keep it not from me, for it will be to my much comfort to be assured of it."

When she had done speaking, he did feel her pulse; and the while my heart beat so quick and, as it seemed to me, so loud as if it must needs impede my hearing; but in a moment I heard him say: "God defend, good madam, I should deceive you. While there is life there is hope. Greater comfort I dare not urge. If there be any temporal matter on your mind, 'twere better settled now, and likewise of your soul's health, by such pious exercises as are used by those of your way of thinking."

At the hearing of these his words, my father fetched a deep sigh; but she, as one greatly relieved, clasped her hands together, and cried, "My God, I thank Thee!"

Then, stealing from behind the curtain, I laid my head on the pillow nigh unto hers, and whispered, "Sweet mother, prithee do not die, or else take me with thee."

But she, as one not heeding, exclaimed, with her hands uplifted, "O faithless heart! O selfish heart! to be so glad of death!"

The physician was directing the maids what they should do for her relief when the pain came on, and he himself stood compounding some medicine for her to take. My father asked of him when he next would come; and he answered, "On the morrow;" but methinks 'twas even then his belief that there would be no morrow for her who was dying before her time, like the bay-tree in our garden. She bade him farewell in a kindly fashion; and when we were alone, I lying on the bed by her side, and my father sitting at its head, she said, in a low voice, "How wonderful be God's dealings with us, and how fatherly His care; in that He takes the weak unto Himself, and leaves behind the strong to fight the battle now at hand! My dear master, I had a dream yesternight which had somewhat of horror in it, but more methinks of comfort." My father breaking out then in sighs and tears as if his heart would break, she said, "Oh, but thou must hear and acknowledge, my loved master, how gracious is God's

providence to thy poor wife. When thou knowest what I have suffered—not in body, though that has been sharp too, but in my soul—it will reconcile thine own to a parting which has in it so much of mercy. Thou dost remember the night when Mr. Mush was here, and what his discourse did run on?”

“Surely do I, sweet wife,” he answered; “for it was such as the mind doth not easily lose the memory of; the sufferings and glorious end of the blessed martyr Mrs. Clitherow. I perceived what sorrowful heed thou didst lend to his recital; but has it painfully dwelt in thy mind since?”

“By day and by night it hath not left me; ever recurring to my thoughts, ever haunting my dreams, and working in me a fearful apprehension lest in a like trial I should be found wanting, and prove a traitor to God and His Church, and a disgrace and heartbreak to thee who hast so truly loved me far beyond my deserts. I have bragged of the dangers of the times, even as cowards are wont to speak loud in the dark to still by the sound of their own voices the terrors they do feel. I have had before my eyes the picture of that cruel death, and of the children extremely used for answering as their mother had taught them, till cold drops of sweat have stood on my brow, and I have knelt in my chamber wringing my hands and praying to be spared a like trial. And then, may be an hour later, sitting at the table, I spake merrily of the gallows, mocking my own fears, as when Mr. Bryan was last here; and I said that priests should be more welcome to me than ever they were, now that virtue and the Catholic cause was made felony; and the same would be in God’s sight more meritorious than ever before: upon which, ‘Then you must prepare your neck for the rope,’ quoth he, in a pleasant but withal serious manner; at the which a cold chill overcame me, and I very wellnigh fainted, though constraining my tongue to say, ‘God’s will be done; but I am far unworthy of so great an honour.’ The cowardly heart belied the confident tongue, and fear of my own weakness affrighted me, by the which I must needs have offended God, who helps such as trust in Him. But I hope to be forgiven, inasmuch as it has ever been the wont of my poor thoughts to picture evils beforehand in such a form as to scare the soul, which, when it came to meet with them, was not shaken from its constancy. When Conny was an infant I have stood nigh unto a window with her in my arms, and of a sudden a terror would seize me lest I should let her fall out of my hands, which yet clasped her; and methinks ’twas somewhat of a like feeling which worked in me touching the denying of my faith, which, God is my witness, is dearer to me than aught upon earth.”

"'Tis even so, sweet wife," quoth my father; "the edge of a too keen conscience and a sensitive apprehension of defects visible to thine own eyes and God's—never to mine, who was ever made happy by thy love and virtue—have worn out the frame which enclosed them, and will rob me of the dearest comfort of my life, if I must lose thee."

She looked upon him with so much sweetness as if the approach of death had brought her greater peace and joy than life had ever done, and she replied: "Death comes to me as a compassionate angel, and I fain would have thee welcome with me the kindly messenger who brings so great relief to the poor heart thou hast so long cherished. Now, thou art called to another task; and when the bruised broken reed is removed from thy side, thou wilt follow the summons which even now sounds in thine ears."

"Ah," cried my father, clasping her hand, "art thou then already a saint, sweet wife, that thou hast read the vow solely registered as yet in the depths of a riven heart?" Then his eyes turned on me; and she, who seemed to know his thoughts, that sweet soul who had been so silent in life, but was now spending her last breath in never-to-be-forgotten words, answered the question contained in that glance as if it had been framed in a set speech.

"Fear not for her," she said, laying her cheek close unto mine. "As her days, so shall her strength be. Methinks Almighty God has given her a spirit meet for the age in which her lot is cast. The early training thou hast had, my wench; the lack of such memories as make the present twofold bitter; the familiar mention round thy cradle of such trials as do beset Catholics in these days, have nurtured in thee a stoutness of heart which will stand thee in good stead amidst the rough waves of this troublesome world. The iron will not enter into thy soul as it hath done into mine." Upon which she fell back exhausted; and for a while no sound was heard in or about the house save the barking of our great dog.

My father had sent a messenger to a house where we had had notice some days before Father Ford was staying, but with no certain knowledge he was still there, or any other priest in the neighbourhood, which occasioned him no small inquietude, for my mother's strength seemed to be visibly sinking, which was what the doctor's words had led him to expect. The man he had sent returned not till the evening; but in the afternoon Mr. Genings and his son came from Lichfield, which, when my mother heard, she said God was gracious to permit her once more to see John, which was Mr. Genings' name. They had been reared in the same house; and a kindness had always continued betwixt them. For some time past

he had conformed to the times; and since his marriage with the daughter of a French Huguenot who lived in London, and who was a lady of very commendable character and manners, and strenuous in her own way of thinking, he had left off practising his own religion in secret, which for a while he used to do. When he came in, and saw death plainly writ in his cousin's face, he was greatly moved, and knelt down by her side with a very sorrowful countenance; upon which she straightly looked at him, and said: "Cousin John, my breath is very short, as my time is also like to be. But one word I would fain say to thee before I die. I was always well pleased with my religion, which was once thine and that of all Christian people one hundred years ago; but I have never been so well pleased with it as now, when I be about to meet my Judge."

Mr. Genings' features worked with a strange passion, in which was more of grief than displeasure, and grasping his son's shoulder, who was likewise kneeling and weeping, he said: "You have wrought with this boy, cousin, to make him Catholic."

"As Heaven is my witness," she answered, "not otherwise but by my prayers."

"Hast thou seen a priest, cousin Constance?" he then asked: upon which my mother not answering, the poor man burst into tears, and cried: "Oh, cousin—cousin Constance, dost count me a spy, and at thy deathbed?"

He seemed cut to the heart; whereupon she gave him her hand, and said she hoped God would send her such ghostly assistance as she stood in need of; and praying God to bless him and his wife and children, and make them his faithful servants, so she might meet them all in perpetual happiness, she spoke with such good cheer, and then bade him and Edmund farewell with so pleasant a smile, as deceived them into thinking her end not so near. And so, after a while, they took their leave; upon which she composed herself for a while in silence, occupying her thoughts in prayer; and towards evening, through God's mercy, albeit the messenger had returned with the heavy news that Father Ford had left the county some days back, it happened that Mr. Watson, a secular priest who had lately arrived in England, and was on his way to Chester, stopped at our house, whereunto Mr. Orton, whom he had seen in prison at London, had directed him for his own convenience on the road, and likewise our commodity, albeit little thinking how great our need would be at that time of so opportune a guest, through whose means that dear departing soul had the benefit of the last Sacraments with none to trouble or molest her, and such ghostly aid as served to smoothe her passage to what has proved, I doubt not, the beginning of a happy

eternity, if we may judge by such tokens as the fervent acts of contrition she made both before and after shrift, such as might have served to wash away ten thousand sins through His Blood who cleansed her, and her great and peaceable joy at receiving Him into her heart whom she soon trusted to behold. Her last words were expressions of wonder and gratitude at God's singular mercy shown unto her in the quiet manner of her death in the midst of such troublesome times. And methinks, when the silver cord was loosed, and naught was left of her on earth save the fair corpse which retained in death the semblance it had had in life, that together with the natural grief which found vent in tears, there remained in the hearts of such as loved her a comfortable sense of the Divine goodness manifested in this her peaceable removal.

How great the change which that day wrought in me may be judged of by such who, at the age I had then reached to, have met with a like affliction, coupled with a sense of duties to be fulfilled, such as then fell to my lot both as touching household cares, and in respect to the cheering of my father in his solitary hours during the time we did yet continue at Sherwood Hall, which was about a year. It waxed very hard then for priests to make their way to the houses of Catholics, as many now found it to their interest to inform against them and such as harboured them; and mostly in our neighbourhood wherein there were at that time no recusants of so great rank and note that the sheriff would not be lief to meddle with them. We had oftentimes had secret advices to beware of such and such of our servants who might betray our hidden conveyances of safety; and my father scarcely durst be sharp with them when they offended by slacking their duties, lest they might bring us into danger if they revealed, upon any displeasure, priests having abided with us. Edmund we saw no more since my mother's death; and after a while the news did reach us that Mr. Genings had died of the small-pox, and left his wife in so distressed a condition, against all expectation, owing to debts he had incurred, that she had been constrained to sell her house and furniture, and was living in a small lodging near unto the school where Edmund continued his studies.

I noticed, as time went by, how heavily it weighed on my father's heart to see so many Catholics die without the Sacraments, or fall away from their faith, for lack of priests to instruct them, like so many sheep without a shepherd; and I guessed by words he let fall on divers occasions, that the intent obscurely shadowed forth in his discourse to my mother on her deathbed was ripening to a settled purpose, and tending to a change in his state of life, which only his love and care for me caused him to defer. What I did apprehend

must one day needs occur, was hastened about this time by a warning he did receive that on an approaching day he would be apprehended and carried by the sheriff before the council at Lichfield to be examined touching recusancy and harbouring of priests; which was what he had long expected. This message was, as it were, the signal he had been waiting for, and an indication of God's will in his regard. He made instant provision for the placing of his estate in the hands of a friend of such singular honesty and so faithful a friendship towards himself, though a Protestant, that he could wholly trust him. And next he set himself to dispose of her whom he did term his most dear earthly treasure, and his sole tie to this perishable world, which he resolved to do by straightway sending her to London, unto his sister Mistress Congleton, who had oftentimes offered, since his wife's death, to take charge of this daughter, and to whom he now despatched a messenger with a letter, wherein he wrote that the times were now so troublesome, he must needs leave his home, and take advantage of the sisterly favour she had willed to show him in the care of his sole child, whom he now would forthwith send to London, commending her to her good keeping, touching her safety and religious and virtuous training, and that he should be more beholden to her than ever brother was to sister, and as long as he lived, as he was bound to do, pray for her and her good husband. When this letter was gone, and order had been taken for my journey, which was to be on horseback, and in the charge of a maiden gentlewoman who had been staying some months in our neighbourhood, and was now about in two days to travel to London, it seemed to me as if that which I had long expected and pictured unto myself had now come upon me of a sudden, and in such wise as for the first time to taste its bitterness. For I saw, without a doubt, that this parting was but the forerunner of a change in my father's condition as great and weighty as could well be thought of. But of this, howbeit our thoughts were full of it, no talk was ministered between us. He said I should hear from him in London; and that he should now travel into Lancashire and Cheshire, changing his name, and often shifting his quarters whilst the present danger lasted. The day which was to be the last to see us in the house wherein himself and his fathers for many centuries back, and I his unworthy child, had been born, was spent in such fashion as becometh those who suffer for conscience-sake, and that is with so much sorrow as must needs be felt by a loving father and a dutiful child in a first and doubtful parting, with so much regret as is natural in the abandonment of a peaceful earthly home, wherein God had been served in a Catholic manner for many generations and up to that time without discontinuance, only of late

years as it were by night and stealth, which was linked in their memories with sundry innocent joys and pleasures, and such griefs as do hallow and endear the visible scenes wherewith they be connected, but withal with a stoutness of heart in him, and a youthful steadiness in her whom he had infected with a like courage unto his own, which wrought in them so as to be of good cheer and shed no more tears on so moving an occasion than the debility of her nature and the tenderness of his paternal care extorted from their eyes when he placed her on her horse, and the bridle in the hand of the servant who was to accompany her to London. Their last parting was a brief one, and such as I care not to be minute in describing; for thinking upon it even now 'tis like to make me weep; which I would not do whilst writing this history, in the recital of which there should be more of constancy and thankful rejoicing in God's great mercies, than of womanish softness in looking back to past trials. So I will even break off at this point; and in the next chapter relate the course of the journey which was begun on that day.

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS to travel, as had been ordered for our mutual convenience and protection, with Mistress Ward, a gentlewoman who resided some months in our vicinity, and had heard Mass in our chapel on such rare occasions as of late had occurred, when a priest was at our house, and we had commodity to give notice thereof to such as were Catholic in the adjacent villages. We had with us on the journey two serving-men and a waiting-woman, who had been my mother's chambermaid; and so accompanied, we set out on our way, singing as we went, for greater safety, the litanies of our Lady; to whom we did commend ourselves, as my father had willed us to do, with many fervent prayers. The gentlewoman to whose charge I was committed was a lady of singular zeal and discretion, as well as great virtue; albeit, where religion was not concerned, of an exceeding timid disposition; which, to my no small diversion then, and great shame since, I took particular notice of on this journey. Much talk had been ministered in the county touching the number of rogues and vagabonds which infested the public roads, of which sundry had been taken up and whipped during the last months, in Lichfield, Stafford, and other places. I did perceive that good Mistress Ward glanced uneasily as we rode along at every foot-passenger or horseman that came in sight. Albeit my heart was heavy, and may be also that when the affections are inclined to tears they be

likewise prone to laughter; I scarce could restrain from smiling at these her fears and the manner of her showing them.

"Mistress Constance," she said at last, as we came to the foot of a steep ascent, "methinks you have a great heart concerning the dangers which may befall us on the road, and that the sight of a robber would move you not one whit more than that of an honest pedlar or hawker, such as I take those men to be who are mounting the hill in advance of us. Doth it not seem to you that the box which they do carry betokens them to be such worthy persons as I wish them to prove?"

"Now surely," I answered, "good Mistress Ward, 'tis my opinion that they be not such honest knaves as you do suppose. I perceive somewhat I mislike in the shape of that box. What an if it be framed to entice travellers to their ruin by such displays and shows of rare ribbons and gewgaws as may prove the means of detaining them on the road, and a-robbing of them in the end?"

Mistress Ward laughed, and commended my jesting, but was yet ill at ease; and, as a mischievous and thoughtless creature, I did somewhat excite and maintain her fears, in order to set her on asking questions of our attendants touching the perils of the road, which led them to relate such fearful stories of what they had seen of this sort as served to increase her apprehensions, and greatly to divert me, who had not the like fears; but rather entertained myself with hers, in a manner such as I have been since ashamed to think of; who should have kissed the ground on which she had trodden.

The fairness of the sky, the beauty of the fields and hedges, the motion of the horse, stirred up my spirits; albeit my heart was at moments so brimful of sorrow that I hated my tongue for its wantonness, my eyes for their curious gazing, and my fancy for its eager thoughts anent London and the new scenes I should behold there. What mostly dwelt in them was the hope to see my Lady Surrey, of whom I had had of late but brief and scanty tidings. The last letter I had from her was writ at the time when the Duke of Norfolk was for the second time thrown in the Tower, which she said was the greatest sorrow had befallen her since the death of my Lady Mounteagle, which had happened at his grace's house a few months back, with all the assistance she desired touching her religion. She had been urged, my Lady Surrey said, by the duke some time before to do something contrary to her faith; but though she much esteemed and respected him, her answer was so round and resolute that he never mentioned the like to her any more. Since then I had no more tidings of her, who was dearer to me than our brief acquaintance and the slender tie of such correspondence as had taken place

between us might in most cases warrant; but whether owing to some congeniality of mind, or to a presentiment of future friendship, 'tis most certain my heart was bound to her in an extraordinary manner; so that she was the continual theme of my thoughts and mirror of my fancy.

The first night of our journey we lay at a small inn, which was held by persons Mistress Ward was acquainted with, and by whom we were entertained in a decent chamber, looking on unto a little garden, and with as much comfort as the fashion of the place might afford, and greater cleanliness than is often to be found in larger hostleries. After supper, being somewhat weary with travel, but not yet inclined for bed, and the evening fine, we sat out of doors in a bower of eglantine near to some beehives, of which our hostess had a great store; and methinks she took example from them, for we could see her through the window as busy in the kitchen amongst her maids as the queen-bee amidst her subjects. Mistress Ward took occasion to observe, as we watched one of these little commonwealths of nature, that she admired how they do live, labouring and swarming, and gathering honey together so neat and finely, that they abhor nothing so much as uncleanness, drinking pure and clear water, even the dew-drops on the leaves and flowers, and delighting in sweet music, which if they hear but once out of tune they fly out of sight.

"They live," she said, "under a law, and use great reverence to their elders. Every one hath his office; some trimming the honey, another framing hives, another the combs. When they go forth to work, they mark the wind and the clouds, and whatsoever doth threaten their ruin; and having gathered, out of every flower, honey, they return loaded in their mouths and on their wings, whom they that tarried at home receive readily, easing their backs of their great burthens with as great care as can be thought of."

"Methinks," I answered, "that if it be as you say, Mistress Ward, the bees be wiser than men."

At the which she smiled; but withal, sighing, made reply:

"One might have wished of late years rather to be a bee than such as we see men sometimes to be. But, Mistress Constance, if they are indeed so wise and so happy, 'tis that they are fixed in a condition in which they must needs do the will of Him who created them; and the like wisdom and happiness in a far higher state we may ourselves enjoy, if we do but choose of our free will to live by the same rule."

Then, after some further discourse on the habits of these little citizens, I inquired of Mistress Ward if she were acquainted with mine aunt, Mistress Congleton; at the which question she seemed surprised, and said,

"Methought, my dear, you had known my condition in your aunt's family, having been governess for many years to her three daughters, and only by reason of my sister's sickness having stayed away from them for some time."

At the which intelligence I greatly rejoiced; for the few hours we had rode together, and our discourse that evening, had wrought in me a liking for this lady as great as could arise in so short a period. But I minded me then of my jests at her fears anent robbers, and also of having been less dutiful in my manners than I should have been towards one who was like to be set over me; and I likewise bethought me this might be the cause that she had spoken of the bees having a reverence for their elders, and doubted if I should crave her pardon for my want of it. But, like many good thoughts which we give not entertainment to by reason that they be irksome, I changed that intent for one which had in it more of pleasantness, though less of virtue. Kissing her, I said it was the best news I had heard for a long time, that I should live in the same house with her, and, as I hoped, under her care and good government. And she answered, that she was well pleased with it too, and would be a good friend to me as long as she lived. Then I asked her touching my cousins, and of their sundry looks and qualities. She answered, that the eldest, Kate, was very fair, and said nothing further concerning her. Polly, she told me, was marvellous witty and very pleasant, and could give a quick answer, full of entertaining conceits.

"And is she, then, not fair?" I asked.

"Neither fair nor foul," was her reply; "but well favoured enough, and has an excellent head."

"Then," I cried, letting my words exceed good behaviour, "I shall like her better than the pretty fool her sister." For the which speech I received the first, but not the last, chiding I ever had from Mistress Ward for foolish talking and pert behaviour, which was what I very well deserved. When she had done speaking, I put my arm round her neck,—for it put me in mind of my mother to be so gravely yet so sweetly corrected,—and said, "Forgive me, dear Mistress Ward, for my saucy words, and tell me somewhat I beseech you touching my youngest cousin, who must be nearest to mine own age."

"She is no pearl to hang at one's ear," quoth she, "yet so gifted with a well-disposed mind that in her grace seems almost to supersede nature. Muriel is deformed in body, and slow in speech; but in behaviour so honest, in prayer so devout, so noble in all her dealings, that I never heard her speak any thing that either concerned not good instruction or godly mirth."

"And doth she not care to be ugly?" I asked.

"So little doth she value beauty," quoth Mistress Ward, "save in the admiring of it in others, that I have known her to look into a glass and smiling cry out, 'This face were fair if it were turned and every feature the opposite to what it is;' and so jest pleasantly at her own deformities, and would have others do so too. Oh, she is a rare treasure of goodness and piety, and a true comfort to her friends!"

With suchlike pleasant discourse we whiled away the time until going to rest; and next day were on horseback betimes on our way to Coventry, where we were to lie that night at the house of Mr. Page, a Catholic, albeit not openly, by reason of the times. This gentleman is for his hospitality so much haunted, that no news stirs but comes to his ears, and no gentlefolks pass his door but have a cheerful welcome to his house; and 'tis said no music is so sweet to his ears as deserved thanks. He vouchsafed much favour to us, and by his merry speeches procured us much entertainment, provoking me to laughter thereby more than I desired. He took us to see St. Mary's Hall, which is a building which has not its equal for magnificence in any town I have seen, no, not even in London. As we walked through the streets he showed us a window in which was an inscription, set up in the reign of King Richard the Second, which did run thus,

"I, Luriche, for the love of thee
Do make Coventry toll free."

And further on, the figure of Peeping Tom of Coventry, that false knave I was so angry with when my father (ah, me! how sharp and sudden was the pain which went through my heart as I called to mind the hours I was wont to sit on his knee hearkening to the like tales) told me the story of the Lady Godiva, who won mercy for her townfolk by a ride which none had dared to take but one so holy as herself. And, as I said before, being then in a humour as prone to tears at one moment as laughter at another, I fell to weeping for the noble lady who had been in so sore a strait that she must needs have chosen between complying with her savage lord's conditions or the misery of her poor clients. When Mr. Page noticed my tears, which flowed partly for myself and partly for one who had been long dead, but yet lived in the hearts of these citizens, he sought to cheer me by the recital of the fair and rare pageant which doth take place every year in Coventry, and is of the most admirable beauty, and such as is not witnessed in any other city in the world. He said I should not weep if I were to see it, which he very much desired I should; and he hoped he might be then alive, and ride by my side

in the procession as my esquire; at the which I smiled, for the good gentleman had a face and figure such as would not grace a pageant, and methought I might be ashamed some years hence to have him for my knight; and I said, "Good Mr. Page, be the shutters closed on those days as when the lady Godiva rode?" at the which he laughed, and answered,

"No; and that for one Tom who then peeped, there were a thousand eyes to gaze on the show as it passed."

"Then if it please you, sir, when the time comes," I said, "I would like to look on and not to ride;" and he replied, it should be as I pleased; and with such merry discourse we spent the time till supper was ready. And afterwards that good gentleman slackened not his efforts at entertaining us; but related so many laughable stories, and took so great notice of me, that I was moved to answer him sometimes in a manner too forward for my years. He told us of the Queen's visit to that city, and that the mayor, who had heard her grace's majesty considered poets, and herself wrote verses, thought to commend himself to her favour by such rare rhymes as these, wherewith he did greet her at her entrance into the town:

"We, the men of Coventry,
Be pleased to see your Majesty.
Good Lord! how fair you be!"

at the which her highness made but an instant's pause, and then straightway replied,

"It pleaseth well her Majesty
To see the men of Coventry.
Good Lord! what fools you be!"

"But," quoth Mr. Page, "the good man was so well pleased that the Queen had answered his compliment, that 'tis said he has had her majesty's speech framed, and hung up in his parlour."

"Pity 'tis not in the townhall," I cried; and he laughing commended me for sharpness; but Mistress Ward said,

"A sharp tongue in a woman's head was always a stinging weapon; but in a queen's she prayed God it might never prove a murtherous one." Which words somewhat checked our merriment, for that they savoured of rebuke to me for forward speech, and I woen awoke in Mr. Page thoughts of a graver sort.

When we rode through the town next day, he went with us for the space of some miles, and then bade us farewell with singular courtesy, and professions of good will and proffered service if we should do him the good at any time to remember his poor house; which we told him he had given us sufficient reason not to forget.

Towards evening, when the sun was setting, we did see the towers of Warwick Castle; and I would fain have discerned the one which doth bear the name of the great earl who in a poor pilgrim's garb slew the giant Colbrand, and the cave 'neath Guy's Cliff where he spent his last years in prayer. But the light was declining as we rode into Leamington, where we lay that night, and darkness hid from us that fair country, which methought was a meet abode for such as would lead a hermit's life.

The next day we had the longest ride and the hottest sun we had yet met with; and at noon we halted to rest in a thicket on the roadside, which we made our pavilion, and from which our eyes did feast themselves on a delightful prospect. There were heights on one side garnished with stately oaks, and a meadow betwixt the road and the hill enamelled with all sorts of pleasing flowers, and stored with sheep, which were feeding in sober security. Mistress Ward, who was greatly tired with the journey, fell asleep with her head on her hand, and I pulled from my pocket a volume with which Mr. Page had gifted me at parting, and which contained sundry tales anent Amadis de Gaul, Huon de Bourdeaux, Palmerin of England, and suchlike famous knights, which he said, as I knew how to read, for which he greatly commended my parents' care, I should entertain myself with on the road. So, one-half sitting, one-half lying on the grass, I reclined in an easy posture, with my head resting against the trunk of a tree, pleasing my fancy with the writers' conceits; but ever and anon lifting my eyes to the blue sky above my head, seen through the green branches, or fixed them on the quaint patterns the quivering light drew on the grass, or else on the valley refreshed with a silver river, and the fair hills beyond it. And as I read of knights and ladies, and the many perils which befell them, and passages of love betwixt them, which was new to me, and what I had not met with in any of the books I had yet read, I fell into a fit of musing, wondering if in London the folks I should see would discourse in the same fashion, and the gentlemen have so much bravery and the ladies so great beauty as those my book treated of. And as I noticed it was chiefly on the high-roads they did come into such dangerous adventures, I gazed as far as I could discern on the one I had in view before me with a foolish kind of desire for some robbers to come and assail us, and then a great nobleman or gallant esquire to ride up and fall on them, and to deliver us from a great peril, and may be to be wounded in the encounter, and I to bind up those wounds as from my mother's teaching I knew how to do, and then give thanks to the noble gentleman in such courteous and well-picked words as I could think of. But for all my

gazing I could naught perceive save a wain slowly ascending the hill loaden with corn, midst clouds of dust, and some poorer sort of people, who had been gleaning, and were carrying sheaves on their heads. After an hour Mistress Ward awoke from her nap; and methinks I had been dozing also, for when she called to me, and said it was time to eat somewhat, and then get to horse, I cried out, "Good sir, I wait your pleasure;" and rubbed my eyes to see her standing before me in her riding-habit, and not the gentleman whose wounds I had been tending.

That night we slept at Northampton, at Mistress Engerfield's house. She was a cousin of Mr. Congleton's, and a lady whose sweet affability and gravity would have extorted reverence from those that least loved her. She was then very aged, and had been a nun in King Henry's reign; and, since her convent had been despoiled, and the religious driven out of it, having a large fortune of her own, which she inherited about that time, she made her house a secret monastery, wherein God was served in a religious manner by such persons as the circumstances of the time, and not their own desires, had forced back into the world, and who as yet had found no commodity for passing beyond seas into countries where that manner of life is allowed. They dressed in sober black, and kept stated hours of prayer, and went not abroad unless necessity compelled them thereunto. When we went into the dining-room, which I noticed Mistress Engerfield called the refectory, grace was said in Latin; and whilst we did eat one lady read out loud out of a book, which methinks was the life of a saint; but the fatigue of the journey, and the darkness of the room, which was wainscoted with oak-wood, so overpowered my senses with drowsiness, that before the meal was ended I had fallen asleep, which was discovered, to my great confusion, when the company rose from table. But that good lady, in whose face was so great a kindliness that I never saw one to be compared with it in that respect before or since, took me by the hand and said, "Young eyes wax heavy for lack of rest, and travellers should have repose. Come to thy chamber, sweet one, and, after commending thyself by a brief prayer to Him who sleepeth not nor slumbereth, and to her who is the Mother of the motherless, get thee to bed and take thy fill of the sleep thou hast so great need of, and good angels will watch near thee."

Oh, how I did weep then, partly from fatigue and partly from the dear comfort her words did yield me, and, kneeling, asked her blessing, as I had been wont to do of my dear parents. And she, whose countenance was full of majesty, and withal of most attractive gentleness, which made me deem her to be more than an ordinary

woman, and a great servant of God, as indeed she was, raised me from the ground, and herself assisted to get me to bed, having first said my prayers by her side, whose inflamed devotion, visible in her face, awakened in me a greater fervour than I had hitherto experienced when performing this duty. After I had slept heavily for the space of two or three hours I awoke, as is the wont of those who be over-fatigued, and could not get to sleep again, so that I heard the clock of a church strike twelve; and as the last stroke fell on my ear, it was followed by a sound of chanting, as if close unto my chamber, which resembled what on rare occasions I had heard performed by two or three persons in our chapel; but here, with so full a concord of voices, and so great melody and sweetness, that methought, being at that time of night and every one abed, it must be the angels that were singing. But the next day, questioning Mrs. Ward thereupon as of a strange thing which had happened to me, she said, the ladies in that house rose always at midnight, as they had been used to do in their several convents, to sing God's praises and give Him thanks, which was what they did vow to do when they became religious. Before we departed Mistress Engerfield took me into her own room, which was small and plainly furnished, with no other furniture in it but a bed, table, and kneeling-stool, and against the wall a large crucifix, and she bestowed upon me a small book in French, titled "The Spiritual Combat," which she said was a treasury of pious riches, which she counselled me by frequent study to make my own; and with many prayers and blessings she then bade us God-speed, and took leave of us. Our last day's lodging on the road was at Bedford; and there being no Catholics of note in that town wont to entertain travellers, we halted at a quiet hostelry, which was kept by very decent people, who showed us much civility; and the landlady, after we had supped, the evening being rainy (for else she said we might have walked through her means into the fair grounds of the Abbey of Woburn, which she thanked God was not now a hive for drones, as it had once been, but the seat of a worthy nobleman; which did more credit to the town, and drew customers to the inn), brought us for our entertainment a huge book, which she said had as much godliness in each of its pages as might serve to convert as many Papists,—God save the mark!—as there were leaves in the volume. My cheeks glowed like fire when she thus spoke, and I looked at Mistress Ward, wondering what she would say. But she only bowed her head, and made pretence to open the book, which, when the good woman was gone,

"Mistress Constance," quoth she, "this is a book writ by Mr. Fox, the Duke of Norfolk's old schoolmaster, touching those

he doth call martyrs, who suffered for treason and for heresy in the days of Queen Mary,—God rest her soul!—and if it ever did convert a Papist, I do not say on his deathbed, but at any time of his life, except it was greatly for his own interest, I be ready . . . ”

“To be a martyr yourself, Mistress Ward,” I cried, with my ever too great proneness to let my tongue loose from restraint. The colour rose in her cheek, which was usually pale, and she said,—

“Child, I was about to say, that in the case I have named, I be ready to forego the hope of that which I thank God I be wise enough to desire, though unworthy to obtain; but for which I do pray each day that I live.”

“Then would you not be afraid to die on a scaffold,” I asked, “or to be hanged, Mistress Ward?”

“Not in a good cause,” she said.

But before the words were out of her mouth our landlady knocked at the door, and said a gentleman was in the house with his two sons, who asked to pay their compliments to Mistress Ward and the young lady under her care. The name of this gentleman was Rookwood, of Rookwood Hall in Suffolk, and Mistress Ward desired the landlady presently to bring them in, for she had often met them at my aunt's house, as she afterwards told me, and had great contentment we should have such good company under the same roof with us; whom when they came in she very pleasantly received, and informed Mr. Rookwood of my name and relationship to Mistress Congleton; which when he heard, he asked if I was Mr. Henry Sherwood's daughter; which being certified of, he saluted me, and said my father was at one time, when both were at college, the closest friend that ever he had, and his esteem for him was so great that he would be better pleased with the news that he should see him but once again, than if any one was to give him a thousand pounds. I told him my father often spake of him with singular affection, and that the letter I should write to him from London would be more welcome than any thing else could make it, by the mention of the honour I had had of his notice. Mistress Ward then asked him what was the news in London, from whence he had come that morning. He answered that the news was not so good as he would wish it to be; for that the Queen's marriage with Monsieur was broke off, and the King of France greatly incensed at the favour M. de Montgomeri had experienced at her hands; and that when he had demanded he should be given up, she had answered that she did not see why she should be the King of France's hangman; which was what his father had replied to her sister, when she had made the like request anent some of her traitors who had fled to France.

"Her majesty," he said, "was greatly incensed again the Bishop of Ross, and had determined to put him to death; but that she was dissuaded from it by her council; and that he prayed God Catholics should not fare worse now that Ridolfi's plot had been discovered to declare her highness illegitimate, and place the Queen of Scots on the throne, which had moved her to greater anger than even the rising in the North."

"And touching the Duke of Norfolk," Mistress Ward did ask, "what is like to befall him?"

Mr. Rookwood said, "His grace had been removed from the Tower to his own house on account of the plague; but it is reported the Queen is more urgent against him than ever, and will have his head in the end."

"If her majesty will not marry Monsieur," Mistress Ward said, "it will fare worse with recusants."

Upon which one of the young gentlemen cried out, "'Tis not her majesty will not have him; but Monsieur will not have her. My Lord of Oxford, who is to marry my Lord Burleigh's daughter, said yesterday at the Tennis Court, that that matter of Monsieur is grievously taken on her grace's part; but that my lord is of opinion that where amity is so needful, her majesty should stomach it; and so she doth pretend to break it off herself by reason of her religious scruples."

At the which both brothers did laugh, but Mr. Rookwood bade them have a care how they did suffer their tongues to wag anent her grace, and such matters as her grace's marriage; which, although in the present company might be without danger, was an ill habit, which in these times was like to bring divers persons into troubles.

"Hang it!" cried the eldest of his sons, who was of a well-pleasing favour and exceeding goodly figure; "recusants be always in trouble, whatsoever they do; both taxed for silence and checked for speech, as the play hath it. For good Mr. Weston was racked for silence last week till he fainted, for that he would not reveal what he had heard in confession from one concerned in Ridolfi's plot; and as to my Lord Morley, he hath been examined before the Council, touching his having said he would go abroad poorly and would return in glory, which he did speak concerning his health; but they would have it meant treason."

"Methinks, Master Basil," said his father, "thou art not like to be taxed for silence; unless indeed on the rack, which the freedom of thy speech may yet bring thee to, an thou hast not more care of thy words. See now, thy brother keeps his lips closed in modest silence."

"Ay, as if butter would not melt in his mouth," cried Basil, laughing.

And I then noticed the countenance of the younger brother, who was fairer and shorter by a head than Basil, and had the most beautiful eyes imaginable, and a high forehead betokening thoughtfulness. Mr. Rookwood drew his chair further from the table, and conversed in a low voice with Mistress Ward, touching matters which I ween were of too great import to be lightly treated of. I heard the name of Mr. Felton mentioned in their discourse, and somewhat about the Pope's Bull, in the affixing of which at the Bishop of London's gate he had lent a hand; but my ears were not free to listen to them, for the young gentlemen began to entertain me with divers accounts of the shows in London; which, as they were some years older than myself, who was then no better than a child, though tall of mine age, I took as a great favour, and answered them in the best way I could. Basil spoke mostly of the sights he had seen, and a fight between a lion and three dogs, in which the dogs were victorious; and Hubert of books, which he said, for his part, he had always a care to keep handsome and well bound.

"Ay," quoth his brother, "gilding them and stringing them like the prayer-books of girls and gallants, which are carried to church but for their outsides. I do hate a book with clasps, 'tis a trouble to open them."

"A trouble thou dost seldom take," quoth Hubert. "Thou art ready enough to unclasp the book of thy inward soul to whosoever will read in it, and thy purse to whosoever begs or borrows of thee; but with such clasps as shut in the various stores of thought which have issued forth from men's minds thou dost not often meddle."

"Beshrew me if I do! The best prayer-book I take to be a pair of beads; and the most entertaining reading, the 'Rules for the Hunting of Deer;' which, by what I have heard from Sir Roger Ashton, my Lord Stafford hath grievously transgressed by assaulting Lord Lyttleton's keepers in Teddesley Haye."

"What have you here?" Hubert asked, glancing at Mr. Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and another which the landlady had left on the table; "a profitable New-Year's Gift to all England."

"They are not mine," I answered, "nor such as I do care to read; but this," I said, "holding out Mr. Page's gift, which I had in my pocket, "is a rare fund of entertainment and very full of pleasant tales."

"But," quoth he, "you should read the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*."

Which I said I should be glad to do when I had the good chance to meet with them. He said, "my cousin Polly had a store of such pleasant volumes, and would, no doubt, lend them to me. She has such a sharp wit," he added, "that she is ever exercising it on herself or on others: on herself by the bettering of her mind through reading; and on others by such applications of what she thus acquires as leaves them no chance in discoursing with her but to yield to her superior knowledge."

"Methinks," I said, "if that be her aim in reading, may be she will not lend to others the means of sharpening their wits to encounter hers."

At the which both of them laughed, and Basil said he hoped I might prove a match for Mistress Polly, who carried herself too high, and despised such as were slower of speech and less witty than herself. "For my part," he cried, "I am of opinion that too much reading doth lead to too much thinking, and too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and often it falls out that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking."

At the which Hubert smiled, and I bethought myself that if Basil was no book-worm neither was he a fool. With suchlike discourse the evening sped away, and Mr. Rookwood and his sons took their leave with many civilities and pleasant speeches, such as gentlemen are wont to address to ladies, and hopes expressed to meet again in London, and good wishes for the safe ending of our journey thither.

Ah, me! 'tis passing strange to sit here and write in this little chamber, after so many years, of that first meeting with those brothers, Basil and Hubert; to call to mind how they did look and speak, and of the pretty kind of natural affection there was betwixt them in their manner to each other. Ah, me! the old trick of sighing is coming over me again, which I had well nigh corrected myself of, who have more reason to give thanks than to complain. Good Lord, what fools you be! sighing heart and watering eyes! As great fools, I ween, as the mayor of Coventry, whose foolish rhymes do keep running in my head.

The day following we came to London, which being, as it were, the beginning of a new life to me, I will defer to speak of until I find myself, after a night's rest and special prayers unto that end, less heavy of heart than at present.

Civilisation in the Fifth Century.

THE name of Ozanam was already celebrated in the world of letters, and he had published some portions of his historical course, when he died, in the midst of his unfinished labours. His early death is a fresh proof of the truth of the old adage, "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," and the interest of his short autobiography is intense. He tells us of himself: "In the midst of an age of scepticism God gave me the blessing of having a Christian father and a religious mother; and He gave me for my first instructress a sister full of intelligence, and devout, like the angels whom she has gone to join. But, in the course of time, the rumours of an infidel world reached even to me, and I knew all the horror of those doubts which weigh down the heart during the day, and which return at night upon the pillow moistened with tears. The uncertainty of my eternal destiny left me no repose. I clung with despair to the sacred dogmas, and I thought I felt them give way in my grasp. It was then that I was saved by the teaching of a priest well versed in philosophy. He arranged and cleared up my ideas. I believed from that time with a firm faith, and, penetrated with the sense of so rare a blessing, I vowed to God that I would devote my life to the service of that truth which had given me peace. Twenty years have passed away since that time. Providence has done every thing to snatch me from business and to fix me in intellectual labours. The combination of circumstances has led me to study chiefly religion, law, and letters. I have visited the places which could afford me information. The historian Gibbon, as he wandered on the Capitol, beheld issuing from the gates of the Basilica of Ara Coeli a long procession of Franciscans, who marked with their sandals the pavement trodden by so many triumphs. It was then that, inspired by indignation, he formed the design of avenging antiquity thus outraged by Christian barbarism, and he conceived the plan of a History of the Fall of the Roman Empire. I too have seen the monks of Ara Coeli tread the ancient pavement of Jupiter Capitolinus, and I rejoiced at it, as the victory of love over strength; and I resolved to write the history of progress in those ages where philosophy finds only decadence; the history of civilisation in barbarous times, the history of thought escaping the shipwreck of letters, *forti tegente brachio*." (Pref. pp. 2, 5.)

The Professor relates himself, with all the vigour of his intellect, the great and glorious plan of history which was the object of his life, in a letter dated Jan. 25, 1848: "This will be the literary history of barbarous times, the history of letters, and consequently of civilisation, from the Latin decadence, and the first beginning of Christian genius, to the end of the thirteenth century. I shall make it the subject of my lectures during ten years, if it is necessary, and if God prolongs my life. The subject would be admirable, for it would consist in making known this long and laborious education which the Church bestowed on modern nations." He then marks the salient points of his picture—the intellectual state of the world at the commencement of Christianity—the *monde barbare* and its irruption into civilised society, and met by the labours of Boethius, Isidore of Seville, Ven. Bede, and St. Boniface, who carried the torch of learning from one country to another, and handed it down to Charlemagne. Then follow the Crusades, and then the three glorious centuries of the Middle Ages, when St. Anselm, St. Bernard, Peter Lombard, Albert the Great, St. Thomas, and St. Bonaventure achieved for the world of intellect all that the Church and State acquired from Gregory VII., Alexander III., Innocent III. and IV., Frederic II., St. Louis, and Alfonso X. He gives a *résumé* of the events which influenced modern history, and ends by saying, "My labours would be completed by *la Divina Commedia*, the greatest monument of a period, of which it may be called an abridgment, and of which it is the glory." "This is proposed to himself by a man who was nearly a year and a half ago, and who is not yet wholly recovered. But I depend entirely on the goodness of God, in case He is pleased to restore my health and preserve to me the love for these noble studies with which He has inspired me." (Pref. pp. 3-6.)

Such was the object and occupation of his life from the age of eighteen, when he was an obscure student, to the time when he pronounced, as professor, the lectures which contained the labours of twenty years. Happily for himself, he had learnt early the result of labour. When he was twenty years of age, he wrote, "We exist on earth only to accomplish the will of God. This will is fulfilled day by day; and he who dies, leaving his task unfinished, is, in the sight of the Divine Maker, as far advanced as he who has had time to bring his to completion."

It was at Pisa, April 23, 1853, that M. Ozanam wrote a prayer so solemn, as well as so touching, that his friend, Father Ampère, seems to hesitate whether it ought to be laid before the public. His hesitation was conquered by the desire of making what is so excellent known, and he publishes the soliloquy of the dying man:

"I have said, 'In the midst of my days I shall go down to the gates of death,' &c. (Canticle Ezek.)

"This day is completed my fortieth year; more than half the ordinary span of life. I am, however, dangerously ill. Must I, then, quit all these possessions which Thou Thyself hast given me, O my God? Wilt Thou not, O Lord, accept a part of the sacrifice? Which of my ill-regulated affections shall I offer up to Thee? Wilt not Thou accept the holocaust of my literary self-love, my academical ambition, my prospects for study, in which, perhaps, there is mingled more pride than zeal for truth? If I sold the half of my books and gave the price of them to the poor, and if I restricted myself to fulfilling the duties of my office, and consecrated the rest of my life to visiting the poor and instructing apprentices and soldiers, O Lord, would this be a sufficient satisfaction, and wouldst Thou leave me the happiness of living to old age with my wife, and completing the education of my child? Perhaps, O my God, this is not Thy will. Thou wilt not accept these selfish offerings. Thou rejectest my holocaust and my sacrifices. It is myself whom Thou requirest. It is written in the commencement of the book that I must do Thy will, and I have said, O Lord, I come."

It is with a solemn interest that we turn to the fragments of that work to which Ozanam devoted his life and energies, and we find it to be the history of modern Europe. He himself lays down the three elements of history. "First, Chronology, which preserves the general succession of events; then Legend, which gives them life and colour; and then Philosophy, which fills them, as it were, with soul and intelligence."

In the childhood of the world, when the desire of knowledge was fresh and strong, all Pagan histories began with the siege of Troy, and all Christian histories from Adam and Eve. Authors gained fame by chronicles of all past events, because it satisfied the natural curiosity of man to know the antecedents of his country or race. As time went on, history became the expression of popular feelings; and what took place generally may be inferred from what we know of our own country. The British monk, Geoffrey of Monmouth, wrote of Arthur, the champion of the Faith and the model of chivalry; and the Venerable Bede wrote of the saints among his own Saxon countrymen; then came, with the evils of the Reformation, a reverence for what was ancient, and Stow wrote of Catholic England with a fidelity which ranked him among the benefactors of his country. But then also egotism began. Each must think for himself, and appropriate the results of former labours; each must analyse, or generalise, or criticise; and perhaps it is true that the original writer is he who

gives to the world his own view of things, and not the things themselves. If he is unselfish and loves truth for itself, he is a poet; if he subjects truth to his own views, he writes of history, but he does not write history; facts become subservient to theories, and he mentions only a few, as necessary illustrations of his own system. The reader yawns over the succession of kings and events, and chooses for his guide the infidel Hume, the philanthropic Mackintosh, or the Hanoverian Macaulay. The fashion of the present day is the idolisation of nature. This has made art pre-Raphaelite, and poetry euphuistic. History, too, is perhaps becoming a laborious restoration of the past. With a taste for detail which is truly Gothic, the popular historian must reproduce his characters with their own features, costume, and *entourage*, and the long-forgotten personages, as if restored to life by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, must walk about the stage in medieval garb. History has gone through nearly the same phases on the Continent until the period of the Reformation. Then in Catholic countries—as France, Spain, and Italy—arose a more reasoning but a grave and instructive school of history, which preserved past events as a deposit of the ages of Faith; and latterly, since excitement is become necessary to all, and the speculations of German literature have taught almost all to think, the French and German historians have adopted the philosophy of history. The German school takes a naked problem and proves it by a series of abstractions. We read Schlegel and Guizot, and we find instead of facts or dates or persons, a sort of allegorical personification of civilisation, liberty, progress, &c. This is rather declamation than narration, and those among the learned who value antiquity have found the art of realising not the externals but the spirit of the past. Thus when Ozanam, as the Professor of Foreign Literature at Paris, writes of the Middle Ages, the persons whom he names are, for the moment, living; not petrified, as in the stereoscope, but thinking, speaking, and acting, as if the writer could open a bright glimpse into the eternal world, where St. Denys, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas still contemplate the Author and Giver of all they knew. And when he speaks of the succession of events, it seems as if we passed from the midst of a crowded procession, jostling along the dusty highway, to an eminence from which we see the points of its departure and arrival, the distinguished persons, the great objects, and the direction of the march, and that we not only see but understand and sympathise with the spirit of the undertaking. The thought is from above, but it becomes our own. For he not only classifies and generalises, but he christianises his glimpses into history. His pictures are indeed only illustrative of his principles; but when he intro-

duces a person or a fact, he speaks of them with such intimacy of knowledge that it creates a keen curiosity as well as a consciousness of ignorance in the reader. But the reader of Ozanam must be already an historian before he can appreciate the benefit of having his knowledge classified and animated by a living principle, as well as vivified and rendered distinct, as the objects in a dull landscape by a beam of sunshine.

The mission of Ozanam seems to be the destruction of those errors as to the value of the knowledge possessed in the Middle Ages, which have existed since the Renaissance.

It was natural that when the calamities of Europe were so far past as to permit the development of the intellectual faculties, men should be elated by their new powers, and undervalue the painful labours of men interrupted by violence and crime. Maitland, by the evidence of his own reading, saw the injustice of this, and said wittily, that "by the dark ages were meant, the ages about which we are in the dark." But he could see only the outward face of medieval knowledge, and missed its vivifying spirit—the faith of the Church. Ozanam had the gift of faith, and traces with a firm hand the progress of human intellect, often concealed and limited, but always advancing, and often breaking out in power and glory when some sainted Pope or Doctor of the Church explained the principles of religion and philosophy.

But it would be presumptuous to anticipate Ozanam himself, whose own words as well as his very life itself have given a *résumé* of his great object. It is at the conclusion of a lecture that he thus addresses the students:

"It is not my intention to follow out into its minor details the literary history of the fifth century. I only seek in it that light which will clear up the obscurity of the following ages. Travellers tell us of rivers which flow underneath rocks, and which reappear at a distance from the place where they were lost to the view. I trace up the stream of these traditions above the point where it seems to be lost, and I shall endeavour to descend with the stream into the abyss, in order to assure myself that I really behold the same waters at their outlet. Historians have opened a chasm between antiquity and barbarism. I have attempted to replace the connections which Providence has never suffered to fail in time any more than in space, &c. I should not brave the difficulties of such a study, gentlemen, if I were not supported, nay, urged onwards, by you. I call to witness these walls, that if ever, at rare intervals, I have been visited by inspiration, it was within their circuit; whether they have given back some of the glorious echoes with which they have formerly

rung, or whether I have felt myself carried away by your ardent sympathies. Perhaps my design is rash; but you must share the responsibility. You will make up the deficiency of my strength. I shall grow old and grayhaired in the labour, if God permits; but the coldness of age shall not gain upon me so far as that I shall not be able to return, as this day, in order to renew the young vigour of my heart in the warmth of your youthful days."

It is in his lecture on Pagan Empires that Ozanam lays down the principle on which his views of medieval history are based: "Each epoch has a ruin and a conquest,—a decadence and a renaissance." The greatest epoch of the world's history is that when all that was given to man at his creation was exchanged for a better nature at his redemption. This truth of destruction and regeneration is repeated over and over again through all created things,—the seed must die before the new grain can live. As each individual must be changed from the excellence of what he is still by nature to a heavenly model, so nations must be changed, and institutions perish and revive, and the great republic of letters, founded before the Flood and perfected in Greece and Rome, must die and be regenerated in the Christian Church. The first decadence is that of pagan Rome.

It is impossible to represent by quotations the grand but terrible picture which Ozanam draws of paganism, in its glory, its worldly splendour, and its spiritual darkness. He does full justice to the excellence of every art and science which the heathens attained; but he shows that while the court of Augustus was the model of refinement and civilisation, the altars were smoking with incense to devils, who were the personifications of every vice, and the rites of the temples were incantations and abominations. An audience of Christian students could not bear the too revolting details.

His object was the same as that of the great author of *Callista*—to destroy the prestige which still invests all that is classical. Rome was in truth a majestic empire, and even St. Jerome trembled at its fall: "*Elle est captive la cité qui mit en captivité le monde.*"

St. Augustin was not a Roman, and was less overpowered by the terror of its fall. In the midst of the outcries which accused Christianity as the cause of the ruin which involved the world by the evident vengeance of Heaven, the saint wrote his *City of God*, and developed from the creation of the world to the times in which he lived the great Christian law of *progress*. A new empire—that of conscience—was to rule all nations. In this new empire strength and courage were of no avail, and women were as powerful as men in converting the world. Clotilde converted the heathen Franks,

and Theodolind the Arian Lombards. The holy bishop St. Patrick converted in his lifetime the whole Irish nation; and the holy monk St. Benedict founded in the desert of Cassino the monastic armies of the Church; while St. Gregory, from his bed of sickness, headed the battle of civilisation against barbarism. The victory was complete, and every converted country sent forth its missionaries to form Christian colonies.

Thus fell the *power* of Rome, but not her *influence*, for the great influence of paganism was the excellence of its literature. Though the Augustan writers were no more, yet Ammianus Marcellinus wrote history with the spirit of a soldier, and Vegetius wrote the precepts of the art of conquering. Symmachus was thought to rival Pliny in his letters; and, at the same time, Claudian, the last and not the least of Latin poets, succeeded Lucan in those historical epics so popular at Rome. He celebrated the war of Gildo and the victories of Stilicho over the Goths, in verses equal to the *Pharsalia*; and his invectives against Eutropius and Rufinus, in defence of Stilicho his patron, are still considered masterpieces. He ignored not only Christianity but Christian writers, though St. Ambrose was at Milan and St. Augustin at Carthage, and wrote gravely of mythology in an age when few pagans believed its fables. He was an Egyptian by birth, and trained in the schools of Alexandria, and was patronised by the Christian emperor Honorius, who erected to him—as to the best of poets—a statue in Trajan's Forum. Yet Claudian had truly pagan morals; he praised the vices of his patron Stilicho, and when he was murdered he wrote a poem to his enemy; “he misused both panegyric and satire, the powers of a good understanding and a rich fancy, and flowing versification, which place him, after an interval of three hundred years, among the poets of ancient Rome.” But while Claudian celebrated the conflict of Rome with the barbarians, he perceived not the mighty war between Christianity and paganism; and while our Lord and His blessed Mother triumphed over the idols and their temples, he wasted his poetry in their praise; and when he recited a poem in the presence of Honorius and the senate, he spoke to them as if they believed in mythology. Ozanam gives one remarkable proof of the hold over men's minds retained by paganism. When Honorius took possession of the palace of Augustus on Mount Palatine, he assembled the senate, and in the presence of all these great persons, many of whom were Christian, Claudian unrolled the parchment whereon his verses were written in letters of gold, and addressed Honorius as resembling Jupiter conquering the giants. And again, when he had the office of showing the splendours of Rome to Honorius, when he visited it for the first time

(404), he spoke of the city as a pagan in the language of idolatry. And the poet Rutilius, though born in Gaul, idolised Rome. "Rome was the last divinity of the ancients. Mother of men and gods (he calls her, as he wrote his *Itinerary to Gaul*); the sun rises and sets in thy dominions; thou hast made one country of many nations—one city of the world. Thy year is an eternal spring; the winter dares not stay thy joy." So powerful was the influence of pagan Rome over a foreigner; and that influence may be yet better perceived in the Christian poet Sidonius Apollinaris, who, though brought up, like Ausonius, in the Gallic schools, and sound in faith, could not write hexameters without mythology. The only language of poetry was pagan; and when he wrote to St. Patient, Bishop of Lyons (who fed his people in famine), he compared him to Triptolemus.

The first antagonist of the Church, in her task of regenerating society, was paganism; the second, barbarism. Charlemagne constructed, on the ruins of the Roman Empire, an empire of enlightened Christianity; but another decadence followed. The Normans sacked monasteries, and burned the Holy Scriptures, together with Aristotle and Virgil. The Huns destroyed the very grass of the fields. The Lombards seemed to be sent for the destruction of all that was left of human kind. Ozanam says, "Providence loves to surprise." The monks who escaped the Norman pirates preached to them amidst the ashes of their monasteries, and the Normans became Christians. Then arose the Basilicas of Palermo and Monreale in Sicily, and the churches of Italy, Normandy, and England. St. Adalbert converted the Huns, and they defended Christendom against the vices of Byzantium and the invasions of Mahometans. On the ruins of the Roman Empire arose the kingdoms of France, Germany, and Italy. Of this new empire, feudality and chivalry were the opposite elements. Feudality was the principle of division, chivalry that of fraternity; and these remodelled society.

The calamities attending this final disruption of the empire interrupted study, and learning was confined to the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, from whence missionaries carried not only religion but learning into the countries where they were almost extinguished by the Goths. Germany had three great monasteries,—Nouvelle Corbie, Fulda, and St. Gall. At this last monastery was preserved the classic literature. Monks studied grammar and wrote *Æneids*. The royal Hedwige introduced the study of Greek at St. Gall; and Ozanam relates it in one of those graphic incidents which are worth volumes. A new period began with Gregory VII. When he said, "Lord, I have loved justice, and hated iniquity;

wherefore I die in exile;" a Bishop replied, "You cannot die in exile, because God has given you the earth for your jurisdiction, and the nations for your inheritance." Then followed the Crusades, that wonderful and providential means by which the civilisation of the East was brought into the service of the Western Church. They destroyed feudalism; for all who fought gained glory, whether serf or noble. Chivalric poetry arose. Germany had its *Nibelungen*, Spain its *Cid*. Then arose the arts around Giotto and the tomb of St. Francis. Christian architecture was not Roman. The small temples and large amphitheatres, &c. were replaced by large churches, public halls, schools, and hospitals, a small town round a large cathedral. There were three capitals: Rome, the seat of the Papacy; Aix-la-chapelle, the seat of Empire; and Paris, of the schools.

How Paganism perished is perhaps one of the most useful lectures in the course, as it bears upon the doubts which are still felt by some as to the use of pagan books in Christian education. Ozanam shows that the monks preserved by transcribing the works of Seneca and Cicero, and that St. Augustin brought Plato and Aristotle into Christian schools; that St. Augustin, St. Jerome, and St. Basil preserved the heathen poets till Christian poets had learnt their art; nay, how the Church protected the Gallic bards and German scalds, and taught them to sing the praises of God. St. Gregory preserved the Saxon temples, and even adapted their rites and festivals to be used in Christian worship, that what had been perverted to the service of devils might be restored to God.

The contrast—the abyss—between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance has been exaggerated. There was literary paganism in the ages of faith. The troubadours sung of mythology, and the language of idolatry was purified by its application to the praises of the Martyrs, as is shown in the poems of St. Paulinus. When the Church emerged from persecution, the Roman schools became Christian; and when the Lombards threatened to plunge Christendom in darkness, there were two lamps still burning in the night—episcopal and monastic teaching; and in these, by degrees, the pagan books and pagan literature were replaced by Christian works, in which, however, there were still abundant traces of their pagan masters.

It is in a fragment that Ozanam speaks of the way in which the valuable part of antiquity was preserved. "When winter begins, it seems as if vegetation would perish. The wind sweeps away the flowers and leaves; but the seeds remain. The Providence of God watches over them. They are defended by a husk against the cold, and have wings which bear them to congenial places, where they spring again. So, when the ages of barbarism came, the win-

ter of human nature, it seems as if poetry and all the vegetation of thought would perish; but it was preserved in the dry questions of the schools through three or four centuries; and when the time and place came, the man of genius was raised up, and in his hands they grew again." "Such was St. Thomas of Aquin, the champion of dogmatism; and St. Bonaventure of mysticism; and Christendom had its own philosophy." Perhaps we do not realise sufficiently the despair which was the lot of reflecting heathens. They sought the aid of philosophy to console them "for hopeless deterioration from a golden to an iron age; but philosophy could only teach that the world was perishing, and that the pride of man must preserve him from erring and perishing with its possessions." "The heathens knew not the idea of progress; but the Gospel teaches and commands human perfectability, and says to each, Be ye perfect; and to all, Let the Church grow into the fulness of Christ." It was Faith, Hope, and Charity which produced progress.

And, first, Faith set free the human mind from the ignorance of God. Idolatry was not only that men gave to devils the worship which they owed to God; it was the love of what is mortal and perishable, instead of what is spiritual and eternal; it sunk mankind into materialism and sensuality. "Painters and sculptors represented only corporeal beauty: there was no expression in the figures of Phidias or Parrhasius." Ozanam shows how Christian art used what is material only as symbolism, and expressed by form and colour what is invisible and celestial; while poetry was rescued from degradation, and became what it really is, the noblest aspiration after truth of which man in his present state is capable. Philosophy was freed from the trammels of false systems, and speculated securely and deeply on the Divine and human nature. "Origen formed in the catechetical schools of Alexandria the science of theology," and in "the golden age of this new science St. Jerome taught exegesis, St. Augustin dogmatic, and St. Ambrose moral theology." "St. Anselm was tormented by the desire of finding a short proof that God exists, and with him began metaphysics." These were the rich treasures which lay concealed in the scholastic teaching of the Middle Ages.

As theology and Christian philosophy had sprung from faith, so Hope extended knowledge, because men laboured with fresh vigour in improving science. "The course of ages offers no grander spectacle than that of man taking possession of nature by knowledge." In the seventh century the Byzantine monks pierced the steppes of Central Asia, and passed the wall of China; monks took the message of the Pope to the Khan before Marco Polo visited the East;

and monks, in the eighth century, visited Iceland and even America. It was the calculations of the Middle Ages which emboldened Columbus to discover a new world and new creation; and when Magellan sailed round the globe, "man was master of his abode." He goes on: "When man had conquered the earth, he could not rest; Copernicus burst through the false heavens of Ptolemy; the telescope discovered the secrets of the stars, and calculation numbered their laws and orbits in the abyss of heaven. Woe be to those who are led away by such a sight from God! The stars told His glory to David, and so they did also to Kepler and to Newton."

It was by the third and greatest of the theological virtues, Charity, that the moral, as well as the intellectual nature of man was regenerated, though the change was wrought, perhaps, by slower degrees. Slavery of the most revolting kind—that slavery which ignores the soul and the reason, as well as the social rights of the slave, was replaced by liberty, oppression and injustice by laws which are still based upon the letter of the Roman laws; but administered with the equity of the Christian code. Cruelty and indifference to human life, as shown in the national passion for gladiatorial games, was replaced by gentleness and all good works; and the luxury of palaces, baths, &c., was replaced by gorgeous churches and hospitals. Education, which had been restricted to the few, was thrown open to all by free schools and by Christian preaching. Above all, the daughters of Eve, who were degraded below the condition of the very slaves, were raised to be helps-meet for Christians, either by the sacrament of marriage, or by the holiness of virginity.

In speaking of the reconstruction of intellectual action in the civilisation of Western Christendom, Ozanam has a grand and striking thought, that the first step to this was uniformity of language. The confusion of tongues which began at Babel was silenced throughout the world by the universal use of the Latin language, which was adopted by the Church; and that language which was formed to express all the passions and vices, as well as the strength and intelligence of man, conveyed, by the words of St. Gelasius and St. Gregory, the most sublime devotion; by those of St. Jerome, the deep senses of the Holy Scriptures; and when the Christian intellect was free to develop itself, there arose that Christian eloquence in preaching the gospel which influenced, for the first time, all ranks and all dispositions of men.

The present edition of the author's works is conducted by friends who understood and valued his object, and who were able to fill up, without blemishing, the unfinished parts of his lectures. Nothing can be done more faithfully, or in better taste: but

there are many blanks too wide to be filled even by such skilful hands. Ozanam says himself, that the two poles of his work are the "Essays on the Germans before Christianity," and that on Dante. These form the third and fourth volumes. In the fifth volume is his "Essay on the Franciscan Poets;" and that on Dante closes the series. We have confined ourselves to the subject-matter of the first and second volumes, which contain the lectures on the civilisation of the fifth century, and which suffice to show the lofty Christian philosophy with which Ozanam beholds the course of modern history. More than this it would be difficult to show. The lectures themselves are fragments; ideas snatched from the rapid flow of his eloquence, and that eloquence itself could feebly express the thoughts which visited his mind, and the impressions of glory which left no trace but sensation. There is no chronology, no succession. He fixes his eyes on the fifth century—he penetrates its mysteries, and the secret influences which it sends forth to after times. He speaks of what he sees; and we learn that the world of Christendom has had its decadence and renaissance, yet that progress continues. The crimes of the Middle Ages conceal that progress, and so do the troubles of the present time. *O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

E. H.

A Wedding at St. Denis.

You ask me, my dear, how our wedding went off. I have the satisfaction of replying, In the best possible manner; the weather fine; the company well dressed. As for the more serious impressions of the day, you well know that they would be of the most effective kind. M. Amédée is a good young fellow; and the bride took with her to the altar all the best wishes of St. Denis. We went down by train, a whole party of us,—relatives, friends, children, and servants; the latter in their snowy caps and gay shawls. The wedding was announced to take place in the parish-church, not at the abbaye. Hitherto I had always imagined that the two were one and the same. But no! The abbaye is the abbaye,—a noble and beautiful history of the age of St. Louis, bright and rich as are all the monuments of his piety. The parish-church is a small edifice approached by a broad flight of steps; and you may judge of my satisfaction when I found that it was attached to a house I have long desired to see,—that it was actually the chapel of the ancient Carmelite Convent, where lived and died the saintly Madame Louise, daughter of Louis XV. of France.

It is impossible to say why this or that particular book specially moves this or that person. The Life of Madame Louise, accidentally borrowed some years ago, made upon me a deep and lasting impression. It tells a touching story: how, weary of the hollow gaieties of a profligate court, Madame Louise, then a little over thirty, sought, and with difficulty obtained, her royal father's permission to become a Carmelite nun. The pious daughter of a pious mother had long cherished this ardent desire; but it will easily be believed that the way was not smooth; at last, however, she carried her point, and made her profession in presence of her father and numerous members of the court. The house was old; the community very poor; but Madame Louise would accept of no favours; one amongst the others, at a time and in a circle where royalty was held in the most absolute reverence, the princess bore herself with a humility, a self-renunciation, which would have been remarkable had she been nobody in the outer world, but which, in one accustomed from infancy to all the adulation of Versailles, showed a nature full of high courage and devotion. She was chosen mistress of the novices, and discharged her duties with affectionate zeal. Her old father used to come to see her now and then, and she had an influence over him which none of his other children possessed. He would come and sit in her cell,

admitting himself by his own royal authority; and would jest with her in a fatherly fashion, half promising to repent of his sins. Last prosperous monarch of his race; poor, weak, handsome, generous Louis le Bien-aimé, your good child loved you and prayed for you with unwearied piety; we also may hope and pray that this filial tenderness helped to draw down the pardon of an offended God. Madame Louise died a year or two before the breaking out of the revolution—I think in 1789; died unconscious of the lamentable storm so soon to break over her country. She died blessing France, blessing her nephew the king, tenderly remembered in her convent; leaving a name holy and beautiful in the annals of religion. It was with lively pleasure that I heard the ceremony of yesterday was to be performed in the chapel endeared by her memory, built at her desire. It was with emotion that I entered the little door on the right-hand of the church, once evidently leading into the convent itself. The house is now a barrack; a sad desecration for the home of Madame Louise; but through the wide gate, which faces the street, and at which two soldiers were loitering, I saw the arches of a little cloister; and from the small door at the side, by which entrance is also gained to the church, a wide staircase ascends to a room which is separated from the sacred building by immense folding-doors. I thought of the king ascending those stairs; of his daughter who waited dutifully to receive him; of their deaths so utterly forgotten; of her tomb, of which the *maire* told me there is no certain trace; of the utter oblivion in which France seems to hold her race; of her great great-nephew spending melancholy days at Frohsdorf; of the many desecrations of which this one desecration is the type,—my heart was full of these things while I waited in the chapel for the bridal party, whom perhaps you will think I neglect too long.

The great doors at the top of the steps are thrown open,—a few friends wait for them on either side, and at last they come. The pretty gracious bride in her white robe, crowned with orange-blossom, is led by an old man with white hair, not her father; for, alas! she is wholly an orphan,—has neither parents nor grandparents. And then “*le Monsieur de Mademoiselle*,” as her little pupils called M. Amédée during the time of the betrothal. Monsieur gives his arm to his aunt, a woman enjoying “*une haute considération*” in the literary and benevolent world. Then come the little cousins and the sisters of M. Amédée,—he too is an orphan; then the crowd of friends. M. le Curé stands at the altar; he knows the bride from her childhood and prepared her for her *première communion*. M. Amédée and Mademoiselle Lucile stand meekly before him; the good aunt takes up her post at the right hand. We are all ranged behind them; but, alas! two

immensely fat monsieurs range themselves exactly between me and the bride; I have, however, a good view of M. Amédée and M. le Curé. The priest joins their hands; he performs the short marriage-service; the two are made one; and it is the moment for the *petit discours* to be addressed to the married pair. We all sit down; the two fat monsieurs plump heavily into their chairs, and I strain my ears to catch the purport of the sermon, which I imagine will be an abstract discourse upon the duties of the marriage-state. But it proves to be no such thing. M. le Curé *connaît son monde*; and he improves the occasion with an eloquent earnestness which brings tears into the eyes of his hearers. After urging upon the young couple that they should remember in all things the God who had blessed their union, he says to M. Amédée: "You, O young man,—you who have been educated in a virtuous home, who belong to a family distinguished among others for its excellent reputation,—it is for you now to create for yourself a centre of similar influence." (M. le Curé here alludes to the good aunt, who had served as a mother to M. Amédée.) "It is for you to cherish all holy sentiments, all innocent and intellectual resources. I confide to you this day a young girl whom I regard as one of my children; cherish her; be to her a good husband." To the bride he says: "You come to the altar not unknown nor unrespected. To you the parents of St. Denis confide their little children" (she is mistress at the *salle d'asile*); "you have proved how well you merit their confidence, and they follow you this day to the altar with devout good wishes. You now enter a new sphere of duty, and I feel confident that you will exhibit the virtues of a Christian wife." Thus said M. le Curé, at much greater length, in his elegant and expressive French. My neighbour cried, and I cried, and the good aunt cried; and I verily believe the young couple must have cried likewise; but I could only see the back of M. Amédée's head, meekly bent to receive the parental admonition. It was a beautiful and appropriate discourse, followed by the *messe du mariage*; after which a few moments were spent in prayer for the future life of the young people, and we dispersed from the church to reunite at the *salle d'asile*.

This building, once a chapel nestled in the shadow of the abbaye, still retains traces of its ecclesiastical origin; the shape of the nave can be discerned on the outside, and within is a large room with a rounded end, now used as a play-room for the children. Here was laid out the wedding-breakfast, for fifty people, on a long narrow table, twenty-five on each side. The bride took her station in the centre of one side, opposite to the bridegroom, who seated himself upon the other; and next to him was placed the good aunt. The *maire* of St. Denis, a burly elderly gentleman with white hair and

bright dark eyes, supported the bride. The half-dozen children and one or two *bonnes* were at a round-table in the corner.

Then we began; *potage*, roast veal, fish, vegetables, quantities of *vin ordinaire*, winding up with *bordeaux* and champagne. The children had their full share of good things sent to their round-table; every body laughed, talked, ate, and drank; and we wound up a two hours' repast with a violent clinking of glasses in every direction; all the guests, armed with their glasses, assaulted the bride, who clinked with every body. The good aunt kissed M. Amédée tenderly on both cheeks, as if he had been a big baby. The universal *effusion* was something touching to behold.

People then began to think of returning home; but it was discovered that the stranger lady had never seen the abbaye, whose great bell was booming right above our heads. We were assured that it was no use attempting any thing of the sort; that the famous church had been under restoration for three years, and would be so for two years more; that the tombs were boarded up; that the effigies were temporarily placed in the crypt; &c. &c. These difficulties were, however, graciously solved by the burly *maire* with the bright eyes, who offered to take us into the abbaye himself, and let us see every thing in its present state, in spite of the workmen and the boards. So about twenty of us accompanied him into the vast building, which looked much as it must have done at the original building thereof. We walked round the numerous chapels of the choir; admired the painted columns, glistening with gilding and colour, and the rich stone carvings of the altars, likewise tinted with many hues. We saw the fretted tomb of Dagobert, desecrated at the revolution, when he and his queen, Nanthilde, were found lying together, enveloped in silk. Dagobert was buried A.D. 580, in the first chapel built on the spot; and his tomb was of course preserved by St. Louis in his reconstructions. The great sculptured monument of Louis XII., with its bas-reliefs representing the wars of the French in Italy and the king's entrance into Genoa, was covered up with an immense white cloth, of which a corner was lifted for our edification. The marble tomb of Francis I. was, however, fully visible; and several recumbent kings of the earlier dynasty, with straight figures and long noses, occupied the centre of the abbaye. These had been *scraped* at the revolution, for the sake of the gilding, and were now in a painful state of whiteness and apparent newness; but, for all that, they were many a hundred years old.

Then we descended into the crypt, where was a strange population of monumental kings, all placed here temporarily until their proper sites in the upper church should be ready for them. There was Louis XI. with his peculiar hat, and Louis XIV. with his

streaming wig, and an endless series of Charles's, and Louis's, and Jeannes, and Marguerites,—queens in stiff petticoats, kings in strange old-world coronets,—Marie Antoinette kneeling in her bridal costume, Louis XVI. ditto in his ample robes of state. The chapels of the crypt were crowded with these mute effigies; and our footsteps seemed too many, and our voices too loud.

Lastly, the guide took us to a sort of circular vault, having gratings in the wall opposite to each other. The guide bade us stand at one of these while he went round outside to the other, and, placing his torch close to the bars, threw a gleam of strong light within. And we saw seven or eight coffins on trestles; two tiny ones of little children. Here lie the few Bourbons whom the ruthless hand of desecration or the sad leagues of exile have permitted to lie at St. Denis. Here are Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, whose remains were restored by a faithful royalist to their daughter the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Here are the Duc de Berri and his two children, the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bourbon, and Madame Victoire Elizabeth de France, daughter of Louis XV., sister to Madame Louise. Here also are the coffins of Marie Lezinska (her mother) and an old king and queen of centuries ago, whose tombs by some chance escaped the ravages of 1793. Here lies also Louis XVIII. Charles X. died in exile. Henri Cinq—who knows where *his* corpse will repose?

A far deeper melancholy than that of death lingered for me in this crypt of St. Denis. We left the dim and silent vault, and entered the cell where Napoleon, transferred from the Invalides, is one day to lie; but I cannot feel as if his rightful place could ever be among these kings of France of the olden time. I do not love this mixture of incongruous traditions. I am glad he is not there as yet. Let us leave them alone in their glory,—that glory of tradition which supplies many defects of character, many faults of government. For these were really the *fleurs de lys* rooted in the soil of the land.

Let us return to the *salle d'asile*, where M. and Madame Amédée are waiting to bid their friends adieu. The bride has distributed her bouquet to eager claimants; the children are standing on tip-toe to admire the bridal presents, particularly the sugar-basin with its silver handle. The old *bonne*, who has known M. Amédée from boyhood, is crying her eyes out from fatigue and excitement, and has to be consoled in a corner by a torrent of caresses and a lively application of strong salts. Good-by, M. Amédée; good-by, Madame Amédée;—we leave you to occupy your pretty rooms disposed under the pointed roof of your strange old ecclesiastical abode. May all blessings attend you, now and for ever; and may you be the model couple of St. Denis!

B. R. P.

The Castle of Hunandaye.

A BRETON LEGEND.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

At the lone hour when first the screech-owl screams,—
 At the lone hour when high on Hunandaye,
 Touched by the light of day's expiring beams,
 Its turrets fade like phantoms gaunt and gray,—
 At the lone hour when 'neath the wings of night
 The gloomy walls are hid in horrid gloom;
 Fly, traveller, fly; oh, haste in timely flight;
 For here hell growls, and darkness plots thy doom.

II.

Yes, it was here!—may God the Crucified
 Save us from harm!—'twas here,—I scarce can breathe,—
 Yes, it was here!—oh, do not quit my side,
 For sighs come swelling from the vaults beneath;
 Here, here it was, one night of storm and cloud,
 That through the rain, with solemn steps sedate,
 A proud pale stranger came, who thundered loud,
 As with a mace, upon the iron gate.

III.

"Open!" he cried. The hinges hoarsely creaked,
 The guards shrank back with wonder as he passed;
 For not a single drop of rain had streaked
 Or stained the purple mantle round him cast:
 No, not a single stain of humid dew
 Had rested on his helm's dark waving plume,
 Although a night of rain he had gone through,
 When fell the torrent with the thunder's boom.



IV.

In his lone tower, a watcher all alone,
The Châtelain sat, mute, downcast, full of care;
He started up, and o'er his floor of stone,
Which echoed 'neath his tread, approached the stair.
"Ho, there! who waits? What daring wight is he
That on my iron gate doth strike so loud?
Haste, Raol; haste, Olivier; quick, haste and see
What nameless knave is this, so bred and proud."

V.

"Oh, noble baron,—guard us, Heaven, I pray!—
A man-at-arms demands thy face to see."
"Let him mount here; but go not far away,
Raol, for I shall soon have need of thee."
He said, when silent to that turret high
A man in blood-red mantle slowly strides,
Then stops, the lightnings flashing from his eye;
All save his eyes the blood-red mantle hides.

VI.

"Say, who art thou, that on so wild a night
Strikes at my door, and rouses thus mine ire?
Say, who art thou, oh, most magnificent knight,
That comest thus *sans* escort and *sans* squire?
Say, who art thou, who know'st a word from *me*—"
The stranger's eyes in awful mockery rolled;
Then with a voice of fearful mystery
Said, "Thou wouldst know me, baron; then, behold!"

VII.

The escort that was wanting, it is here!"
A spectre rises from the realms of bale;
A second rises, and a third is near:
The three unveil their ghastly features pale;
The three are clothed in winding-sheets and bands,
Each spectre opes its shroud, that scarcely hides
And all the three, with gaunt and grisly hands,
Point to the red blood trickling from their sides.

VIII.

"These are the only squires that wait on me,"
'Twas thus the stranger spoke; "on these look well:
Thy Sire's the first,—a good old man was he,
And he beneath a murderer's dagger fell;
Thy young Wife stands beside him,—she too slain
By murderous hands; the third of that dread row,
Thy youngest Brother:—thus they long have lain
In blood-stained graves. Their murderer? *Thou* dost know."

IX.

And the three phantoms twine their arms around
The shuddering baron, who in vain resists:
He calls for help, the walls return no sound,
The red man laughs, the baron shrieks and twists;
The thunder rolls, the living lightnings play,
The tempest rages through the leafless bowers;
Until at last, about the break of day,
Heaven's fire strikes full upon the baron's towers.

X.

See there—'twas there it struck where flames arose,
In fragments there the iron portal lay:
But look no more, for dark the horizon grows;
Fly, traveller, fly, and speed thee on thy way;
'Tis the lone hour when, 'neath the wings of night,
The castle-walls are hid in horrid gloom.
Fly, traveller, fly; oh, haste in timely flight;
For here hell growls, and darkness plots thy doom.

Dinan, Côtes du Nord, June 23, 1864.

Napoleon's Marriage with Marie-Louise.

THERE are many circumstances where even an excess of caution may not be injudicious, and few things can be more important than to ascertain the veracity of historical facts. Therefore we would fain preface this second episode drawn from the memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, by pointing out the grounds on which their authenticity rests. We pass over the editor himself, Monsieur Crétineau-Joly, to arrive at the account he gives of the manner in which these papers fell into his possession. Written for the most part by the Cardinal during his exile at Rheims, they were hastily penned, and carefully concealed from the French officials that surrounded him. When dying, Cardinal Consalvi intrusted these important documents to friends on whom he could rely. They have since been transmitted as a sacred deposit from one fiduciary executor to another. The last clause of his will relates to this matter, and runs thus :

“My fiduciary heir (and those who shall succeed him in the administration of my property) will take particular care of my writings : on the Conclave held at Venice in 1799 and 1800 ; on the Concordat of 1801 ; on the Marriage of the Emperor Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie-Louise of Austria ; on the different epochs of my Life and Ministry. These five papers (of which some are far advanced, and I shall set about the others) are not to be published till after the death of the principal personages named therein. As the memoirs upon the Conclave, the Concordat, the Marriage, and my Ministry, relate more especially to the Holy See and the Pontifical government, my fiduciary heir will be solicitous to present them to the reigning Pontiff ; and he will beg the Holy Father to have these writings carefully preserved in the archives of the Vatican. They may serve the Holy See more than once ; especially if the history of events therein related comes to be written, or if there were some false account to refute. As to the memoirs concerning the different epochs of my life, the extinction of my family leaving no one whom they may interest, these writings can remain in the hands of my fiduciary heir and his successors in the administration of my property (or they might go with the others to the archives of the Vatican, if they are thought worth preserving). My only desire is, that if hereafter, as will probably be the case, the lives of the Cardinals are continued, these pages written by me may then be made known. For I wish that nothing contrary to truth should be published concerning me ;

being desirous to preserve a good reputation, as is recommended by holy Scripture. With regard to the truth of the facts contained in my writings, it suffices me to say: 'Deus scit quia non mentior.'

"(Signed) E. CARD. CONSALVI.

"Rome, 1st August 1822."

In 1858 it was deemed that the time for publication had come. Monsieur Crétineau-Joly was then staying at Rome; and the papers were confided to him for that purpose by "those eminent personages who, through gratitude or respect, had accepted the deposit of Consalvi's manuscripts." Accordingly a part did come out the following year, and the remainder is now before the public. The part which appeared first embodied in *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution* won for M. Crétineau-Joly in 1861 a flattering brief from Pope Pius IX., which heads the third edition of the work.

Nine years had rolled on since the Concordat. Ten months after the Pope's presence had given solemnity to his coronation, Napoleon caused the French troops to occupy Ancona; Pius VII., having refused to become virtually a French prefect, was deprived of his temporal sovereignty, and then at last dragged from his capital to be transferred a prisoner to Florence, Grenoble, and finally Savona. Excommunication had been pronounced against those who perpetrated these deeds of violence. Meanwhile, Napoleon, at the summit of earthly grandeur, longed for an heir to whom he might transmit his vast dominions. The repudiation of Josephine offered some difficulty to his heart, we believe; but his strong will soon triumphed over that and every other obstacle. Proud Austria stooped to court his preference. Napoleon, disappointed in his wish for a Russian alliance, but in too much haste to wait negotiations, let his choice fall with equal pleasure on a daughter of the House of Hapsburg; Marie-Louise, just then eighteen, came a willing bride to share the splendours of the imperial throne. To prepare for her reception, a state-comedy had been enacted at the Tuileries, when Napoleon, holding his good and well-beloved Josephine by the hand, read from a written paper his heroic determination to renounce her for the public weal. Poor Josephine could not get on so well; sobs choked her utterance when she essayed to read her paper in turn. Convulsive fainting-fits had followed when Napoleon first broached in private the resolve he had taken, and called upon her to aid it by consenting to become, instead of his wife, his best and dearest friend. But all that was over now.

One only difficulty had arisen, which even the imperious will of Napoleon failed wholly to break. It was the same that had ever thwarted him. He could destroy all temporal barriers to his ambi-

tion; but the spiritual element would rise up and protest. How cut asunder the religious tie that linked him to Josephine? For the Church's blessing had been given to their union ere the Pope would consent to perform the ceremony of the coronation. Full well Napoleon knew that he could with an iron hand put down clamour for the present; but would that dispel the feeling in men's consciences? would that suffice to establish the legitimacy of a future heir to the throne?

M. Thiers gives a curious account of the whole transaction. Cardinal Fesch, usually so pliant to all his nephew's wishes, appears to have been the first to start the difficulty; M. Cambacérès the chancellor transmitted his observations to Napoleon. The latter was highly indignant, declaring that a ceremony which had taken place privately, in the chapel of the Tuileries, without any witnesses, and with the sole view of quieting Josephine's scruples and those of the Pope, could not be binding. Finally, however, it was agreed to look at the marriage religiously as well as civilly, and to dissolve both ties. For both, annulment was preferred to the ordinary form of divorce, as more honourable for Josephine; and a defect in procedure or a great state reason were to constitute the grounds of dissolution. It was resolved that no reference should be made to the Pope in any way, as his feelings towards Napoleon under present circumstances could not be friendly. The civil marriage had been easily dissolved by mutual consent of the parties and for public reasons, as seen above, when Napoleon and Josephine read their respective papers before the assembled council. With the views just stated, a committee of seven Bishops was formed to pronounce on the religious tie. They declared the marriage irregular; as having taken place without witnesses, and without sufficient consent of the parties concerned. With regard to the absence of witnesses, M. Thiers puts in a note: "It was through a false indication given by a contemporary manuscript that I before mentioned MM. de Talleyrand and Berthier as having been present at the religious marriage privately celebrated at the Tuileries on the eve of Napoleon's coronation. The author of this manuscript held the facts from the lips of the Empress Josephine, and had been led into error. Official documents which I have since procured enable me to rectify this assertion."

What more likely than that Josephine told the simple truth, and that official papers were made to meet future contingencies? If it had not been intended to annul the marriage by *any* means, why was the certificate of it wrested from Josephine?

Agreeably to the decision of the Bishops, it was resolved to pursue the annulment of the marriage as defective in form before the

diocesan officialty in the first instance, and afterwards before the metropolitan authority. Canonical proceedings were quietly instituted, and witnesses summoned. These witnesses were Cardinal Fesch, MM. de Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc. The first was to testify as to the forms observed; and the three others as to the nature of the consent given by both parties concerned. Cardinal Fesch declared he had received dispensations from the Pope authorising the omission of certain forms, and thus justified the absence of witnesses and of the parish curé. MM. de Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc affirmed having heard from Napoleon several times, that he only intended to allow a mere ceremony for the purpose of reassuring the Pope's conscience and that of Josephine; but that his formal determination had ever been not to complete his union with the Empress, being unhappily convinced that he must one day renounce her for the good of his empire.

A strange conscience is here manifested by Napoleon. Josephine does not appear to have been summoned to tell her tale.

After this inquiry, the ecclesiastical authority recognised that there had not been sufficient consent; but out of respect to the parties this ground of nullity was not specially insisted on. The causes assigned for dissolving the marriage rested on the absence of all witnesses, and of the parish curé. The general dispensations granted to Cardinal Fesch were not considered to have superseded these necessities. M. Thiers says on this point, "En conséquence, le mariage fut cassé devant les deux juridictions diocésaine et métropolitaine, c'est à dire, en première et en seconde instances, avec le décence convenable, et la *pleine observance du droit canonique*! Napoleon était donc libre."

M. Thiers makes no reference to the Pope, who surely must be supposed to have known whether the ceremony performed for the sole purpose of allaying his and Josephine's scruples were perfectly valid by canon-law. It is not possible to admit that he could have insisted on the same, and being present on the spot could yet have failed to ascertain beyond doubt the religious legality of the marriage; more especially as he could have at once removed the obstacle by a dispensation.

This topic must have been mentioned between the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi; it is evident from the conduct of the latter that he and many other Cardinals considered the marriage with Josephine as binding in a religious point of view. The character of Consalvi precludes the possibility of supposing any petty motives for his opposition; conscience alone could have dictated it. Evidently he yielded as far as he could; and what he withheld from duty was with mani-

fest peril to himself, and, humanly speaking, even to the Church, whose interests were so dear to him. As to the number of Cardinals holding opposite views, or at least acting as if they did, the weakness of human nature, alas, and the selfishness of human interests, too well explain that circumstance. Grave historians and writers of genius do not always take sufficient account of *conscience* in their estimate of men and things, and thence flow many errors. Those who are politicians also, from their wide knowledge of human vices fall still more readily into this mistake. Thus Napoleon probably never believed the Pope to be in earnest, or at least his mind could not hold such an idea long together. To himself state-policy was all, or nearly all. His negotiations with the Holy See, his appreciations of Consalvi, all bear the stamp of that starting-point; to him it was a trial of strength in will, or of skill in diplomacy: he ignored conscience. In the same way, a mind eminently lucid as that of M. Thiers judges facts in a very different manner than he would do if he could see that with some minds conscience is the spring of action. If this were not the case, he could not, while speaking of the Pope with due respect, pass over his motives so slightly; nor would he construe as he does Consalvi's conduct with regard to the marriage and that of the other *black Cardinals*. The opinions of such men deserved to raise a doubt in the mind of the historian, and to lead to investigation that might have had other results. We purposely lay stress on this matter because M. Thiers is popular with a large class of readers, who justly admire his talent, but who erroneously consider him a fair exponent on ecclesiastical affairs. He does respect religion; but evidently fails to apprehend the idea of men constantly swayed by duty and conscience; whose judgments may err, as all things human do, but whose supernatural principle of action ever lives.

Towards the close of January 1810, the conclusion of a matrimonial alliance to take place between Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie-Louise was made public in Paris. The ceremony was to be performed by proxy at Vienna in the early part of March; the Archduke Charles being chosen to represent Napoleon on this occasion, and Berthier was the ambassador extraordinary named to ask formally the hand of the princess. The subsequent fêtes at Paris were to vie in splendour with those given at Vienna. Napoleon wished to surround himself with all the members of the Sacred College; a large number had already been summoned to Paris soon after the Pope's captivity; they had been ordered to partake in the festivities of the capital, and we regret to say that they complied. Rome, it must not be forgotten, was now called a French provincial town; Napoleon was progressing on to become the emperor of the West.

with the Pope, the spiritual father of Christendom, as his satellite. The other Cardinals in Rome were called to Paris. Some found pretexts for delaying obedience; Cardinals Consalvi and di Pietro replied that they could not think of leaving without the Pope's permission, but would immediately refer to him, at the same time declining the pension offered in Paris. After the lapse of a few days an express order enjoined them to quit Rome within twenty-four hours. They alleged that no answer had yet arrived from the Pope. But at the expiration of the period fixed, French soldiers visited their houses to carry them off by force. Yielding to violence they departed, and reached Paris together on the 20th January 1810.

Twenty-nine Cardinals, including Fesch, were then assembled in the French capital. How they should act with regard to the new marriage became soon a subject of grave consultation for them. Consalvi and di Pietro had not long arrived when it was publicly announced. Napoleon seemed disposed to treat them with courtesy. Consalvi had his audience six days after his arrival. Five other Cardinals, new comers also, were presented at the same time. They were ranged together on one side, while the other Cardinals remained opposite. Further on were the nobles, ministers, kings, queens, princes, and princesses. When the Emperor appeared, Cardinal Fesch stepped forward and began presenting the five. "Cardinal Pignatelli," said he. "Neapolitan," replied the Emperor, and passed on. "Cardinal di Pietro," continued Fesch. The Emperor stopped a moment, and said, "You have grown fat; I remember having seen you here with the Pope at my coronation." "Cardinal Saluzzo," said Fesch, presenting the third. "Neapolitan," replied the Emperor, and walked on. "Cardinal Desping," said Fesch, as the fourth saluted. "Spanish," replied the Emperor. "From Majorca," cried Desping, in alarm. But Napoleon had already reached Consalvi, and ere Cardinal Fesch could say the name, he exclaimed, in the kindest tone, and standing still, "Oh, Cardinal Consalvi; how thin you have become! I should hardly have recognised you." "Sire," replied Consalvi, "years accumulate. Ten have passed since I had the honour of saluting your majesty." "That is true," resumed Napoleon; "it is now almost ten years since you came for the Concordat. We made that treaty in this very hall; but what purpose has it served? All has vanished in smoke. Rome would lose all. It must be owned, I was wrong to displace you from the ministry. If you had continued in that post, things would not have been carried so far."

Listening only to the fear of having his actions misconstrued by the public, Consalvi instantly replied with energy, "Sire, if I had

remained in that post, I should have done my duty." Napoleon looked at him fixedly, made no answer, and then going backwards and forwards through the half-circle formed by the Cardinals, began a long monologue, enumerating a number of grievances against the Pope and against Rome for not having adhered to his will by refusing to adopt the system offered. At length, being near Consalvi, he stopped, and said a second time, "No, if you had remained at your post, things would not have gone so far." Again Consalvi replied, "Your majesty may believe that I should have done my duty." Napoleon gave the Cardinal another fixed glance, and then without reply recommenced his walks, continuing his former discourse. At last he stopped near Cardinal di Pietro, and said for the third time, "If Cardinal Consalvi had remained secretary of state, things would not have gone so far." Consalvi was at the other end of the little group of five, and need not have answered; but earnest to exonerate himself from all suspicion, he advanced towards Napoleon, and seizing his arm, exclaimed, "Sire, I have already assured your majesty, that had I remained in that post, I should certainly have done my duty." The Emperor no longer containing himself, and with eyes steadily bent on Consalvi, burst forth into these words, "Oh! I repeat it, your duty would not have allowed you to sacrifice spiritual to temporal things." After this he turned his back on Consalvi, and going over to the Cardinals opposite, asked if they had heard his words. Then returning to the five, he observed that the College of Cardinals was now nearly complete in Paris, and that they would do well to see among themselves if there was any thing to propose or regulate concerning Church affairs. "Let Cardinal Consalvi be of the committee," added Napoleon; "for if, as I suppose, he is ignorant of theology, he knows well the science of politics."

At a second and third audience, Napoleon showed similar kindness to Consalvi, always asking after his health, and remarking that he was getting fatter now. The Cardinal only answered by deep salutations.

Principally through Consalvi's influence, the Cardinals in a collective letter addressed to the Emperor, declined acting in any way while separated from their head the Pope. Napoleon had angrily torn their letter to pieces; but even this opposition to his will had not changed his courtesy towards Consalvi, as seen above. He was bent on creating a schism between them and the Pope. Fesch, his ready instrument, proposed several steps as beneficial to religion, but the majority of Cardinals refused to do any thing. Unlike many of his colleagues, Consalvi held aloof from all society. Besides the prohibition of the Pope, who at Rome had forbidden the members of

the Sacred College to assist at festivities while the Church was in mourning, he considered it unworthy conduct for them to take part in amusements while their head remained in captivity, or to seem to court one who had brought such calamities on the Holy See.

While invited to discuss ecclesiastical matters in committee for presentation to the Emperor, the Cardinals were not by any means requested to give an opinion on the new marriage. But it became very necessary that they should have one, as the time approached for the arrival of Marie-Louise, and for the celebration of the marriage ceremonies in Paris.

She reached Compiègne on the 27th of March. Napoleon, to spare her the embarrassment of a public meeting, had surprised her on the road, and they entered the little town together. A few days after they proceeded to St. Cloud. Four ceremonies were to take place. First there was to be a grand presentation on the 31st of March, at St. Cloud, of all the bodies in the state, the nobles and other dignitaries. The next morning the civil marriage was to be celebrated also at St. Cloud. The 2d of April was fixed for the grand entrance of the sovereigns into Paris, and for the solemnity of the religious marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries; the following morning another presentation of the state bodies and the court was to take place before the Emperor and the new Empress seated on their thrones.

Twenty-seven Cardinals had taken counsel together; for Fesch, as grand-almoner to the Emperor, was out of the question, and Caprara was dying. They had decided, after deliberate research, that matrimonial cases between sovereigns belong exclusively to the cognizance of the Holy See, which either itself pronounces sentence at Rome, or else through the medium of the legates names local judges for instituting the affair.

According to Consalvi's account, the diocesan officialty of Paris on this occasion refused at first to intervene, on the ground of incompetency; but the Emperor caused competency to be declared by a committee of Bishops assembled at Paris, and presided over by Cardinal Fesch. The words, however, "*declared competent*," were not eventually inserted in the documents drawn up of the meeting; it was pretended instead that access could not be had to the Pope. But this pretended impossibility could of course arise only from the will of Napoleon.

Consalvi assures us that the preamble used by the committee in the first instance ran thus:

"The officialty, being declared competent, and without derogating from the right of the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom access is for the

moment forbidden, proclaims null and void the marriage contracted with the Empress Josephine, the reasons for such decision being stated in the sentence." But when it was remarked how prejudicial this avowal would be, the government made it disappear from among the acts of the ecclesiastical curia. For it had been previously arranged that all papers relative to this affair should be submitted to government. According to general report in Paris, some of the papers were burnt, and others changed. A person belonging to the officialty succeeded, however, in secretly saving a part, and especially the beginning of the sentence, which was as given above.

Consalvi does not so much as name the validity or invalidity of the marriage; the point to establish for him was that the right of cognisance belonged solely to the Holy See. The incident he mentions of the papers destroyed has no other importance than as showing how conscience at first pronounced, and how a strong hand silenced its expression.

Thirteen Cardinals resolved to brave any consequences rather than consent to a dereliction of duty; for their oath, when raised to the purple, binds them to maintain, at all hazards, the rights of the Church. The names of these thirteen were: Cardinals Mattei, Pignatelli, della Somaglia, di Pietro, Litta, Saluzzo, Ruffo Scilla, Brancadoro, Galeffi, Scotti, Gabrielli, Opizzoni, and Consalvi. The other fourteen held different shades of opinion, and only agreed in deciding not to oppose the Emperor.

The sole means by which the thirteen could protest, under the circumstances, was not to sanction the new marriage by appearing at the ceremonies. This resolve was accordingly taken, and the fourteen were apprised. Mattei, the oldest Cardinal among the thirteen, called upon most of the fourteen to acquaint them with the resolution; other members of the thirteen likewise spoke of it to their colleagues; but no result was produced on the minds of the fourteen. To the shame of the latter it must be said that they afterwards untruly declared themselves ignorant of the line of conduct which the thirteen had intended to adopt. Consalvi positively asserts that such was not the case. The thirteen spoke with the caution commanded by prudence on so delicate a matter, not seeking ostensibly to prevent the others from following their own opinions, and anxious to avoid giving any pretext for the accusation of exciting a feeling against the government. But this reserve did not prevent them from clearly expressing their intention to uphold the rights of the Pope and of the Holy See by abstaining from all participation in the marriage ceremonies.

Though called upon by duty to act in the way mentioned, the

thirteen Cardinals naturally wished to avoid, as much as possible, wounding Napoleon. With this view Mattei was deputed to seek an interview with Fesch, for the purpose of informing him what course they felt obliged to pursue. At the same time Mattei gave him to understand that all publicity might be avoided, or any bad effect on the public obviated, by addressing partial, instead of general, invitations to the Cardinals. This was to be done with regard to the senate and the legislative body, and indeed the smallness of the enceinte offered a plausible pretext; for it was impossible that all entitled to appear on the occasion could be present. Cardinal Fesch evinced great surprise and anger, endeavouring to reason Mattei out of this view; but finding it was of no use, he promised to speak to the Emperor, who was then at Compiègne.

According to Fesch's account, Napoleon flew into a violent passion on learning the decision come to by the thirteen; but he declared that they would never dare to carry out their plot, and utterly rejected the idea of not inviting all the members of the Sacred College.

At the proper time a special invitation reached each Cardinal. There was no possibility of escape. To feign illness or invent a pretext they rightly deemed would be unworthy.

Nevertheless, anxious as they were to avoid offence, when they came to consider more closely the nature of the different ceremonies, it was considered by some that they might, without failing in duty, assist at the two presentations that were to take place before and after the marriages. Consalvi was among those opposed to this view on grounds of honour at least; but, not to provoke any further schism in their ranks, the minority yielded, and this mode of proceeding was decided on. Both marriages were to be eschewed; but they would assist at both presentations. The Cardinals hoped thus to prove that they did all they possibly could to please Napoleon, consistently with their sense of duty. It was also considered highly desirable to shield the fourteen from remark as much as could be, for it was a grievous matter to right-minded men to see the honour and dignity of the Sacred College thus abased.

Accordingly, on the evening fixed, all the Cardinals went to St. Cloud. Together with the other dignitaries, they were in the grand gallery waiting the arrival of Napoleon and his new Empress, when Fouché, the minister of police, came up. Consalvi had been very intimate with him, but having paid scarcely any visits since his return to Paris, from the motives stated above, they had not hitherto met. Fouché drew him aside, and asked with much cordiality and interest if it were true that several Cardinals refused to be present at the Emperor's marriage.

Consalvi was silent at first, not wishing to name any one in particular. But when Fouché insisted, saying that, as minister of police, he knew of course all about it, and only asked through politeness, Consalvi replied that he belonged to the number.

"Oh, what do you say!" exclaimed Fouché. "The Emperor was speaking of it this morning, and in his anger named you; but I affirmed that it was not likely you should be of the set."

Fouché then pointed out the dangerous consequences of such a proceeding, saying that the non-intervention of the Cardinals would seem to blame the State, the Emperor, and even to attack the legitimacy of the future succession of the throne. He tried to persuade Consalvi to be present himself at least, or if the whole thirteen would not come to the civil marriage, to attend, however, the religious ceremony. Consalvi could not of course consent; but he told the efforts they had made to avoid invitations for all, and promised, at Fouché's request, to repeat this conversation to the twelve.

Their discourse was interrupted by the appearance of the Emperor and Empress. Napoleon came in holding Marie-Louise by the hand, and he pointed out each person to her by name as he drew near. On approaching the members of the Sacred College, he exclaimed, "Ah, the Cardinals!" and presented them, one after the other, with great courtesy, naming each, and mentioning some qualification. Thus Consalvi was designated as he who arranged the Concordat.

It was said afterwards that Napoleon's kindness had been intended to win them over.

They all bowed in return, without speaking. When this ceremony was over, the thirteen returned to Paris and met at the house of Cardinal Mattei. Consalvi then related his conversation with Fouché; they saw clearly what there might be to apprehend, but none wavered in the resolution taken.

The following day, the civil marriage was celebrated at St. Cloud. The thirteen Cardinals abstained from appearing. Of the fourteen, eleven were present: one was ill, and two, seized with tardy misgiving, said they were.

Monday, the 2d of April, had been fixed for the triumphal entrance of the sovereigns into Paris, and for the religious marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries. A successful representation of the Arch of Triumph was made; afterwards reproduced in the one at the top of the Champs Elysées. Napoleon passed under it, with Marie-Louise at his side, in a carriage that afforded a fair view of both to the spectators. Arrived at the gate of the Tuileries, on the Place de la Concorde, they alighted, and he led her through the gardens

till they arrived at the chapel of the Palace, prepared for the nuptial ceremony.

It was crowded densely, and many more persons longed to enter, but there were thirteen vacant seats!

It had been hoped that Fouché's words would produce some effect, and that the thirteen Cardinals might, at least, be induced to attend the religious marriage. Their seats had been left up to the last moment; but as Napoleon drew near, they were hastily removed. His eye, however, fell immediately on the group of Cardinals, always conspicuous from their red costume, and as he marked the smallness of their number, anger flashed from his countenance.

Indeed only twelve Cardinals, including Fesch, were present. One was really too ill to go, and two others, as before, pretended sickness. But, as they wrote to this effect, they were considered as absent from accident. And they encouraged this version.

During both these days and nights, the thirteen remained at home, carefully abstaining, as became their position, from all semblance of participation in any rejoicings.

On the morrow was to take place the final ceremony of presentation to both sovereigns, seated on their thrones. All the Cardinals went, and, according to injunction, in full costume. Two hours passed waiting for the doors of the throne-room to be opened.

Then the stream began to move towards the spot in the middle of the grand gallery that connects the Tuileries with the Louvre, where Napoleon and Marie-Louise were seated on their respective thrones, surrounded by the members of the imperial family and officers of state.

The crowd entered slowly, one by one, according to the rule of precedence prescribed, and each individual stopping before the throne, made a profound obeisance, passing out afterwards by the door of the saloon beyond.

In conformity with French etiquette at that time, the senators were first introduced; and Fesch had the littleness to go in with them, rather than with the Sacred College. After these followed the councillors of state and the legislative body, and then came the turn of the Cardinals. But at this moment, Napoleon, with imperious gesture, beckoned an officer towards him, and gave a hasty order, to have all the Cardinals who had not been present at the marriage immediately expelled from the antechamber, as he should not condescend to receive them. The messenger was precipitately quitting the hall, when Napoleon, with rapid change of thought, called him back, and ordered that only Cardinals Opizzoni and Consalvi should be turned out. But the officer, confused, did not clearly seize this second order,

and imagining that the two Cardinals named were to be more particularly designated, acted accordingly.

The scene that followed may be conceived. It rises up vividly. The order for expulsion was as publicly intimated, as it had been publicly given; and scores of eager eyes turned on the thirteen culprits, so ignominiously dismissed. The report of what was coming, got whispered from hall to hall, and flew on to the numerous groups that thronged even the vestibule and staircase; if the buzz ceased, as the Cardinals drew near, it followed swiftly on their receding steps, while they traversed each apartment. Friends began to tremble for their personal safety: the bloody tragedy of Vincennes rose up in remembrance to many an anxious heart.

Their equipages had disappeared in the confusion of the day. The Parisian crowd were astounded that morning to mark thirteen rich scarlet dresses wending about in search of conveyances or homes.

Within the palace meanwhile, precedence, contrary to custom, had been given the ministers; but after them, the other Cardinals were at length introduced. As each, in turn, drew near the thrones, and, not feeling very pleasantly we may believe, made his respectful salutation, Napoleon was giving way to a rapid flow of violent language. Sometimes he addressed the Empress, or sometimes those standing near. The Sacred College, as a body, came in for its share of abuse; but two Cardinals were special objects of reproachful epithets. "He might spare the others," said Napoleon, "as obstinate theologians full of prejudice; but Cardinals Consalvi and Opizzoni he never could forgive." Opizzoni was ungrateful, owing, as he did, to him (Napoleon) the Archbishopric of Bologna, and the cardinal's hat; but Consalvi was the most guilty of all. "Consalvi," cried the Emperor, warming as he went on, "does not act from theological prejudice: he is incapable of that; but he hates me for having caused his fall from the ministry. And this is now his revenge. He is a deep politician, and he seeks now to lay a subtle snare, whereby hereafter to attack the legitimacy of a future heir to the throne."

Marie-Louise, accustomed to the stately etiquette of Austria, must have been rather surprised at this outburst. Perhaps her own destiny, as bride of that crowned soldier of fortune, did not then look quite so brilliant to her. It is easy to fancy courtiers around with their varied shades of amaze, horror, and fear at such delinquency, and its consequences, painted on their faces.

Consalvi tells us in his memoir on the marriage, and also in that of his private life, that the fury of Napoleon on the day of the religious ceremony had been so intense, that on coming out from chapel

he actually ordered three Cardinals to be shot, afterwards confining the sentence to Consalvi alone. And the Cardinal each time says that he probably owed his life to the intervention of Fouché.

But in a note which M. Crétineau-Joly mentions as detached from the memoirs, Consalvi writes thus of Napoleon: "In his fits of anger,—often more feigned than real, especially at first,—he would threaten *to have persons shot*, as he frequently did with regard to myself; but I am persuaded that he never would have signed the order for execution. More than once I have heard his devoted followers and intimate confidants relate that the murder of the Duke d'Enghien had been a surprise rather than a deliberate act of will. I should not be astonished at the truth of this, for it was a useless crime, leaving only shame and remorse, which Bonaparte might easily have spared himself."

The contradiction in these passages is remarkable. M. Crétineau-Joly does not give the date of the note, so we are reduced to conjecture. It seems likely to have been written at a later period, when the downfall of Napoleon would naturally call forth from Consalvi the deepest charity and most lenient interpretations. The two memoirs, it will be remembered, were penned during the Cardinal's captivity at Rheims.

The day after their expulsion, those among the Cardinals who were Bishops had orders to resign their sees immediately, under pain of imprisonment. They signed the deed as required, but with the proviso of the Pope's consent. At eight o'clock on the same evening each one received a short note from the Minister of Public Worship, enjoining him to wait upon that functionary in an hour's time, for the purpose of hearing the Emperor's orders.

The whole thirteen met in the minister's antechamber, and were introduced together to his cabinet. Fouché was with him, and from a kindly intention, says Consalvi. Both seemed grieved at the business they had to transact.

As soon as Fouché perceived Consalvi, he exclaimed,

"Ah, Cardinal, I warned you the consequences would be terrible. What pains me most is that you should be of the number."

Consalvi thanked him for his sympathy, but said he was prepared for all that might follow.

The thirteen were then made to sit down in a circle, and the Minister of Public Worship began a long discourse, which could not much have benefited the culprits, as only three understood French. The substance of it was that they had committed a state crime, and were guilty of treason, having conspired against the Emperor. The proof of this lay in the secrecy they had observed towards him (the

minister) and towards the other Cardinals. They ought to have spoken to him as their superior, and he would have enlightened them with regard to their erroneous idea of the privative right belonging to the Pope in matrimonial cases between sovereigns. Their crime, he said, might have the most serious consequences on the public tranquillity, unless the Emperor succeeded in obviating them; for their mode of acting had tended to nothing less than to cast doubts on the legitimacy of the succession to the throne. He concluded by declaring that the Emperor, judging the Cardinals to be rebels guilty of conspiracy, had ordered them to be informed :

1. That they were from that moment deprived of all their property, ecclesiastical and patrimonial, for the sequestration of which measures had been already taken.

2. That his majesty no longer considered them as Cardinals, and forbade them henceforth to wear any ensigns of that dignity.

3. That his majesty reserved to himself the right of afterwards deciding with regard to their persons.

And the minister gave them to understand that a criminal action would be brought against some.

Even going back as fully as we can to the ideas of the times, there is something equally startling and absurd in the notion of a lay minister of state undertaking to enlighten princes of the Church on matters of canon law, coolly naming himself as their superior, and treating them to a long homily on their duties and misdemeanours. The same pretensions are doubtless reproduced in all revolutionary times; but still the absurdity strikes us forcibly as we read this account.

Consalvi replied, that they were erroneously accused of conspiracy and rebellion—crimes unworthy of the purple, and also of their individual characters. No secret, he said, had been made of their opinion to the other Cardinals, though it had been expressed without seeking to gain proselytes. If they had not communicated with the minister, they had nevertheless spoken quite openly to Cardinal Fesch, their own colleague and the Emperor's uncle, begging him to lay their determination, founded solely on motives of conscience, before Napoleon. Consalvi also explained how they endeavoured to avoid all the blame now laid to their charge by requesting partial invitations, which request, if complied with, would have prevented their views from being made public. The other two Cardinals who could speak French likewise expressed themselves in similar terms.

Both ministers appeared convinced, and, regretting the Emperor had not himself heard their defence, suggested that they should write it out for his perusal. No difficulty was made in complying with this

proposal. The ministers then said that the Cardinals must not, however, bring forward the real motive of their absence, namely, the Pope's right, as that was just what irritated Napoleon; but lay the cause to sickness, or some excuse of that kind. The Cardinals declined taking this course, as incompatible with their duty.

Here we must remark that the whole scene appears to us got up to make them yield at last; but Consalvi, ever charitable, says not a word to that effect.

One of the ministers then tried to make out a draft of a letter for the Emperor that should be satisfactory to both parties; and one of the Cardinals had the imprudence to copy these rough sketches, for the purpose of comparing them and seeing afterwards what could be done. The minister insisted much on having the paper then and there drawn up, as Napoleon was going to travel, and would leave Paris immediately. But Consalvi, pleading his colleagues' ignorance of the French language, succeeded at length in obtaining consent for them to retire together and deliberate among themselves.

It was eleven o'clock when they withdrew; and some of the Cardinals had the further imprudence to assure the ministers that the expressions used by the latter had been faithfully copied.

As soon as Consalvi was alone with his colleagues and could speak freely, he showed them the full meaning of the French terms suggested, and the impropriety, to say the least, of using them. All agreed to hold staunchly to their duty. But now appeared the further difficulty, created by having copied the ministers' words, which it would thus be impossible to seem to forget. Fouché was to see Napoleon soon after leaving them, and would doubtless hasten to assure him that the Cardinals were writing a letter conformable to his wishes. Thus Napoleon, prepared for submission, would give way to tenfold anger on finding the reverse.

The letter was dictated by conscience alone, but its expressions were as much as possible tempered by prudence. Every word was carefully weighed; and five hours passed in drawing it up. By its tenor, they sought to exculpate themselves from all suspicion of revolt and treason, saying that the real cause of their absence was because the Pope was excluded from the matter; that they had not pretended thereby to institute themselves judges, or cast any doubts among the public either on the validity of the first marriage, or the legitimacy of the children that might follow the second. In conclusion, they assured Napoleon of their submission and obedience, without making any request for the restoration of their property or their purple. The thirteen signed by order of seniority in the cardinalate.

Cardinal Litta immediately conveyed this document to the minis-

ter of public worship, who pronounced himself tolerably satisfied. But Napoleon quitted Paris the next day sooner than had been anticipated, and without giving the audience to the minister which had been agreed on. Consequently the latter could not give the letter then, and he informed the Cardinals that they must therefore conform to the orders already received. Accordingly they laid aside the ensigns of their dignity, and hence arose the designation of *black* and *red* Cardinals. Their property was immediately confiscated, and their revenues, contrary to custom, were thrown into the public treasury.

After a short excursion in the Netherlands, Napoleon returned to Paris. Meanwhile the Cardinals had put down their carriages, and hired more modest abodes better suited to their fallen fortunes. Contradictory rumours were afloat abroad as to their fate. Two months and a half passed ere any change took place.

But on the 10th of June each Cardinal received a note from the minister of public worship, appointing a time for him to call; two Cardinals being designated for each successive hour. Cardinals Consalvi and Brancadoro were those summoned for the first hour. When they reached his cabinet, the minister informed them that they were to set out for Rheims in twenty-four hours, and to remain there until further orders should be given. Passports were in readiness. All the other Cardinals successively received a similar sentence; the only difference lay in the place of abode. They were exiled by twos, and care was taken to separate those supposed to be intimate. The minister offered to each Cardinal fifty louis for the expenses of his journey; some accepted, and others declined; Consalvi being among the latter. Soon after their arrival in the towns designated, each Cardinal had an intimation from the minister that a monthly pension of 250f. would be duly paid. Consalvi refused to profit by this allowance, and he thinks the others did the same. On the 10th of January 1811, both he and his companion received a note from the subprefect of Rheims, requesting them to call and give information on certain orders that had arrived from the supreme authority in Paris. The two Cardinals went. The subprefect then informed them that he was required to ask what sums they had received for their subsistence since their exile at Rheims, through what conveyance or persons, from whom, and to what amount. Consalvi was able to answer that he had not accepted a penny from any one. "But how then do you live, since the government has seized all your property?" "My banker at Rome sends the necessary sums through his correspondent at Paris. Under other circumstances I would have borrowed from my friends."

This measure of the government was caused by irritation on learning that charitable persons had united to make up a general fund every month for the support of the Cardinals, and it was wished to put a stop to the proceeding. Consalvi concludes the memoirs of his private life about this time, expressing a fear that the business mentioned above will not end with the interrogatory, but may bring about disastrous consequences. He also says, "We live in exile; foregoing all society, as becomes our situation and that of the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff our head. The red Cardinals, I am told, remain in Paris, and go much in the world, but are not esteemed for their late conduct."

It is curious to contrast with the preceding account the manner in which M. Thiers disposes of this same episode. "On the day of the Emperor's marriage," says that historian, "thirteen out of twenty-eight Cardinals failed to be present at the ceremony. The motive which they dared not assign, but which it was desired to make the public understand, was that, without the Pope, Napoleon could not divorce, and thence the first marriage still subsisting, the second was irregular. This motive was unfounded, since no divorce had taken place (for in effect divorce being forbidden by the Church, could only have been pronounced by the Pope), but simply annulment of the marriage with Josephine, pronounced by the ordinary after all the degrees of ecclesiastical jurisdiction had been exhausted."*

In reality, however, this conduct of the thirteen Cardinals acting in conformity with their head, Pope Pius VII., though cut off from all communication with him, was the protest of the Church against temporal despotism in things spiritual. The Church was in chains, but God had left her a living voice to proclaim her rights. Consalvi never for one instant quits his ground—the Church's right of judgment—to give a shadow of personal opinion on the matter in question. It is a fine spectacle also to see him with his few colleagues, deserted by so many of their own body, quietly discussing what degree of excommunication Napoleon had incurred, whether all contact was forbidden, while they inhabited his very capital, and knew well the stern nature of that inexorable will.

The black Cardinals continued to inhabit their different places of exile until Napoleon, working on the weakness and the affections of the aged Pontiff, drew from him that semblance of a second Concordat dated the 25th of January 1813. Then, restored to liberty, they hastened to the feet of Pius VII.; and found him overwhelmed

* M. Thiers here falls into a grave error: divorce being contrary to the law of God, no Pope can pronounce one. The question was whether Josephine were lawfully married or not.

with grief at the concessions he had made, at what he called his guilt. Truly he had but yielded in his feebleness to the unceasing persuasions of the red Cardinals, backed by Napoleon's promises in favour of the Church, and to the charm exercised by that mighty genius when he stooped to court affection. The proviso made, that the new Concordat, to become binding, should first be submitted to the Sacred College assembled, happily afforded the opportunity of annulling it. That was fully and worthily done by the Papal letter addressed to the Emperor on the 24th of March following.

When the course of events in Europe brought about such a change in his own position, Napoleon, still powerful notwithstanding, began to wish for a reconciliation with the Holy See. On the 23d of January 1816, Pius VII. was allowed to set out for Rome, restored to his paternal sovereignty. Strangely, however, Consalvi was not permitted to accompany him. He received instead a note from the minister of public worship informing him that orders would shortly be transmitted concerning himself, the execution of which admitted neither appeal nor yet delay.

And accordingly two days after the Pope's departure a letter came from the Duc de Rovigo, minister of police, telling Consalvi that he was condemned to another exile in the town of Béziers, and was to set out immediately for that destination in the strictest incognito, and escorted during the whole journey by an officer of gendarmerie.

Nothing more is said of this incident. Consalvi does not carry his memoirs beyond 1812. Two notes found among his correspondence, and signed by the functionaries above named, reveal the orders for this second exile. Napoleon abdicated on the 4th of April 1816. On the 19th of May, in the same year, Pius VII. officially recalled Consalvi to his office of secretary of state.

Thus did Providence terminate the struggle between the spiritual and temporal powers; thus closed for Consalvi the exile consequent on his opposition to the imperial marriage.

On the very day that restored Consalvi to his councils, Pius VII. learned that all the nations of Europe refused to receive within their territories the proscribed family of Napoleon. Rome opened her gates.

Madame Mère, as she was called, the mother of Napoleon, wrote thus to Consalvi, 27th May 1818:

"I wish and I ought to thank your Eminence for all you have done in our favour since the burden of exile has fallen on my children and myself. My brother Cardinal Fesch did not leave me ignorant of the generous way in which you received the request of *mon grand et*

malheureux proscrit de St. Hélène. He said that on learning the Emperor's prayer, so just and so Christian, you had hastened to interpose with the English government, and to seek out priests both worthy and able. I am truly the mother of sorrows; and the only consolation left me is to know that the Holy Father forgets the past, and remembers solely his affection for us, which he testifies to all the members of my family.

"My sons, Lucian and Louis, who are proud of your unchanging friendship towards them, have been much touched likewise by all that the Pope and your Eminence have done, unknown to us, to preserve our tranquillity when menaced by the different powers of Europe. We find support and an asylum in the Pontifical states only; and our gratitude is as great as the benefit. I beg your Eminence to place the expression of it at the feet of the holy Pontiff, Pius VII. I speak in the name of all my proscribed family, and especially in the name of him now dying by inches on a desert rock. His Holiness and your Eminence are the only persons in Europe who endeavour to soften his misfortunes, or who would abridge their duration. I thank you both with a mother's heart,—and remain always, Eminence, yours very devotedly and most gratefully,

"MADAME."

Another letter, from the ex-king of Holland, father of the present Emperor of the French, addressed to Cardinal Consalvi, still further demonstrates the charity shown by Rome, and suggests many reflections. With these extracts from Consalvi's correspondence as a sequel, we shall close our episode of the imperial marriage; the circumstances they recall form a not uninformative commentary on an event that seemed to place Napoleon at such a high point of worldly greatness.

"EMINENCE,—Following the advice of the Holy Father and of your Eminence, I have seen Mgr. Bernetti, who is specially charged with the affair in question; and he, with his usual frankness, explained the nature of the complaints made by foreign powers against the family of the Emperor Napoleon. The great powers, and principally England, reproach us with always conspiring. They accuse us of being mixed up, implicitly or explicitly, with all the plots in existence; they even pretend that we abuse the hospitality granted us by the Pope to foment divisions in the Pontifical states, and stir up hatred against the august person of the sovereign.

"I was fortunately able to furnish Mgr. Bernetti with proofs to the contrary; and he will himself tell you the effect produced on his mind by my words. If the Emperor's family, owing so much to

Pope Pius VII. and to your Eminence, had conceived the detestable design of disturbing Europe, and if it had the means of so doing, the gratitude that we all feel towards the Holy See would evidently arrest us on such a course. My mother, brothers, sisters, and uncle owe too much respectful gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiff and to your Eminence to draw down new disasters on this city, where, while proscribed by the whole of Europe, we have been received and sheltered with a paternal goodness rendered yet more touching by past injustice. We are not conspiring against any one, and still less against God's representative on earth. We enjoy in Rome all the rights of citizens; and when my mother learned in what a Christian manner the Pope and your Eminence were avenging the captivity of Fontainebleau and the exile of Rheims, she could only bless you in the name of her *grand et malheureux mort*, shedding sweet tears for the first time since the disasters of 1814.

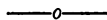
"To conspire against our august and sole benefactor would be an infamy that has no name. The family of Bonaparte will never merit such a reproach. I convinced Mgr. Bernetti of it, and he will himself be our surety with your Eminence. Deign then to listen to his words, and to grant us the continuance of your favour, together with the protection of the Holy Father.—In this hope, I am, Eminence, your very respectful and most devoted servant and friend,

"L. DE SAINT-LEU.

"Rome, 30th Sept. 1821."

V. V.

Saints of the Desert.



No. I.

1. Abbot Antony said: The days are coming when men will go mad; and, when they meet a man who has kept his senses, they will rise up against him, saying, "You are mad, because you are not like us."

2. While Arsenius was still employed in the imperial court, he asked of God to lead him in the way by which he might be saved.

Then a voice came to him: "Arsenius, flee the company of men, and thou art in that saving way."

3. Abbot Agatho said: Unless a man begin with the observance of the Precepts, he will not make progress in any one virtue.

4. Abbot Ammonas said: Such be thy thought as that of malefactors in prison. For they are ever asking, "Where is the judge? and when is he coming?" and they bewail themselves at the prospect.

5. Holy Epiphanius said: To sinners who repent God remits even the principal; but from the just He exacts interest.

6. Abbot Sylvanus had an ecstasy: and, coming to himself, he wept bitterly.

"What is it, my father?" said a novice to him.

He made answer: Because I was carried up to the Judgment, O my son, and I saw many of our kind going off to punishment, and many a secular passing into the kingdom.

7. An old man said: If you see a youngster mounting up to heaven at his own will, catch him by the foot, and fling him to the earth; for such a flight doth not profit.

J. H. N.

The Mystery of the Thatched House.

It was a clean, bright, wholesome, thoroughly lovable house. The first time I saw it, I fell in love with it, and wanted to live in it at once. It fascinated me. When I crossed its threshold, I felt as if I had opened a book whose perusal promised enchantment. I felt a passionate longing to have been born here, to have been expected by the brown old watchful walls for years before it had been my turn to exist in the world. I felt despoiled of my rights; because there was here a hoard of wealth, which I might not touch, placed just beyond the reach of my hand. I was tantalised; because the secrets of a sweetly odorous past hung about the shady corners, and the sunny window-frames, and the grotesque hearth-places; and their breath was no more to me than the scent of dried rose-leaves.

It was my fault that we bought the Thatched House. We wanted a country home; and, hearing that this was for sale, we drove many miles one showery April morning to view the place, and judge if it might suit our need. Aunt Featherstone objected to it from the first, and often boasted of her own sagacity in doing so, after the Thatched House had proved itself an incubus; a dreadful Old Man of the Mountains, not to be shaken from our necks. I once was bold enough to tell her that temper, and not sagacity, was the cause of her dislike that April morning. We drove in an open phaeton, and Aunt Featherstone got some drops of rain on her new silk dress. Consequently she was out of humour with every thing, and vehemently pronounced her veto upon the purchase of the Thatched House.

I was a spoiled girl, however; and I thought it hard that I might not have my way in this matter as in every thing else. As we drove along a lonely road, across a wild open country, I had worshipped the broken, gold-edged rain-clouds, and the hills, with their waving lines of light and their soft trailing shadows. I had caught the shower in my face, and laughed; and dried my limp curls with my pocket-handkerchief. I was disposed to love every thing I saw, and clapped my hands when we stopped before the sad-looking old gates, with their mossy brick pillars, and their iron arms folded across, as if mournfully forbidding inquiry into some long hushed-up and forgotten mystery. When we swept along the silent avenue my heart leaped up in greeting to the grand old trees, that rose towering freshly at every curve, spreading their masses of green foliage right and left, and flinging showers of diamond drops to the ground when-

ever the breeze lifted the tresses of a drowsy bough, or a bird poised its slender weight upon a twig, and then shot off sudden into the blue.

Aunt Featherstone exclaimed against the house the very moment we came in sight of it. It was not the sort of thing we wanted at all, she said. It had not got a modern porch, and it was all nooks and angles on the outside. The lower windows were too long and narrow, and the upper ones too small, and pointing up above the eaves in that old-fashioned inconvenient manner. To crown its absurdities, the roof was thatched. No, no, Aunt Featherstone said, it was necessary for such old houses to exist for the sake of pictures and romances; but as for people of common sense going to live in them, that was out of the question.

I left her still outside with her eye-glass levelled at the chimneys, and darted into the house to explore. An old woman preceded me with a jingling bunch of keys, unlocking all the doors, throwing open the shutters and letting the long levels of sunshine fall over the uncarpeted floors. It was all delicious, I thought; the long dining-room with its tall windows opening like doors upon the broad gravel, the circular drawing-room with its stained-glass roofing, the double flights of winding stairs, the roomy passages, the numerous chambers of all shapes and sizes opening one out of another, and chasing each other from end to end of the house; and above all, the charming old rustic balcony, running round the waist of the building like a belt, and carrying one, almost quick as a bird could fly, from one of those dear old pointed windows under the eaves, down amongst the flower-beds below.

I said to myself in my own wilful way, "This Thatched House must be my home!" and then I set about coaxing Aunt Featherstone into my way of thinking. It was not at all against her will that she completed the purchase at last. Afterwards, however, she liked to think that it was so.

In May it was all settled. The house was filled with painters and paper-hangers, and all through the long summer months they kept on making a mess within the walls, and forbidding us to enter and enjoy the place in the full glorious luxuriance of its summer beauty. At last, on driving there one bright evening, I found to my joy that the workmen had decamped; leaving the Thatched House clean and fresh and gay, ready for the reception of us, and our goods and chattels. I sprang in through one of the open dining-room windows, and began waltzing round the floor from sheer delight. Pausing at last for breath, I saw that the old woman who took care of the place, she who had on my first visit opened the shutters for me and jingled

her keys, had entered the room while I danced, and was standing watching me from the doorway with a queer expression on her wrinkled face.

"Ah, ha! Nelly," I cried triumphantly, "what do you think of the old house now?"

Nelly shook her gray head, and shot me a weird look out of her small black eyes. Then she folded her arms slowly, and gazed all round the room musingly, while she said,

"Ay, Miss Lucy! wealth can do a deal, but there's things it can't do. All that the hand of man may do to make this place wholesome to live in has been done. Dance and sing now, pretty lady,—now, while you have the heart and courage. The day 'll come when you'd as soon think of sleepin' all night on a tombstone as of standin' on this floor alone after sunset."

"Good gracious, Nelly!" I cried, "what do you mean? Is it possible that there is any thing—have you heard or seen—?"

"I have heard and seen plenty," was Nelly's curt reply.

Just then, a van arriving with the first instalment of our household goods, the old woman vanished; and not another word could I wring that evening from her puckered lips. Her words haunted me, and I went home with my mirth considerably sobered; and dreamed all night of wandering up and down that long dining-room in the dark, and seeing dimly horrible faces grinning at me from the walls. This was only the first shadow of the trouble that came upon us in the Thatched House.

It came by degrees in nods and whispers, and stories told in lowered tones by the fireside at night. The servants got possession of a rumour, and the rumour reached me. I shuddered in silence, and contrived for the first few months to keep it a jealous secret from my unsuspecting aunt. For the house was ours, and Aunt Featherstone was timorous; and the rumour, very horrible, was this—the Thatched House was haunted.

Haunted, it was said, by a footstep, which every night, at a certain hour, went down the principal corridor, distinctly audible as it passed the doors, descended the staircase, traversed the hall, and ceased suddenly at the dining-room door. It was a heavy unshod foot, and walked rather slowly. All the servants could describe it minutely, though none could avow that they had positively heard it. New editions of this story were constantly coming out, and found immediate circulation. To each of these was added some fresh harrowing sequel, illustrative of the manners and customs of a certain shadowy inhabitant, who was said to have occupied the Thatched House all through the dark days of its past emptiness and desolation,

and who resented fiercely the unwelcome advent of us flesh-and-blood intruders. The tradition of this lonely shade was as follows: The builder and first owner of the Thatched House was an elderly man; wealthy, wicked, and feared. He had married a gentle young wife, whose heart had been broken before she consented to give him her hand. He was cruel to her, using her harshly, and leaving her solitary in the lonely house for long winter weeks and months together, till she went mad with brooding over her sorrows, and died a maniac. Goaded with remorse, he had shut-up the house and fled the country. Since then different people had fancied the beautiful romantic old dwelling, and made an attempt to live in it; but they said that the sorrowful lady would not yield up her right to any new comer. It had been her habit, when alive, to steal down stairs at night, when she could not sleep for weeping, and to walk up and down the dining-room, wringing her hands, till the morning dawned; and now, though her coffin was nailed, and her grave green, and though her tears ought to have been long since blown from her eyes like rain on the wind, still the unhappy spirit would not quit the scene of her former wretchedness, but paced the passage, and trod the stairs, and traversed the hall night after night, as of old. At the dining-room door the step was said to pause; and up and down the dreary chamber a wailing ghost was believed to flit, wringing its hands, till the morning dawned.

It was not till the summer had departed that I learned this story.

As long as the sun shone, and the roses bloomed, and the nightingales sang about the windows till midnight, I tried hard to shut my ears to the memory of old Nelly's hint, and took good care not to mention it to my aunt. If the servants looked mysterious, I would not see them; if they whispered together, it was nothing to me. There was so short a time for the stars to shine, between the slow darkening of the blue sky at night and the early quickening of flowers and birds and rosy beams at dawn, that there was literally no space for the accommodation of ghosts. So long as the summer lasted, the Thatched House was a dwelling of sunshine and sweet odours and bright fancies for me. It was different, however, when a wintry sky closed in around us, when solitary leaves dangled upon shivering boughs, and when the winds began to shudder at the windows, all through the long dark nights. Then I took fear to my heart, and wished that I had never seen the Thatched House.

Then it was that my ears became gradually open to the dreadful murmurs that were rife in the house; then it was that I learned the story of the weeping lady, and of her footstep on the stairs. Of course I would not believe, though the thumping of my heart, if I

chanced to cross a landing, even by twilight, belied the courage of which I boasted. I forbade the servants to hint at such folly as the existence of ghosts, and warned them at their peril not to let a whisper of the kind disturb my aunt. On the latter point I believe they did their best to obey me.

Aunt Featherstone was a dear old cross, good-natured, crotchety, kind-hearted lady, who was always needing to be coaxed. She considered herself an exceedingly strong-minded person, whereas she was in reality one of the most nervous women I have ever known. I verily believed that, if she had known that story of the footstep, she would have made up her mind to hear it distinctly every night, and would have been found some morning stone-dead in her bed with fear. Therefore, as long as it was possible, I kept the dreadful secret from her ears. This was in reality, however, a much shorter space of time than I had imagined it to be.

About the middle of November Aunt Featherstone noticed that I was beginning to look very pale, to lose my appetite, and to start and tremble at the most commonplace sounds. The truth was, that the long nights of terror which passed over my head, in my pretty sleeping-room off the ghost's corridor, were wearing-out my health and spirits, and threatening to throw me into a fever; and yet neither sight nor sound of the supernatural had ever disturbed my rest,—none worth recording, that is; for of course, in my paroxysms of wakeful fear, I fancied a thousand horrible revelations. Night after night I lay in agony, with my ears distended for the sound of the footstep. Morning after morning I awakened, weary and jaded, after a short unsatisfying sleep, and resolved that I would confess to my aunt, and implore her to fly from the place at once. But, when seated at the breakfast-table, my heart invariably failed me. I accounted, by the mention of a headache, for my pale cheeks, and kept my secret.

Some weeks passed, and then I in my turn began to observe that Aunt Featherstone had grown exceedingly dull in spirits. "Can any one have told her the secret of the Thatched House?" was the question I quickly asked myself. But the servants denied having broken their promise; and I had reason to think that there had been of late much less gossip on the subject than formerly. I was afraid to risk questioning the dear old lady, and so I could only hope and surmise. But I was dull, and Aunt Featherstone was dull, and the Thatched House was dreary. Things went on in this way for some time, and at last a dreadful night arrived. I had been for a long walk during the day; and had gone to bed rather earlier than usual, and fallen asleep quickly. For about two hours I slept, and then I was

roused suddenly by a slight sound, like the creaking of a board, just outside my door. With the instinct of fear I started up, and listened intently. A watery moon was shining into my room, revealing the pretty blue-and-white furniture, the pale statuettes, and the various little dainty ornaments with which I had been pleased to surround myself in this my chosen sanctuary. I sat up shuddering and listened. I pressed my hands tightly over my heart, to try and keep its throbbing from killing me; for distinctly, in the merciless stillness of the winter night, I heard the tread of a stealthy footstep on the passage outside my room. Along the corridor it crept, down the staircase it went, and was lost in the hall below.

I shall never forget the anguish of fear in which I passed the remainder of that wretched night. While cowering into my pillow, I made up my mind to leave the Thatched House as soon as the morning broke, and never to enter it again. I had heard of people whose hair had grown gray in a single night, of grief or terror. When I glanced in the looking-glass at dawn, I almost expected to see a white head upon my own shoulders.

During the next day I, as usual, failed of courage to speak to my aunt. I desired one of the maids to sleep on the couch in my room, keeping this arrangement a secret. The following night I felt some little comfort from the presence of a second person near me; but the girl soon fell asleep. Lying awake in fearful expectation, I was visited by a repetition of the previous night's horror. I heard the footstep a second time.

I suffered secretly in this way for about a week. I had become so pale and nervous, that I was only like a shadow of my former self. Time hung wretchedly upon my hands. I only prized the day inasmuch as it was a respite from the night; the appearance of twilight coming on at evening invariably threw me into an ague-fit of shivering. I trembled at a shadow; I screamed at a sudden noise. My aunt groaned over me, and sent for the doctor.

I said to him, "Doctor, I am only a little moped. I have got a bright idea for curing myself. You must prescribe me a schoolfellow."

Hereupon Aunt Featherstone began to ride off on her old hobby about the loneliness, the unhealthiness, and total objectionableness of the Thatched House, bemoaning her own weakness in having allowed herself to be forced into buying it. She never mentioned the word "haunted," though I afterwards knew that at the very time, and for some weeks previously, she had been in full possession of the story of the nightly footstep. The doctor recommended me a complete change of scene; but instead of taking advantage of this, I asked for a companion at the Thatched House.

The prescription I had begged for was written in the shape of a note to Ada Rivers, imploring her to come to me at once. "Do come now," I wrote; "I have a mystery for you to explore. I will tell you about it when we meet." Having said so much, I knew that I should not be disappointed.

Ada Rivers was a tall robust girl, with the whitest teeth, the purest complexion, and the clearest laugh, I have ever met with in the world. To be near her made one feel healthier both in body and mind. She was one of those lively, fearless people who love to meet a morbid horror face to face, and put it to rout. When I wrote to her, "Do come, for I am sick," I was pretty sure she would obey the summons; but when I added, "I have a mystery for you to explore," I was convinced of her compliance beyond the possibility of a doubt.

It wanted just one fortnight of Christmas-day when Ada arrived at the Thatched House. For some little time beforehand, I had busied myself so pleasantly in making preparations that I had almost forgotten the weeping lady, and had not heard the footstep for two nights. And when on the first evening of her arrival, Ada stepped into the haunted dining-room in her trim flowing robe of crimson cashmere, with her dark hair bound closely round her comely head, and her bright eyes clear with that frank unwavering light of theirs, I felt as if her wholesome presence had banished dread at once, and that ghosts could surely never harbour in the same house with her free step and genial laugh.

"What is the matter with you?" said Ada, putting her hands on my shoulders, and looking in my face. "You look like a changeling, you little white thing! When shall I get leave to explore your mystery?"

"To-night," I whispered, and looking round me quickly, shuddered. We were standing on the hearth before the blazing fire, on the very spot where that awful footstep would pass and re-pass through the long dark unhappy hours after our lights had been extinguished, and our heads laid upon our pillows.

Ada laughed at me and called me a little goose; but I could see that she was wild with curiosity, and eager for bedtime to arrive. I had arranged that we should both occupy my room, in order that if there was any thing to be heard, Ada might hear it. "And now what is all this that I have to learn?" said she, after our door had been fastened for the night, and we sat looking at one another with our dressing-gowns upon our shoulders.

As I had expected, a long ringing laugh greeted the recital of my doleful tale. "My dear Lucy!" cried Ada, "my poor sick little

moped Lucy, you surely don't mean to say that you believe in such vulgar things as ghosts?"

"But I cannot help it!" I said. "I have heard that footstep no less than seven times, and the proof of it is, that I am ill. If you were to sleep alone in this room every night for a month, you would get sick too."

"Not a bit of it!" said Ada, stoutly; and she sprang up and walked about the chamber. "To think of getting discontented with this pretty room, this exquisite little nest! No, I engage to sleep here every night for a month—alone, if you please—and at the end of that time, I shall not only be still in perfect health, my unromantic self, but I promise to have cured you, you little absurd imaginative thing! And now let us get to bed without another word on the subject. 'Talking it over,' in cases of this kind, always does a vast amount of mischief."

Ada always meant what she said. In half an hour we were both in bed, without a further word having been spoken on the matter. So strengthened and reassured was I by her strong happy presence that, wearied out by the excitement of the day, I was quickly fast asleep. It was early morning when I wakened again, and the red frosty sun was rising above the trees. When I opened my eyes, the first object they met was Ada, sitting in the window, with her forehead against the pane, and her hands locked in her lap. She was very pale, and her brows were knit in perplexed thought. I had never seen her look so strangely before.

A swift thought struck me. I started up, and cried, "O Ada! forgive me for going to sleep so soon. *I know you have heard it.*"

She unknit her brows, rose from her seat and came and sat down on the bed beside me. "I cannot deny it," she said gravely; "*I have heard it.* Now tell me, Lucy, does your Aunt know any thing of all this?"

"I am not sure," I said; "I cannot be, because I am afraid to ask her. I rather think that she has heard some of the stories, and is anxiously trying to hide them from me, little thinking of what I have suffered here. She has been very dull lately, and repines constantly about the purchase of the house."

"Well," said Ada, "we must tell her nothing till we have sifted this matter to the bottom."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I asked, beginning to tremble.

"Nothing very dreadful, little coward!" she said, laughing, "only to follow the ghost if it passes our door to-night; I want to see what stuff it is made of. If it be a genuine spirit, it is time the

Thatched House were vacated for its more complete accommodation. If it be flesh and blood, it is time the trick were found out."

I gazed at Ada with feelings of mingled reverence and admiration. It was in vain that I tried to dissuade her from her wild purpose. She bade me hold my tongue, get up and dress, and think no more about ghosts till bedtime. I tried to be obedient; and all that day we kept strict silence on the dreadful subject, while our tongues and hands and (seemingly) our heads were kept busily occupied in helping to carry out Aunt Featherstone's thousand and one pleasant arrangements for the coming Christmas festivities.

During the morning, it happened that I often caught Ada with her eyes fixed keenly on Aunt Featherstone's face, especially when once or twice the dear old lady sighed profoundly, and the shadow of an unaccountable cloud settled down upon her troubled brows. Ada pondered deeply in the intervals of our conversation, though her merry comment and apt suggestion were always ready as usual when occasion seemed to call for them. I noticed also that she made excuses to explore rooms and passages, and found means to observe, and exchange words with, the servants. Ada's bright eyes were unusually wide open that day. For me, I hung about her like a mute, and dreaded the coming of the night.

Bedtime arrived too quickly; and when we were shut in together in our room, I implored Ada earnestly to give up the wild idea she had spoken of in the morning, and to lock fast the door, and let us try to go to sleep. Such praying, however, was useless. Ada had resolved upon a certain thing to do, and this being the case, Ada was the girl to do it.

We said our prayers, we set the door ajar, we extinguished our light, and we went to bed. An hour we lay awake, and heard nothing to alarm us. Another silent hour went past, and still the sleeping house was undisturbed. I had begun to hope that the night was going to pass by without accident, and had just commenced to doze a little and to wander into a confused dream, when a sudden squeezing of my hand, which lay in Ada's, startled me quickly into consciousness.

I opened my eyes; Ada was sitting erect in the bed, with her face set forward, listening, and her eyes fastened on the door. Half smothered with fear, I raised myself upon my elbow and listened too. Yes; oh, horror! there it was, the soft, heavy, unshod footstep going down the corridor outside the door. It paused at the top of the staircase, and began slowly descending to the bottom. "Ada!" I whispered, with a gasp. Her hand was damp with fear, and my face was drenched in a cold dew. "In God's name!" she sighed,

with a long-drawn breath; and then she crept softly from the bed, threw on her dressing-gown, and went swiftly away out of the already open door.

What I suffered in the next few minutes I could never describe, if I spent the remainder of my life in endeavouring to do so. I remember an interval of stupid horror; while leaning on my elbow in the bed, I gazed with a fearful, fascinated stare at the half-open door beside me. Then, through the silence of the night there came a cry.

It seemed to come struggling up through the flooring from the dining-room underneath. It sounded wild, suppressed, smothered, and was quickly hushed away into stillness again; but a horrible stillness, broken by fitful, confused murmurs. Unable to endure the suspense any longer, I sprang out of bed, rushed down the stairs, and found myself standing in the gray darkness of the winter's night, with rattling teeth, at the door of the haunted dining-room.

"Ada! Ada!" I sobbed out, in my shivering terror, and thrust my hand against the heavy panel. The door opened with me, I staggered in, and saw — a stout white figure sitting bolt upright in an armchair, and Ada standing quivering in convulsions of laughter by its side. I fell forward on the floor; but before I fainted quite, I heard a merry voice ringing through the darkness,

"Oh, Lucy! your Aunt Featherstone is the ghost!"

When I recovered my senses, I was lying in bed, with Ada and my aunt both watching by my side. The poor dear old lady had so brooded over the ghost-stories of the house, and so unselfishly denied herself the relief of talking them over with me, that, pressing heavily on her thoughts, they had unsettled her mind in sleep. Constantly ruminating on the terror of that ghostly walk, she had unconsciously risen night after night, and most cleverly accomplished it herself. Comparing dates, I found that she had learned the story of the spirit only a few days before the night on which I had first been terrified by the footstep.

The news of Aunt Featherstone's escapade flew quickly through the house. It caused so many laughs, that the genuine ghosts soon fell into ill-repute. The legend of the weeping lady's rambles became divested of its dignity, and grew therefore to be quite harmless. Ada and I laughed over our adventure every night during the rest of her stay, and entered upon our Christmas festivities with right good will. I have never forgotten to be grateful to Ada for that good service which she rendered me; and as for Aunt Featherstone, I must own that she never again said one word in disparagement of the Thatched House.

R. M.

The Beauty of the First Empire.

THE virtues of a nun or Sister of Charity are, for the most part, hidden from the world. The mass of men can but recognise the moral fitness and sublimity of the principles which have led to her devoting herself to a life of self-denial; but they cannot, except in rare instances, gain a close view of the beautiful character those principles and that life have formed. If there be one spectacle which, more than others, commands general admiration and respect, it is that of a woman endowed with singular charms of mind and body, moving in high station, and exposed to the most powerful temptations, yet maintaining, under circumstances equally varied and trying, a serene temper and an unspotted fame.

Such a woman was Julie Bernard, better known as Madame Récamier; and, when we consider the extraordinary political period in which she lived, the many conflicting parties and hostile individuals with whom she came in contact, the vexations she endured, and the cruel vicissitudes of fortune she underwent, we naturally ask from what secret source were derived such uniform sweetness, such invincible firmness, such lasting friendships, and such unrivalled influence over the hearts and wills of men. We ask this, and we delight in discovering that religion was her hidden strength; that it guided her more than those around her suspected, more than she was aware of herself; that it was more influential inwardly, because barely manifested on ordinary occasions. We love to see the enemies of Christianity taken by snare, enamoured of a character by reason of its natural beauty; yet finding at last that its loveliness is due, not merely to nature, but also to the nobler and less palpable charms of grace.

Julie Bernard was born at Lyons in 1777. She received her early education in a convent in that city, and retained through life a grateful remembrance of the lessons she received and the years she spent there. If, as one of her biographers tells us, the "incense, flowers, and ceremonies, by which the Church of Rome appeals so successfully to the feelings of the young and susceptible, charmed her imagination and lived fondly in her memory," we can only say, blessings be in ceremonies, flowers, and incense, if these—if aught that is earthly—can rivet in the mind truths that are divine. From this school of piety, Jean Bernard the notary, and his wife, took the

beautiful "Julie" to Paris, to complete her education. To cultivate her taste for music and dress was the first object of her vain and frivolous mother.

In April 1793, just three months after the execution of Louis XVI., she married M. Jaques Récamier, the son of a hosier at Lyons. There was a good deal of wealth in his family, and he had a talent for making more and spending it likewise. He was handsome, vain, jovial, and forty-two years of age: his bride was fifteen. He had always been very kind to her, and gave her all her finest dolls. She married him with the best will possible, and was quite sure he would always be very obliging. But a mystery involves their union, which none have satisfactorily penetrated. Her relation to him, from first to last, was simply filial. Many believed that she was his daughter; and if so, she would, of course, be the last to know it, and to publish her mother's disgrace. He had risen to great opulence in Paris, and the pretended marriage enabled him to secure his fortune to her in the event of his being guillotined. Madame M——, her biographer, accepts the story as true, and says that "it explains all the anomalies of her life."

As M. Récamier's wife, her position in society was fixed, if indeed society could be said to exist. The Reign of Terror had completely disorganised it; and the fair rich fascinating Madame Récamier, free from domestic cares, bourgeoisie by birth, aristocratic in tastes and manners, had full scope for exerting her extraordinary art of drawing people together, and uniting them in social harmony. Nor was this all. When the reaction began, when the churches were reopened, and multitudes, long debarred from the privileges of public worship, repaired to them again, she was requested to hold the plate, on one occasion, for a collection for the poor. The enormous sum of 20,000 francs was given; and this generosity was partly owing to Madame Récamier's extreme beauty and good example. Crowds climbed on chairs and columns to gaze on her; and the two gentlemen appointed to attend her could with difficulty prevent her being crushed to death. Long-champs was to Paris then what the Bois de Boulogne is now; and whenever she drove there, every eye watched her carriage as it moved at a foot's pace, and universal suffrage proclaimed her the fairest of the fair. In December 1797, when a fête was given to Bonaparte on his return from the campaign in Italy, she happened to stand up in the crowded court of the Luxembourg to get a better view of the young conqueror. Her whole figure was thus displayed, and called forth a burst of general admiration. Napoleon only darted a stern glance at the lovely being who dared involuntarily to divide public attention with himself.

Her *salon* at this time became the resort of all that was most intellectual, bravest, and highest in the capital. No distinctions were made either of party or principles. Society had to be reconstructed from its very foundations; and it was something to bring people to associate together without mutual suspicion, and with the outward show, at least, of friendship and good-will. From the house in the Rue du Mont Blanc, formerly tenanted by Necker, Madame Récamier removed to the Château de Clichy. Her husband still lived in Paris, but drove to dinner at Clichy every day. Here Lucien Bonaparte became a guest, and, under the name of Romeo, wrote grandiloquent love-letters to Juliette. The latter showed them to her husband, and proposed to forbid Romeo the house; but the easy banker dissuaded her earnestly from so impolitic a step. The brother of the First Consul was not a man to be affronted. She must, he said, be very civil to him, and grant nothing. She therefore allowed him to write his nonsense; and when, in despair, he requested his letters might be returned, she refused to restore them. He already encouraged scandal at her expense, and would have shown about his correspondence to the same end. Her virtue is now so fully established that it needs no vindication.

Another suitor, more powerful than Lucien, now arose to perplex and ultimately to embitter Madame Récamier's existence. At a grand dinner and concert, given by the Minister of the Interior to the First Consul, she spoke with Bonaparte for the first and last time. Her charms made a deep impression on his susceptible and selfish nature. He paid her marked attention, desired Fouché to repeat his expressions of admiration and regard, fixed his gaze on her during the music, and chid her for not sitting next him. In 1805 he mounted the imperial throne, and still thought of the fascination which, by common consent, surrounded Madame Récamier's steps, and filled her circle with delight. Her château was in itself a court, where the nobles of France returned from emigration, and the parvenu dukes and generals of the Empire, were alike welcome. To absorb her into his own interests, and, by the sacrifice of her good name, to enhance the splendour of his unprincipled court, was now his evil aim; and Fouché was again to play the tempter's part. He complained, in the Emperor's name, of the encouragement she gave to many who were hostile to his policy; and persisted in the purpose of his visit, in spite of her assuring him, with perfect frankness, that she had greatly admired the genius and exploits of the Emperor in the outset of his career; but that the persecution of her friends, the fate of the Duc d'Enghien, the exile of Madame de Staël and Moreau, had entirely changed her sentiments. Juliette was still

urged to accept a place about the court. Bonaparte, she was told, had met with no woman worthy of him. Who could say how beneficent an influence she might exert over him? No one knew how great would be his love for a pure-minded woman. Madame Murat was employed to second these arguments, which inspired Madame Récamier with sincere though repressed disgust. She communicated her uneasiness to Duke Matthieu de Montmorency, who advised the greatest prudence and reserve. When Fouché came with his last proposal, she refused in the most decided but respectful language to be made Dame du Palais. Fouché, highly indignant and irritated, quitted Clichy, never to return; and from that moment the Emperor became Madame Récamier's enemy, and commenced a series of petty persecutions.

We cannot, in the present sketch, trace the events of this remarkable woman's life in strict chronological order; but, by dwelling briefly on her relations with some of the most illustrious of her friends, we shall find abundant opportunity of bringing into strong relief the best features of her noble character. To none was she tied in the bonds of lasting and honourable friendship more closely than to the Matthieu de Montmorency just mentioned. He was born in 1760; became a young man of fashion and pleasure, ardent and full of enthusiasm in all his pursuits. Having accompanied La Fayette to America, he returned intensely devoted to republican ideas. It was on a motion of his, when deputy to the States-General, that the privileges of the nobility, which he was more interested in retaining than any man, were abolished. His zeal in such matters procured him the sympathy and friendship of Madame de Staël, which lasted through life. In 1792 he emigrated to Switzerland, and soon learned that his brother, the Abbé de Laval, had been guillotined. He was overpowered with remorse and sorrow, and reason nearly forsook him. His beloved brother had fallen a victim to a revolution which he had encouraged. Madame de Staël did all in her power to console him; but religion alone brought him solid peace. From that time he became a strict and fervent Christian, renouncing every earthly passion. For Madame Récamier he had the fondest affection; but it was that of a loving father. He constantly feared for her, lest, through love of pleasing, she should endanger her immortal interests. His letters are a rare monument of an attachment equally warm and pure. Incomparable delicacy ruled his language, his feelings, and judgment; while the austerity of his life gave weight to his authority, and completed a character little short of perfection. The intimacy between him and Madame Récamier lasted twenty-seven years without interruption, and terminated only with the duke's

death. This happened in 1826, just after he had been elected a member of the Academy, and appointed to preside over the education of the heir to the throne. On Good-Friday he had gone to the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, apparently in perfect health; but expired in the act of devotion before the altar, in the most solemn part of the service. A peaceful and happy death! A beautiful and fitting close of a long and well-spent life! For such men as Matthieu de Montmorency can never be forgotten; they show us that sanctity as real and distinctive is sometimes found in the world as in the cloister or the desert.

Madame Récamier's friendship for Madame de Staël dates from the year 1798, and for warmth and fidelity will bear comparison with any that history records. In genius they were ill-matched; for the authoress of *Allemagne* and *Corinne* could find few, if any, rivals; but they were alike in their social charms, love of admiration, and great popularity. They agreed in their political bias, which, being towards limited monarchy, was of all others the most reasonable and truly liberal; and they suffered alike from the cruel jealousy of a powerful despot. In 1803 Madame de Staël had been banished from Paris. As a woman, full of ardour and intellectual power, no less than as the daughter of Necker, her presence there was peculiarly obnoxious to Bonaparte. Madame Récamier offered her an asylum at Clichy, and she hoped there to be safe from her persecutor's vengeance. Her sentence of exile, however, was confirmed, and she resolved to set out for Germany. In 1810, having completed her work on Germany, she visited Duke Matthieu de Montmorency, near Blois. She had a strong affection for him, in spite of the difference in their religious belief. The whole edition of her book, amounting to 10,000 copies, was seized, and she was condemned to return to Coppet. Thither Madame Récamier followed her on a visit the same year, though cautioned by her friends against committing so great an imprudence. Her generous nature would brook no obstacles to her fidelity to her friend; and both she and Montmorency expiated the crime of loving Madame de Staël by a sentence of banishment from that capital, compared with which all the world beside is to most Frenchmen but a desert. The work on Germany did not contain a line against Bonaparte; but his despotism was gradually enlarging its circle, and was equally gigantic and minute.

In 1802 Madame Récamier had obtained the release of her father from prison by means of Bernadotte. He was at the head of the Post-office, and had been arrested on a charge of complicity in a royalist scheme; but when, in 1806, she again fell into trouble through the failure of her husband's bank, no hand was strong

enough to extricate her from difficulty. The aid of the Bank of France was peremptorily refused, and every thing was given up to the creditors. Madame Récamier's hotel was let to others, and she took up her abode in a small apartment on one side of the garden. Her retreat, however, was besieged by crowds of friends anxious to express their sympathy; and her character, hitherto seen only in the radiant lustre of Parisian assemblies, now shone forth more conspicuously in the shades of adverse fortune. Her serenity inspired universal respect. Junot, the Duke of Abrantes, though a favourite of Bonaparte, was one of the multitude who would not desert her. Napoleon alone was piqued at the attentions she received; and observed to Junot, with abrupt ill-humour, "They would not pay so much respect to the widow of a field-marshal of France killed in battle!"

While Madame Récamier was visiting Madame de Staël in Switzerland in 1807, she became acquainted with Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew to Frederick the Great, who had been taken prisoner by the French two years before. He was very handsome and chivalrous, and united the frankness and sentiment peculiar to the young Germans of that period. He became passionately enamoured of Madame Récamier. In Protestant Prussia divorce was easy; and he knew that there would be no difficulty in Juliette, though a Catholic, obtaining release from a bond which was merely nominal. She was touched by his devoted attentions; and the glorious scenery which surrounded them on the banks of the Lake Lemman contributed to deepen the enchantment. She wrote to M. Récamier, to ask for a release. He did not refuse what he admitted she had a right to ask; but very selfishly, it would seem, appealed to her feelings; reminded her of the affection he had shown her from childhood; and begged that, if the separation took place, it might be effected out of France. The letter was expressed in tender and paternal language; and, strange to say, it completely turned the current of Madame Récamier's thoughts. She could not bring herself to desert the kind and generous protector of her youth now that he was fallen in fortune.

She returned to Paris in the autumn; and the Prince, on peace being concluded, repaired to Berlin, and endeavoured to obtain the consent of his family to a marriage. Madame Récamier, however, had given him no decided answer, and there may have been circumstances with which we are unacquainted that lessened her inclination to accept his hand. Difference of religion had some weight with her, and the dread of quitting her country for ever was not without its influence. We learn from her friend, Madame M—, that at the

very time the Prince was making love to her so vehemently, he had two daughters, who were afterwards known as the Countesses of Waldenburg. They visited Paris in 1846, after their father's death, and she received them most tenderly for his sake; but their birth was not likely to increase her desire for marriage; and it throws light on her saying once of Prince Augustus, that he was indeed passionately in love with her, but that he was very gallant, and had many other fancies. The portrait of herself she sent him from Paris adorned his residence at Berlin to the day of his death. A ring which she gave him was, by his desire, buried with him; and though at last she declined the proposed marriage, on the ground that she could but imperfectly respond to the sentiments she inspired, the Prince continued to correspond with her till 1815, when he entered Paris with the allied armies. The letters he wrote from the French towns he besieged and took were full of passion and Prussian patriotism; and Madame Récamier, who was no less patriotic than her lover, was little pleased at the combination. Their last interview took place in 1825, when the Prince found Madame Récamier in her retreat at the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

During the time of her exile from Paris, she took up her abode at Châlons, together with a little niece whom she had adopted. Here she was in the neighbourhood of dear friends, especially that of Duke Matthieu de Montmorency; but she seldom saw them, fearing lest they should suffer through their kindness to an exile. Her youth and lonely position clearly pointed out the propriety of quiet habits, and to these she steadily adhered. But as she intended never to sue for a recall, neither would she stoop to the prudent measures her friends recommended. With honourable pride, she requested Junot on no account to mention her name in the Emperor's presence. Châlons was dreary enough; but instead of fretting after Paris, she turned to the best account the few resources it offered. Making friends with the organist, she obtained leave to play during High Mass, and to practise at other times. Thus music helped her devotion, and the sources of true consolation were unsealed.

In 1813 she set out for Italy, attended only by her maid and niece, afterwards Madame le Normant. Having no longer a large fortune, she travelled with a *vetturino*, and beguiled the irksomeness of the road with a small library, selected for the purpose by M. Ballanche. The mention of this name introduces us to another of those illustrious friends with whom Providence so bountifully surrounded her steps. M. Ballanche is now almost forgotten as an author; but in his day he was regarded as one of the best prose writers, and was

honoured by a seat in the French Academy in 1844. He was devoted to one idea—the progress of mankind through alternate periods of recovery and decay. He engrafted on the doctrines of the Fall and Redemption his own philosophical speculations respecting human perfectibility; and, in like manner, his science was mingled with mysticism. But his genius was his fortune, in spite of his low birth (being the son of a printer at Lyons) and an exterior singularly disfigured. He had put himself into the hands of a quack to be cured of headaches, and the treatment to which he was subjected having been followed by caries of the jaw-bone, part of it had to be removed. He had also been trepanned; and one side of his face was frightfully deformed. But his forehead was high, his eyes were brilliant, and his expression full of gentleness. It was impossible not to see that noble and beautiful qualities were hidden under an unsightly exterior. His devotion to Madame Récamier was intense; but he never asked or thought of any return. It was enough for him to bask in the sunshine of her friendship, and to carry all his labours to her feet. Her approbation was the charm of his existence, and sweeter to him than the multitude's applause. She inspired without torturing him; and the affectionate esteem of each redounded to the other's honour and content.

Arrived in Rome, Madame Récamier took an apartment in the Corso, which soon became the resort of the few French and strangers then in the capital. It was a gloomy city, the *chef-lieu du département du Tibre*! Its Prince and Pastor was a prisoner at Fontainebleau. The Cardinals were scattered; the ceremonies of Holy Week, during which our travellers arrived, were no longer performed in the Sistine; French soldiers were quartered in the palaces; the Vatican had lost its splendour; and an air of depression and melancholy spread through every street. M. Ballanche came all the way from Lyons to visit his friend; but was obliged to return after a week's stay. Madame Récamier had been well acquainted with Madame Murat, and on receiving a kind message from her as Queen of Naples, she repaired thither in the winter of Napoleon's downfall. Joachim was in a sad quandary, and quite unequal to the difficulties of his position. He was only fit to ride at the head of troops. His satin doublet, his hat and feathers, availed him little at the council-board. Austria and England were urging him to join the coalition, and his people clamoured for peace. What were France or the Allies to them? The conquerors or the conquered would oppress them alike. On the 11th of January 1814 Murat signed the treaty with the coalition; and just before it was publicly proclaimed, rushed into his wife's and asked Madame Récamier's opinion of what he had

"Sire," she replied, in words worthy of a Frenchwoman, "you are French; it is to France you should be faithful."

Murat turned pale, ran to the window, opened it violently, and cried, "Am I then a traitor?"

The English fleet was at that moment sailing majestically into the bay. He threw himself on a sofa, and burst into tears. Poor puppet-prince! His fruitless tears were soon to be succeeded by renewed perfidy, disgrace, prison, release, capture, and being shot to death.

The overthrow of Napoleon was the deliverance of Pius VII. Escaped from thralldom, he returned to Rome amid the rapture of his people; of which Madame Récamier had the happiness of being an eye-witness. All the young nobles and gentry went forth to meet him, took the horses from his carriage, and drew it in state to St. Peter's. Every eye was dim with tears when the venerable old man knelt once more before the altar, and offered his thanks to Heaven. The *Te Deum* resounded through the high vaulted arches, and the hearts of all, and not the least Madame Récamier's, dilated with inexpressible joy. It was the triumph, not of an individual or a people, but of a glorious cause, a deathless principle, of justice and truth over ambition, tyranny, and rapine.

Napoleon fell; and with the restoration Madame Récamier's friends returned to power, and she to the habits of her youth. Her husband was once more a prosperous banker, and she had inherited her mother's fortune. M. Ballanche, having lost his father, came to live in Paris, expressly that he might see her daily; and lived for seventeen years on his capital, taking no thought for the morrow. In July 1817 Madame de Staël died; but, in her place, Chateaubriand became one of Madame Récamier's most devoted friends. This was the highest achievement of her powers of attraction. The proudest of emperors had sought her favours; the stern republican, Lucien Bonaparte, had made himself her Romeo; Prince Augustus of Prussia had sought her hand in marriage, and loved her even unto death; the Kings of Sweden and Naples had been her friends; dukes and generals, crowned with the laurels of war; artists and poets, authors of every school, ministers and ambassadors of every political shade, had paid her habitual homage; the devout De Montmorency and the dreamy Ballanche had accounted her presence their greatest earthly delight;—but another, and a more signal conquest awaited her, when she had completed her fortieth year. François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, had from his youth been ardently attached to royalty, and penetrated with those strong views of religion which shone forth in the *Génie du Christianisme*, and produced so

strong a sensation and reaction in French society at the beginning of this century. His wild life among savages in the woods of North America had vividly coloured his imagination, and the misfortunes he underwent during the Revolution had tinged his mind with melancholy full of interest. He had served, and then resisted, the potent murderer of the Duc d'Enghien; and, during the whole of his long political career, had shown an admirable independence of party, and attachment to high principles. His prose and poetry alike, his *Martyrs*, his *Paris à Jerusalem*, and the work already named, had raised him to the highest rank among the writers of his age. He had been idolised as a statesman and diplomatist, and accepted as his due the praise and adulation that was lavished on him and his works. His manners were worthy of his rank, and his countenance added charm to his manners. He was nine years older than Madame Récamier; and their hearts and minds, now enriched by mature experience, coalesced with a fervour never without danger, and seldom without sin, in this fallen world. Montmorency saw the peril, and trembled for his beloved friend. She had owned that M. de Chateaubriand had obtained a complete ascendancy over her affections, and she used to cry all day. He fancied, moreover, that she had cooled towards him and other very dear friends; and his letters to her evince a heart full of paternal piety, yearning fondly over a lovely daughter who seems to be going astray, and committing herself too unreservedly to one who could not make her happy, because he was not contented himself. But her answers reassured his faith in her virtue and strength. She loved Chateaubriand indeed, with that love in which the world is so unwilling to believe, but which, thanks to God, does sometimes exist: a love that is warmer than friendship, yet hallowed and refined from the dross of earthly passion; a love that caused no frown on the forehead of father or husband; which friends could foster with a clear conscience, and the laws of religion did not forbid.

In 1819, Madame Récamier was again visited by affliction. Her husband failed a second time; though his faithful wife had given one-fourth of the property left by her mother in hopes of saving him. She now obtained a promise from him to embark in no more pecuniary speculations, sold the hotel and furniture she had recently bought, and retired to a small apartment with a brick-floor, on the third story of the Abbaye-au-Bois, a large old building in the Rue de Sèvres, and a convent where the nuns received lady boarders. Her husband, M. Bernard, her father, and old M. Simonard, one of the family, could not, of course, live with her in the convent, but they dined with her every day, and spent the evenings with her. She

soon exchanged the third for the first floor, and there occupied a very pretty apartment overlooking the convent garden. The most eminent men of rank and talent found the way to her retirement. She was sure now that they sought her for her own sake, and she took more pleasure in her success than when in the hotel in the Rue du Mont Blanc. Matthieu de Montmorency came to see her every night, when his duties as *chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchesse d'Angoulême were over. The Lady Superior allowed the outside gate to remain open for him till midnight: and his visits never failed till the day of his death.

Chateaubriand's attentions were more passionate. He wrote to her every morning, and came to the Abbaye at three o'clock. Though highly imaginative, he was also most methodical. He disliked company, and no one was admitted at his hour without his consent. By degrees the circle enlarged; but every thing was arranged so as to meet his tastes. In 1822, he entered the ministry; and the peacefulness of their daily intercourse was sadly interrupted. Cabinet councils and sittings of the Chamber broke up the regularity of his visits, and his temper became more fitful; and "the star whose soft light guided his path," as he called Madame Récamier in one of his poems, was often neglected for meaner lights. This was a cruel blow to a woman so pure and deep in her feelings. She resolved to leave France for a time. Absence might make the truant heart repent, and would at least cut away many occasions of mutual reproach. There is sometimes wisdom in separation, that irritated emotions may have time to cool, and friends may meet again remembering only their former affection. She started for Italy in November 1823. M. Ballanche could not live where she was not, and prepared to follow her, with M. Ampère, a youth of twenty-two, who, having lost his mother when an infant, attached himself most devotedly to this remarkable woman. In the June following, Chateaubriand refused his consent to lowering the five-per-cent government stock to four. He considered the measure dishonest, and, for the second time, lost his place in the ministry for reasons most honourable to him. His conduct on the occasion was so simple, courageous, and noble, that it commanded general admiration. When Madame Récamier returned to the Abbaye in 1825, the ex-minister hastened to see her. Not a word of reproach was exchanged; and from that time their sentiments continued unalterable.

We have already noticed Matthieu de Montmorency's singular and edifying death. His widow took a room in the Abbaye-au-Bois, that when, in the course of her charitable labours, she came to Paris, she might see more of her husband's dearest friend. "Ah, madame!"

she wrote, "make still greater efforts (in religion), that you may join in heaven him who has so well deserved to go there before us." And again, in another letter to Madame Récamier, she says, "I will speak frankly, madame; you can scarcely believe what interest I take in your earthly life; but I take a far greater interest in that life which awaits you in eternity. That word expresses every thing. You are so kind to me; he loved you so much, and you too loved him so well; how many titles to my affection!" Would it be possible to select a more conclusive, though incidental, testimony to Madame Récamier's goodness and purity?

The Duc de Laval, cousin of Duke Matthieu, though apparently given up to the frivolities of the world, was as much afflicted by his relative's death as more serious friends. "Was there ever," he asks, writing to Madame Récamier, "a man more full of fraternal sentiments, more sympathising, more unalterable? I say it to you, dear friend; I own it without false modesty; I never had any value or merit in my life except in those acts in which I joined in fellowship with my angelic friend."

It is delightful to dwell on the love and homage that persons of all ranks and characters offered freely to Madame Récamier. It proves, if proof be wanted, how amply a woman is rewarded in this life for cultivating the power to please, and how widely she may, by it, extend her beneficent influence in society. It requires but little effort on her part; for tact and tenderness are usually given to her in proportion to the strength of her good will.

During Chateaubriand's residence at Rome as ambassador, in 1828-30, he wrote numerous letters to his friend at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, full of interest by reason both of the persons most concerned and of the events of the restoration which they recount or illustrate. "Yesterday, Good Friday," he says, in one of them, "I thought I was dying, as your best friend died on this solemn day. Then at least you would have found some resemblance between us, and perhaps you would have identified us in your heart." Oh, happy and sacred friendships, neither of which casts the other into the shade! In the spring of 1830, Chateaubriand returned to Paris, and resigned his embassy. His life had been devoted to legitimate government, but he loved the laws better than the crown. He foresaw the dangers that beset the ultra-Polignac ministry; requested an audience of Charles X., that he might warn him; was refused through simple dislike; and in a few months saw his master driven into exile.

About this time, M. Récamier died. His wife had obtained leave to move him to the Abbaye in his last illness; and he preserved his gaiety to his last and eightieth year. Her father and M. Simonard

had died a few years before; her niece was married; and she was thus left alone; but M. Ballanche and Paul David dined with her every day. The Royalists and Louis-Philippites in general did not mix in society; but Madame Récamier was an exception to all rules, and few could resist the charm of her circle. Her dearest friends had been attached to the old dynasty; but she was not so systematic in her politics as to be blind to the faults of their rule. The sufferings she had endured from the tyranny of Bonaparte made her love rational freedom, yet she could not but lament the pertinacity with which Charles X. opposed the national tendencies.

She respected all sincere convictions, and, while she equally welcomed ultras and liberals, she exerted all her tact to preserve harmony between them. M. Genonde, the proprietor of the *Gazette de France*, a royalist paper, and Chateaubriand, who detested Louis Philippe, sat constantly at her table, beside Villemain, Ballanche, and Ampère, who enthusiastically adhered to the new régime. All parties made her their confidante. Chateaubriand told her of all his royalist designs; from the friends of Carrol she heard republican plans; and through Madame Salvage, the friend of Queen Hortense, she knew beforehand the first attempt of Louis Napoleon. In her apartment Chateaubriand began his readings of his Autobiography, and continued them for more than two years. All who heard the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* were enchanted with its recitals; and such persons only were invited as sympathised with the author, or admired the works of genius under any form. The fame of the book spread wide; people most distinguished vied with each other for admittance to the readings; and publishers, hearing that it was to be published at his death, sent in proposals for its purchase. All this was most fortunate for the writer. It relieved the *ennui* that consumed him, and extricated him from great embarrassment and large debts. Some of the royalist party made an arrangement with the publishers in his behalf. The price he demanded for the work was more than any one of them could pay; but by combination a pension for life was secured to him for the Ms., to be delivered up on his decease. He abhorred the transaction as degrading, but submitted to it from necessity. His life of the Abbé de Rancé, founder of La Trappe, and a translation of Milton, enabled him, with the sale of his house, to pay his debts; and he gave up to the Archbishop of Paris an asylum, where his charitable wife had long contrived to maintain twelve aged priests in great comfort. Often in 1837, when Madame Récamier was ill, was he seen with M. Ballanche walking in the court of the Abbaye, and waiting to hear the doctor's report of his patient. He would not ring, lest she should find out that her friends were

anxious. He dreaded lest he should survive her, and rejoiced in every symptom of decay, if only he might depart before her. Her illness increased; and she was removed from the chill and old-fashioned Abbaye. The physician ordered her southward, but she could not bear to leave M. Chateaubriand. Such love as hers for others, and others for her, exceeds romance. She recovered, and returned to her former life. Chateaubriand had for eighteen years spent the evenings with his invalid wife, but he was daily with Madame Récamier at half-past two. Whatever he wrote he read to her, and took her opinion of it. All her friends who came at *les quatre heures* were encouraged in proportion as they amused him; and to make him happy, or less querulous, was her constant aim. Every thing remarkable was known in her rooms sooner than elsewhere. Every new work was discussed; and each *habitué* was emulous to add something to the common stock. Madame Récamier was more anxious to make others talk, and to conduct conversation, than to speak herself. It was one of the peculiarities of her *salon* that *tête-à-têtes* were discouraged; every thing was done and said for general gratification.

In 1844, Madame Récamier had, through the failure of her sight, lost the power of reading, though she could still write. She was now dependent on her friends; and they did not fail her. M. Paul David read to her every evening. He was by no means a good reader, and being sensible of his defect, he secretly took lessons in reading, though he was sixty-four years of age, that there might be no drawback to his friend's recreation. This was indeed fulfilling the law of love; yet it was not more than she deserved, whose life had been devoted to others' enjoyment. She endured the loss of sight as she had borne other privations, with fortitude, and comforted those who condoled with her by saying, that her affliction was lighter than many others'. She perceived that Chateaubriand's memory and imagination were failing, and this, it is believed, caused her more sorrow than her own trial. In 1847, Madame de Chateaubriand died. Her life had been one long ailment. She had been married fifty-five years, and had spent the greater part of her time in devotional practices. The infirmary of Marie-Thérèse is a monument of her charity; and her faithful husband has immortalised her name in his memoirs. Such persons were the salt of the earth, at a period when society was unusually corrupt. The circle that assembled so fondly round Madame Récamier was narrowing; and Madame de Chateaubriand's departure served as a warning to many that their end was drawing nigh.

M. Ballanche fell next. His beloved friend had undergone an

operation for cataract in one eye, and was desired to remain quiet, in total darkness, and almost alone. But he was taken dangerously ill, and in three days all hope of his recovery was at an end. She could not be restrained from crossing the street, and attending his death-bed. Love, strong as death, caused her tears to flow freely, and with those showers of sorrow every prospect of restored sight was lost. M. Ballanche was buried in the vault of the Récamiers; for death sets a sacred seal on friendship such as his.

Meanwhile Chateaubriand's infirmities increased, and, with them, Madame Récamier's distress. His faculties were all going, and he knew it. He felt like a poor man who hides his poverty through pride. Still he was carried daily to the Abbaye, and passed three hours with his best friend. In this state he proposed that they should marry; but she refused, knowing that the slight excitement of visiting her was the one thing which gave variety to his existence. When his power of thinking on ordinary subjects was completely gone, he could nevertheless remember her; and during her short absence on a visit to the Duc de Noailles at Maintenon he was inconsolable, and continually longed for her return. A friend of hers who went to see him daily, and write a few lines for him to Madame Récamier, speaks of his ineffable gratitude for this kindness.

"Adieu, madame," he would say, "how good you are to visit me in my utter misery!"

How could he do otherwise than feel acutely the absence of one who had so long contrived to keep up a cheerful atmosphere around him, and took such pleasure in finding any one who could make him laugh? During the fiercest conflicts in the Revolution of 1848 he became worse, and could not leave his room. Madame Récamier was still led to his side every day at his accustomed hour for seeing her; and neither blindness on the one side, imbecility on the other, nor savage shoutings and cannonading without, could arrest in their case the interchange of the kindly attentions dictated by imperishable friendship. To the struggle itself Chateaubriand was quite indifferent; the death of the martyred Archbishop alone roused him for a moment. Madame Récamier watched fondly for every flicker of the lamp of life and genius. Thus day by day, through ceaseless firing, barricades she could not see, and guards at the corner of every street, she was driven by unwilling coachmen in vehicles they were afraid of having torn from them by the rioters, from the Abbaye to the Rue du Bac. Here was quick-sighted love literally blind. Here was that friendship which in Scripture is never mentioned but under the holier name of charity. Here was a very type of benevolence, forgetful of self, rising above danger, triumphing over obstacles, and strong in

the midst of feebleness. Oh, glorious age, which is young and vigorous in the path of duty! Oh, venerable blindness, gazing so tenderly on another's woe! On his woe—for this was her grief, that she could not see his face.

"How does he look?" she used to ask of the friend who always accompanied her. "What expression has he? Does he seem in pain? Does he ever smile?" So anxious was she to see him again, that she underwent a second operation; but all in vain. She was never to behold him more, except in that glorified body in which they will one day meet and embrace. At last he could rise no more; and his loving attendant would leave the room to conceal her tears. His eyes followed her; but he seldom spoke, and not once after receiving the sacrament of Extreme Unction. It was the last seal the Church set upon him. Who should lay any thing to his charge? It was God that justified. It was time to die. He had lived fourscore years, and the purposes of life were accomplished. He was crowned with literary glory. He had well deserved of his country and his age. The corruptible body was falling to ruin; and the immortal spirit needed refreshment no earthly sources could supply. Three nights Madame Récamier passed in his house, and on the morning of July 3d she was called to be present when he breathed his last. The current of her being seemed dried up; and she wished for nothing but "to be good enough to die."

She had not long to wait. In 1849 the cholera reappeared. She was not afraid of death; but she had always dreaded that awful malady. Her friends would have persuaded her to remain in the Abbaye; but she was induced to remove to the Bibliothèque Nationale, where her niece, Madame le Normant, lived. She soon repented of the change, and wished to return to the dear old Abbaye. But the terrible disease seized her, and she sent immediately for her confessor, feeling that her time was short. She suffered with patience the mode of death she had long feared, and, following her "mates of the garden," shed, without repining, all that remained to her of sweetness and bloom.

To be misconstrued is the prerogative of very superior minds. During Madame Récamier's lifetime many misinterpreted her conduct, and knew not how much higher was her standard of morality than that of many with whom she was intimate. Even after her decease, time only effectually cleared her fame, and explained her brilliant eccentricities. *J'avais trop de qualités pour mes défauts*, was the account she gave of herself. They are beautiful words, and remind us of Sir Walter Scott's expressions on the bed of death. True humility, be it observed, is better shown by a just appreciation

of one's own merits and defects than by wholesale professions of self-abhorrence, which are seldom sincere. Madame Récamier's failings lean to virtue's side; and it is deeply to be lamented that the autobiography which she composed, and which would have disclosed to us so much of her interior life, has been destroyed. The fragments that remain, and the peculiarly delicate flavour of the style in which they are written, make us sigh for that which is lost, and wish in vain that she had been less scrupulous about the defects of a manuscript her blindness would not let her revise. To vindicate her character in the present day would be to ascribe to the paltry scandals once in circulation against her an importance they never deserved; and we shall conclude by citing two passages from distinct biographers as samples merely of what is now said of her by common consent. *Elle fut entourée d'adorateurs*, says M. Bouillet; *mais, se contentant de plaire, elle sut se préserver de toute faiblesse*. "She seems," writes an Edinburgh Reviewer, "to have lived under a constant restraint; watching over the treasure of her beauty with anxious vigilance, and never for one moment off her guard; never melted to a perilous softness, nor exalted into the enthusiasm of that love in which self is forgotten."

J. C. E.

Some Myths of the Middle Ages.

THE path wound down to the sea, through fantastic rocks, whose feet the waters kissed as peacefully and innocently as if they had never been in a passion, never swelled up, and roared and whitened in wild devouring rage. But the strange shapes into which their fury had carved the cliffs betrayed the truth. However, smooth they were and beautifully blue, and why wake up disagreeable memories? I bent my way down the path, and made a more intimate acquaintance with the ocean. What is more pleasant than a gallant bath on a fine sunshiny morning?

The cliff with its cheerful adorning
Of matted sea-pink under foot;
The lark gives me "top of the morning;"
The sailing bird nods a salute.

Green crystal in exquisite tremble,
My tide-brimming pool I behold;
What shrimps on the sand-patch assemble!—
I vanish! embraced with pure cold.

Whatever may be our insular mishaps, it is one inestimable blessing of our lot that we can reach the sea without much difficulty, wherever we be. And this has its effect upon character, as upon poetry. What literature sings the sea like the English? There is a literary worship, sometimes carried to a ludicrous extreme, of her of whom it was said,

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow."

And this line leads me to the subject indicated by the title of this article; for, curious as it may seem, I never hear, read, or write that line without thinking of the "Wandering Jew." There is a certain appropriateness in the association, it must be admitted; for time seemed for a very long period to be as ineffectual with regard to him, as to the sea and the Pyramids.

He has been heard of every where, yet is still one of those "things not generally known." He does not, however, stand quite alone as a singular phenomenon. Thus, when Europe trembled before the Turk, a rumour suddenly sprang forth and spread every where, that a great Christian monarch in the East was about to march westwards to the succour of his Christian brethren, and annihilate the triumphant Infidel. The rumour in a brief space became a certainty,

and the Pope sent ambassadors to greet him; but Prestyr John, as he was called, never appeared, and only was heard of afterwards in the world of myths. His non-appearance, however, did not prevent his name from being long present to European Christendom, a solace and a hope.

The admitted death of heroes has been no obstacle to a popular belief in their reappearance. The Greeks believed that Euphorbius, one of the warriors who fell at Troy, appeared again, and moved among them in the person of Pythagoras the philosopher. So in rural districts in France it was impossible to persuade the people that Napoleon had ceased to exist for ever on earth; they held tenaciously to the idea of his reappearance. A similar belief was long popular with reference to Charlemagne's famous paladins; and it was said of Charlemagne himself, that he but slept in a cavern of Odenburg Mountain in Hesse, or Untersberg near Salzburg. There he is to slumber until the end of the world. The famous Frederic Barbarossa lives still, though sound asleep, in Keifhausen Mountain; and when a new era shall have commenced for Germany, he will step out of his retirement and resume a more active life. The Swiss relate that the three Tells, liberators of the land, still abide in the rocks which lie adjacent to the Lake of the Four Cantons, from which, whenever the independence of their country is threatened, they sally forth, and invigorate the hearts of its defenders. In Peru the Incas are a slumbering fact also, a recumbent threat to the white invader. Our own islands have their dreamers. King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are ready to emerge from repose whenever England is invaded. A peasant, straying one day into a cavern in a mountain in the north of Ireland, suddenly came upon another and a more spacious one. In it he beheld a band of knights in complete armour, sleeping beside an equal number of steeds caparisoned for war. All slumbered; all seemed as if petrified. The intruder uttered an exclamation of wonder. Immediately a knight lifted his head, and fixing his gaze upon him, asked, "Is the time come?" the terrified peasant replied, "No;" and the knight relapsed again into sleep. The peasant made his escape; but could never find the entrance to the cave again. The people maintain that these sleeping heroes are the Chieftain O'Neill and his Knights, who await the moment of the resurrection of their country.

The most curious of all beliefs, however, was that in the "Wandering Jew," of whom most people have heard the name, but know very little else. It is not among the "things generally known" that the Wandering Jew was no impalpable personage, however mythical he may have been. There exist accounts of his intercourse with

men. Matthew Paris the chronicler, who died in 1259, relates that an Armenian Archbishop, having landed in England, paid a visit to St. Alban's Abbey. The friars gathered round him, beseeching him to give them information touching that Joseph so much spoken about by all, who was said to be still living, though he had witnessed our Redeemer's death. A knight of Antioch, who was in the Archbishop's suite, and acted as his interpreter, translated to them the prelate's account. His narrative was to the following effect: "My lord knows this Joseph of Arimathea perfectly; before he set sail for the West, both had partaken at the same table. When Pilate had given up Jesus to the Jews, and the latter were taking Him away, Cartaphilus the porter at the palace smote Him on the neck with his clenched hand, saying, 'Go quicker! go quicker!' Then Christ, looking upon him, said, 'I go; but thou shalt wait until I come again.' So that Cartaphilus, then thirty years old, still awaits the second coming of Christ; for each time he reaches his hundredth year, he falls into a great feebleness and lethargy, and revives again at his former age—at the age he was when his doom was pronounced. As the Gospel spread, Cartaphilus was baptised by the same Ananias who baptised Saul, and received the name of Joseph. He usually abides in Armenia, with the prelates, speaking little; but when interrogated, he relates in a sad, serious, and penitential way circumstances which occurred of old; the details of Christ's suffering and resurrection, of which he was an eye-witness; and the chief events in the lives of the Apostles. He murmurs not at his sentence. From far-off lands men come to visit him: he refuses every present made to him. He has a firm hope in his salvation; for he heard himself those words of the Crucified, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' The history of Paul and Peter give him confidence also."

Such is the account embodied by Matthew Paris. At this time the penitent Jew had not appeared in Europe: the character described is somewhat different from the popular idea. Neither can the Cartaphilus, or Joseph, specified in this narration be termed with accuracy the Wandering Jew, seeing that he "abode chiefly in Armenia," and that he was rather a host than a wanderer: people went to him from all parts, not he to them. But this state of things, after lasting for three centuries, was put an end to. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the rumour spread like wildfire through all Germany that this mysterious man had appeared at Hamburg and in several other cities of the North. A German work, printed at Leipzig in 1602, gives the following notice of him:

"Paul von Eitzen, doctor in theology and Bishop of Schleswig,

narrates as true, that, being yet young, he was studying at Wittemberg; but that, during the winter of 1547, he had made a brief visit to his family. Going into the church on the following Sunday, he was struck with the strange appearance of one of the congregation. He was tall of stature, his long hair fell upon his shoulders, his feet were bare; and every time the preacher pronounced the name of Jesus, he bowed down in deep humility, striking his breast and sighing. Although it was very cold, he had on him but a pair of worn stockings and a long tunic, girded with a belt, and descending to the ground. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. Many notable persons since then have seen him in Scotland, England, Italy, Hungary, Spain, Livonia, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Persia, and elsewhere. The aforesaid doctor, when the service was over, asked him whence he came, and how long he was at Hamburg. With discreet reserve, the stranger told his story: that he was a Jew of Jerusalem named Ahasuerus; that he had been a sandal-maker at the time of our Lord's death, of which he had been a witness. Since then he had wandered over earth. He described accurately various countries he visited; he narrated the events of the Gospels, and details not recorded in them; told the lives and deaths of the Apostles, and the history of the world since that time. Paul von Eitzen, listening in eager astonishment, questioned him closely touching himself; and this man answered that he, blinded like other Jews, had believed Christ to be a heretic, a seducer of men; and called for Him in place of Barabbas. When He was delivered up, he ran to tell it to his family, knowing that Christ should pass that way to Calvary. Then, taking up his child, he stood at the door to see Christ pass. The Redeemer, suffering under the weight of the cross, stopped at his house to rest; but he repulsed Him, bidding Him go whither He was led. Then Jesus, looking on him, said: 'I indeed would rest Myself; but thou shalt have no rest until the last day.' Whereupon Ahasuerus put down his child and followed Him to Calvary. On his return, he could no longer remain at home, nor in any place permanently: he wandered from town to town and country to country. His wife and child he saw not again; but his native city he beheld once more—in ruins, and one stone stood not on another. God's design in prolonging his existence he knew not, unless it was to have in all time a living witness—an accusation to the Jews, a memento to the Gentiles.

"Paul von Eitzen was not yet satisfied. He brought him before the Reverend Rector of the Schools of Hamburg; and both interrogated him on history and in various ways, but could find no contradiction in him. He lived simply, refusing money, save in small sums, which he gave to the poor. He spoke little, except when questioned,

and smiled not at all. It was found that he spoke the language with wonderful purity, and that the same remark was made about him in every country. He has been never seen in anger, except when he heard one swear by the wounds of Christ. Such," says the German work, "are the details related to me by Dr. Paul von Eitzen, and confirmed by many trustworthy persons."

In 1575, the secretary, Christoph Klause, and Meister Jacob of Holstein, having been sent as delegates to the Spanish Court, to obtain the wage of the troops who had served in the Low Countries, related, on their return to Schleswig, that they had seen the very same person in Spain, had spoken with him, and heard from the Spaniards that he spoke their language like a native. In 1599 he was seen in Vienna, from which place he set out for Poland and Russia. In 1614 he was seen in Revel, in Livonia and Cracow in Poland, in Moscow and other cities in Russia. He had been met at Paris in 1604; at a town near Hamburg in 1633; in the Forest of Soignes, near Brussels, in 1640.

According to a letter of Madame de Mazarin to Madame de Bouillon, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century the Wandering Jew had made his latest appearance in England. He stated that he had been one of the Council of Jerusalem; and related, in minute detail, the sayings and doings of Christ and the Apostles, describing their appearance. The two English Universities had deputed their most learned professors to interrogate him; but they could detect no flaw in his narration of things, sacred or profane. An English gentleman having addressed him in Arabic, he replied in the same language; and in answer to a question about Mohammed, he said:

"I knew his father at Ormutz. As to Mohammed himself, he was an enlightened man, but, like all men, subject to err: one of his greatest errors was the denial of the crucifixion of Christ; which I, in truth, beheld."

He said he had been in Rome when Nero burned it; that he had seen the great Saladin return from an expedition; and had known Timour and Bajazet. Of Suleyman the Magnificent he related great things, and specified the exact dates of the various crusades. He added that he was about to proceed to London, and would answer any questions there which might be asked. Still he was only fully believed in among the populace; the educated classes regarded him as an impostor. Since that time he has been no longer heard of; and his only successor has been the celebrated Count of St. Germain, who pretended that he had existed for two thousand years, and been present at all the great events of history. Incredible as his account

of himself was, it is no less a fact, that the French Court, in the second half of last century, believed in him.

The Wandering Jew, be it remarked, does not belong exclusively to Christendom. Mohammed, narrating the Jewish worship of the golden calf, adds, in the Koran, that one of the chief among the children of Israel, named Sumeri, was concerned in this idolatry; and that Moses condemned him to wander over earth until the end of the world, as a punishment for his great crime. There is another Arab tradition which relates that Enoch and Elias, having arrived in the everlasting kingdom of death, drank of the life-giving fount, and were restored to their youth. They now go wandering, one over the sea, one over the land, to guide pilgrims to Mecca.

Of Ossian, an Irish poem entitled *The Land of Youth* relates that, one day following the chase at Killarney, a beautiful princess appeared to him, and requested him to accompany her as her bridegroom. Such requests were esteemed binding obligations on the ancient Gaedhlic knights. He mounted the gold-caparisoned steed, and hied over the western waves to a delightful land, the "Land of the Good People," which is subdivided into three kingdoms, the "Land of Youth," the "Land of the Living," and the "Land of Virtues, or Triumphs." Niav of Golden Tresses was princess of this Elysium; and, wedded to her, Ossian remained for a certain time; when there came upon him a longing to see his father Fionn, his son Oscar, and the gallant companions of many a chase and foray. He communicated his wish to his bride, who was stricken with sad forebodings; but he persisted. She bade him not to dismount from his steed; for if he touched earth he would become a withered gray old man, soon to die. He returned to Erin, but found that all was desolation; three hundred years had elapsed, and church-bells were ringing in place of hunting-horns. His friends were all dead. Passing through a glen, he saw a number of men attempting in vain to lift a huge flag. He sighed over the degeneracy of the people. His assistance being invoked, he stretched out his arms and hurled it up; but the golden girth of his saddle broke, he fell to earth, and lost youth, strength, and beauty. He passed his latter days in long disputes with St. Patrick, and could perceive no charm in hermit's fare.

There is another and a very ancient Gaedhlic poem, written by a bard named Fintan. If we are to believe himself, we must admit him to have been, perhaps, the most singular person of them all. He throws Count Germain into the shade completely. According to his own account, he was present at all the great events that occurred in ancient Erin before Patrick came with the message of good

tidings from Rome. He relates how Erinn was colonised by Ceasair and her companions from the East; which, tradition relates, was before the Flood. Not content with this, he maintains in vigorous verse that he existed in Erinn during the whole time of the Deluge; and that not only he, but Ceasair and her comrades escaped, though without a vessel of any kind. Here are his very words literally rendered :

“ The Deluge came ; but Bith
Lived safely on his mountain moor,
Ladra on Ladra-hill ; at Cuil
Ceasair lived, from ills secure.
While I, at strong Zul-tuind,
Beneath the Flood slept out the year ;
No sleep has been, no sleep
Can be, so sound as I slept here.”

This, it must be admitted, is an amazing account of himself which the poet gives, and which his contemporaries could not well test. For where is “ the oldest inhabitant ” who could have compared reminiscences with Fintan ?

A very pretty, very lengthy, and very scientific article might be written on the manners and customs, the causes and consequences, of myths. It would perhaps be a little dry, and might prove not a little tedious. But it scarcely needs more than a glance to learn how myths are influenced by climate; the graceful and stern creations of Greek and Roman are easily contrasted with the wild, fantastic, and horrible ghouls, gnomes, trolls, and skeleton huntsmen of Northern nations. In the former, we perceive at once the natives of olive-slopes and rocky sunlit precipices; in the latter, the denizens of gloomy pine-forests and wild mountain wastes.

“ Desinet in piscem; ” the legend of myths ends in the sea-serpent.

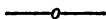
G. S.



Pay for the Ounces.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

BY ELLEN FITZSIMON.



IN a part of the Pontifical States but little frequented by strangers stood the small village of Montescorto, situated on a high hill, one of those that rise almost at the skirts of the mightier mountains of the Apennine. Near it stood the Castle of Montescorto, once a fortress, but which had for the last few generations been merely the usual summer residence of the counts of the same name, lords of the neighbouring village and surrounding country. Even in the recollection of many living persons, the castle had been a cheerful residence; the grandmother of the present possessor had continued to inhabit it during her widowhood, and had died there at an advanced age, leaving the reputation of a pious and truly charitable woman behind her. Soon after her death, her son and daughter-in-law appeared to take a dislike to the spot; their absences became longer; their stay in the time of the villeggiatura shorter every year, until at length they completely gave up the custom of spending any part of the year at the castle of Montescorto. It was left to the charge of an intendant and his family, who with their two servants continued for some time to inhabit it. After a while, however, it was observed that the servants were continually changed; that the intendant and his wife grew paler and graver every day; while their children, one by one, were sent away, on some pretext or other, to relations residing in the village. Rumour was soon busy whispering of strange sights and sounds heard and seen in the castle; so that it caused little wonder when it was at length announced that the intendant had absolutely refused to make it his residence for the future. The count was forced to allow of this abandonment of the castle by his intendant, and to compromise matters, agreed to preserve him in his trust and give him a house in the village for his residence, on condition that he visited the castle occasionally, and had it kept in good repair. Years passed away; the intendant died; and the count, who now resided in winter at Rome, and in summer at another castle in an opposite part of the country, named the son of his former steward to his father's post, but never came to see how he fulfilled his trust. Once, or perhaps twice, a year, at his con-

venience, therefore, the intendant contented himself with a hasty visit to the castle, and, accompanied by at least half a dozen friends, went through the lofty apartments as quickly as possible, visiting every part of the building except the left wing, which had been occupied by the old countess, and the chambers of which were said to be those where strange sounds, if not sights, had scared from the walls of the castle both its owners and their dependents. This wing was in consequence shut up, and the key of it deposited with the parish priest.

More years rolled on; the Montescorto family still kept away; and, save when the intendant went once a year to a town some fifteen miles off to meet the count's principal man of business, and submit his accounts to him, paying-in the rents he had collected, the inhabitants of the village heard nothing of their lords. The castle was still deserted by all; reports of the supernatural sights or sounds there still serving, though few knew the details, to make the children and young people shun the gloomy walls of the ancient stronghold. Never did they willingly venture even into its ancient moss-grown court, or into its once well-kept gardens, where cypresses of a giant size shed a gloomy shade around, and its ilex hedges, long neglected, had now grown out of shape and were fast becoming a tangled wood. The visits of the intendant were reduced to one in the year; and even for that, though made before noon, he now found it difficult to obtain the escort of even two persons.

It was therefore with considerable annoyance, that, one autumn day, about a quarter of a century after the death of the old countess, Signor Domenico, the intendant, received a message from his superior, Signor Girolamo Avini, informing him that it was the intention of their young Padrone, the Conte Antonio di Montescorto, who had succeeded his father about a year previously, to visit his castle of Montescorto in the course of the next ten days. "You need not give yourself much trouble," said the latter; "the Signor Conte will not stay long; he will be accompanied by but one friend and one servant; you need but get ready a few rooms for his reception, and he will soon rid you of the inconvenience of his presence."

"Corpo di Bacco!" exclaimed Domenico, "it's easy talking; how am I ever to get the rooms ready? Why, they're deep in dust, and covered with cobwebs as thick as my arm; the furniture has not been meddled with for years; and who is to clean it all, I should like to know?"

"Why, who but your wife and daughters?" said the person he addressed; no other than the village carpenter, Bartolomeo, or, as he was usually called, *Meo*, his intimate friend and gossip.

"My wife and daughters! ay, truly! La Rosa would *take an accident*" (an apoplectic fit, the most dreaded of all misfortunes in that country) at the bare idea; and as for Carlotta and Monica, the girls would not go within a mile of the court-yard for a golden crown. No, no; la Nonna told them too many stories of the lights she saw, and the noises she heard in the castle. May she rest in peace!"

"And what sights did she see?" asked Meo curiously; "for I never could find out what it was that frightened you all out of the pleasant dwelling you had yonder. What did she see, gossip Menico?"

"Who knows?" said Domenico, giving the usual reply of his countrymen to any puzzling question. "I was only a child; and I heard nothing but screaming among the women, and grumbling from my father; but something there was to see and hear, that is certain, —groans and sighs from the old countess's rooms in the left wing at midnight, and twilight, and before dawn; and a light at night in her windows, and a noise as though some one were spinning, perpetually going on night and day."

"Did you ever hear that noise, gossip?" inquired Meo anxiously.

"Stupid man! did I not just tell you no," replied Menico.

"Ah, but that was when you were a child. Did you hear nothing since you grew to manhood, and paid your yearly visit to the castle? You know that I was always too busy to accompany you on these occasions."

"I know that thou wert always too great a poltroon," retorted Menico; "yet you might have ventured too, for we heard nothing."

"Well, friend Menico," said Meo, "to show I am no coward, I'm ready this minute to go up at once to the castle with you, even though without any one but our two selves, and to give you the benefit of my advice as to what is to be done."

"Ay, ay, you're mighty good-natured all of a sudden, Meo," replied Menico, laughing; "you think there may be a job for the carpenter, eh, my friend?"

"I'll not deny it, Menico; and what harm? If there be a job, I'm the lad to do it neatly and cheaply, and you know that well. But let us lose no more time; get the keys, and let us go at once."

"The keys are with Signor Cura," said Menico; "so, if you like to come that far, we'll get them from him. I thought, as he had that of the left wing, he might as well keep the others too."

Accordingly the two friends proceeded to the humble dwelling of the padre cura, Don Riccardo Sillano, a very worthy and pious man,

who was much beloved in the village. Don Riccardo was surprised and pleased to hear of the count's intended visit.

"I am glad," he said, "that the Padrone is at length coming to look after his place and his people. Not that you do not represent him very well when any thing kind is to be done, Menico," continued he, "for you are an honest man and a good Christian; but the count may do a good deal to help the poor (thank God they are but few in this village!) when his intendant can say no more than 'God help you!'"

"Certainly," said Menico, "his Excellency can do much if he stay long enough; and the more good he does, the better will he please Menico."

"Good!" cried the shrill voice of Madame Nina, the cross elderly sister and housekeeper of the Cura, a sour-faced and childless widow; "it would be a comfort to have any one to take the burden of doing all the good in the parish off *thy* shoulders, reverend brother mine."

The Cura smiled. "My sister is fond of joking, you know," he said.

"Joking indeed! It is a bad joke for your household. The worst joke of all, they say, is a *true* joke, brother Cura," rejoined Madame Nina. "It's a joke, I suppose, and a pleasant one, that I'm pestered with all the half-witted girls in the country as helps in the kitchen, because they're poor orphans. Helps, forsooth! pretty helps! *hindrances* I call them, without telling a lie."

"Beware of exaggeration, sister Nina," said the Cura. "How you make out one poor little orphan girl, quiet but sensible, to be all the half-witted girls in the country, I am at a loss to imagine."

"Well, she's more trouble than twenty other girls, ay or than forty," said the angry Madame Nina. "She scarcely knows her right hand from her left, and can't take three steps without stumbling over a stew-pan or an earthen pitcher, and breaking it with a crash."

"Sister, sister, you are unjust to this poor girl; you frighten her with your loud and angry words, and then you wonder at her making mistakes. But you are keeping honest Menico from telling me what he wants."

Menico now demanded the keys; and receiving them, was retiring with Meo, when Madame Nina said suddenly, "Stop, Menico; surely you'll want some one to clean-up the castle for you; I know Rosa and her girls would be afraid to put their noses inside the door."

Menico replying in the affirmative, she continued: "Brother mine, here is at last an opportunity of getting something for the

Agnesina to do. She is strong enough and industrious enough, and would willingly earn a trifle towards her support."

The idea of Madame Nina seemed a lucky one to Menico. Agnesina, or little Agnes, the peasant girl in question, was, he knew, an orphan, who had lived all her life in a wild part of the parish some miles' distance from the village, living with an old great-aunt lately deceased. She had no remaining kindred, and the good Cura, who had been summoned to the death-bed of Monna Veronica, had then taken charge of the orphan Agnes, who for the last fortnight had been a source of pleasurable excitement to his sister, who was never so happy as when some good excuse offered for exercising her lungs in the congenial pastime of scolding. Menico felt sure that the girl, whom he knew but by sight, was strong and active; he now learned from the Cura that she was docile and pious, though very shy and silent. Madame Nina added, "that though stupid as an ass, she was equally hard-working;" and above all, he thought it likely that she had never heard any of the stories circulated in the village as to the strange sights and sounds supposed to have taken place in the castle. It was accordingly soon agreed that Agnes should, early next morning, betake herself to the castle, there to scrub, brush, and in every possible way clean up the interior, so as to fit certain rooms for the reception of their master. "She may as well go there with you now," said Madame Nina, "and you can show her what she'll have to do. I'd go too, only I'm very busy."

Menico felt inwardly grateful for any cause that spared him the good woman's company; and acquiescing in her arrangement, the two friends, followed by Agnesina, set off for the castle. It was nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the village, and as the road descended gradually and was winding, you did not see its towers until you were close to them at a turn of the road, from which they were divided by a large court-yard formerly closed by two heavy wrought-iron gates, one of which was now off its hinges and lay on the ground overgrown with gigantic weeds, and, as it were, knotted to the earth with creeping plants.

"I must bring a billhook and cut away these nasty weeds," said Menico; "I fear there will be no getting up the gate, at least for the present."

"Perhaps the Conte has a notion of living here again," said Meo, "and is coming to give orders for putting every thing into a proper state of repair, and for new-furnishing the rooms. That would be a good day for the village, Domenico."

"Ay, especially for Bartolomeo," said Menico, laughing. "Thy thoughts are always with thy plane, saw, and chisel, gossip Meo."

As they spoke, they had crossed the grass-grown court, on two sides of which were ranges of stables, partly ruinous, and were ascending a flight of stone steps leading up to the great terrace on which the castle stood. It was a fine afternoon, not too hot; a thousand insects of the brightest dyes, green, purple, and gold, were abroad in the sunshine, humming and dancing over the petals of the infinite variety of many-coloured flowers that lavish Nature's hand had shed everywhere around. Tufted masses of burning gold and dark crimson grew out of the crevices of the marble steps, forming

"A tapestry more rich than e'er
Adorned the lofty halls of palaces."

At the upper end of the terrace there was a small door, which Menico unlocked. "I will bring you into the house this side-way," he said, "instead of going round to the grand entrance; the front door is stiff and not easily opened."

They entered, and found themselves in a small room which opened at one side into a vestibule of some size paved with black and white marble; this again opened by folding-doors of richly carved bronze into a circular hall of great height, lit by a cupola; a noble staircase of marble led by a double flight to a gallery, running from and apparently communicating with the rest of the house by doors at different parts of it. Here, from the lofty height and from some unseen ventilators, the air was cool and pure, and there was no accumulation of dust. Not so in the apartments below; they were perceptibly damp. Bartolomeo recommended raising the blinds, flinging the windows wide open, and admitting the rays of the evening sun. It was soon done. The light streamed in upon the scanty but rich furniture,—on antique tapestry-hangings, faded in colour but still representing tournaments and battle-fields of fame,—on carved chests, marble tables, and on the few pictures which had been left behind when the Montescorto family migrated to a far-distant estate. To Menico all these objects were familiar; they only arrested the attention of his companions; the carpenter examining with interest the curious workmanship of the ancient cabinets and arm-chairs; while Agnes, who had never before even dreamed of so fine a place and such grand objects as now revealed themselves to her view, was lost in admiration. As they passed from room to room into a noble picture- and statue-gallery, now dismantled of all save a very few objects, her delighted wonder increased. As Menico turned towards her to point out an accumulation of dust and cobwebs, he was surprised to see her on her knees before a picture of the Madonna and Child, her hands clasped, her eyes raised up and lit with fervent devotion; nor could he gain her attention until her silent prayer was ended.

The men were both struck by the fervent and unaffected piety of the young maiden; the holy practice of their youth came back into their minds, and they each breathed an *Ave* and a *Gloria* before resuming the business which had brought them to the castle. They now felt a redoubled zeal, and cheerfully ascending the staircase entered a small vestibule like that below, from which other rooms opened. Along the outside of these apartments ran a *loggia* or balcony covered at top, from whence there was a fine view of rich and varied scenery, hills sloping and a wide plain, spires of many a church and the roofs of many a castle and tower; while at one side gleamed the far-off sea, and on the other arose the range of the Apennines.

Agnes gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, how vast, how beautiful is the world God has made for us!"

"Poor girl!" said Menico, with an air of superiority; "what it is to be ignorant! Why, Agnesina, the world is at least ten times larger than what you see there!"

"Yes, per Bacco, friend Menico," rejoined Meo, "and you may open your mouth and say twenty times as large, when you are about it, without running the risk of telling a lie."

"What a splendid place, and what a great place Heaven must be!" was the reply of the innocent child.

"Splendid, ay, truly, splendid enough; but as to it's being a big place, I can't tell," said Meo; "you know they say that there will not be any thing of a crowd to fill it up."

"Oh, let us hope that there may!" sighed Agnes; "let us pray that there may be millions on millions to worship and praise God there for ever and ever!"

"Amen!" responded the two men, deeply touched with the religious enthusiasm of the young and simple girl; and a silence of a few minutes ensued. Menico now chose the rooms he more especially wished to be prepared; and after promising to send up in the morning all that was necessary to the castle, he and Meo accompanied Agnes back to the dwelling of the Padre Cura.

At an early hour on the ensuing morning Agnes set off, overtaking two of the peasants on the way, sent by Menico with the brushes and other necessities for cleaning the house; one of them was afterwards to cut away the crop of weeds that encumbered the court-yard, while the other cleared a few of the garden-walks. Neither of them had sufficient courage to enter the castle, but deposited their burdens on the terrace near the side-door. Menico had strictly forbidden them to alarm Agnes by any stories of supernatural appearances or noises connected with the castle; nor were they

inclined to transgress his injunctions, having imbibed the notion that Agnes, so different, with her gentle and childlike manner and bearing, from their own rough and merry maidens, was an *innocent*, or simpleton.

Agnes entered the castle alone; and leaving her package of necessary articles in the vestibule, sought out the picture of the Madonna, and saying her rosary at its feet, she offered the toils of the day, by our Lady's hands, to her Divine Son. Then the maiden, happy because she was so pious and innocent, set diligently to work. The hours flew rapidly by, while thus employed; she had brought her dinner in a small basket, and she ate it sitting under the shade of an ilex near the margin of a fountain in the court-yard, washing it down with the bright diamond drops caught from thence in the little goblet of lemon-wood, which, as a gift of the dear old aunt she had lately lost, she treasured most carefully. Domenico had left her the keys of the side-entrance, the suite on the ground-floor, and of the apartments up-stairs, which she was to prepare for the immediate reception of the Count Antonio. The key of the left wing he had left with the Padre Cura, not thinking it necessary to open it, and being likewise deterred from so doing by superstitious fears.

Agnes spent a happy week in preparing the castle. After the first day she was quite alone, as the two peasants charged with the out-of-doors work had hastily finished it, or rather had left in an unfinished state, in their haste to be gone. In the early mornings and delicious evenings Agnes wandered through the mazes of the garden, where jets of the purest water sprung up in the air and fell into broken marble basins, and thence sometimes overflowing formed new channels, beside which the brightest flowers and the freshest verdure flourished. Here Agnes loved to go to await and listen for the sound of the Angelus-bell; and here she chanted her evening hymns. She knew no fear; at peace with her own conscience, she was at peace with all. Every morning before coming to her work she went to five-o'clock Mass; every evening on her way home she knelt in adoration before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament.

On the evening of the sixth day her work was nearly completed; and she thought with regret that a couple of hours on Monday morning would finish all, and she should then have to return to the dark kitchen and the perpetual scoldings of Madame Nina. She felt her heart sink at the thought; and so, to drive away the painful idea, as it was still some time before the Angelus would ring, she resolved to amuse herself by a stroll through the house, as it was too late to begin any of the remaining work. On mounting the

stairs, she remembered that she had never entered the doors either at the right or left hand of the circular gallery; so she now resolved to open that at the right, of which she possessed the key. It led through a long tapestry-hung gallery, with a number of small rooms, which had apparently been used for servants, and finished with one large room, which was surrounded with presses, and had probably served as a store-room. Returning she locked the door behind her, and then passing round the gallery approached the door leading to the left wing, which Domenico had told her was locked, and the key deposited with the Padre Cura. She was now surprised to find it slightly ajar; she paused, pushed it open, and entering, found herself in a long but rather dark gallery, not so long as that in the opposite wing, but its windows having their shutters up, all light was nearly excluded from it. As she went along, she heard a low but continuous sound, which seemed to her like the hum of a spinning-wheel, mingled with the tones of a voice. As she drew nearer to the end of the gallery the sounds became more distinct, exciting no fear, but some surprise, in her mind. She, however, soon accounted for it, by supposing that Menico might this evening have sent in some one to act as servant on the Count's arrival, and occupy part of the left wing, and who might have entered by the front door while she was busy elsewhere. Agnes had now reached a door at the upper end of the gallery. She opened it, and found herself in a marble-paved hall, which she quickly crossed, then entered a large and lofty saloon hung with family portraits of noble knights in armour and haughty dames in ruff and farthingale,—all, as it seemed to her, frowning down upon her, as if to forbid her intrusion.

"I like the Madonna in the picture-gallery best," thought Agnes, and she crossed herself as she proceeded. She still heard the hum of the spinning-wheel more and more distinctly, as well as the tones of the voice, as she went on, till, as she entered a second and smaller saloon (hung with arras tapestry representing the siege of Troy), she clearly distinguished these words in a low sweet tone, incessantly repeated: "*PAGATE LE UNCE! PAGATE LE UNCE! PAGATE LE UNCE!*" "*PAY FOR THE OUNCES! PAY FOR THE OUNCES! PAY FOR THE OUNCES!*" Strong in her simplicity, no less than in her innocence and piety, Agnes held on her way undismayed, and pausing at the door of the last room, said, with a slight tap, "Is it permitted?" when the sound stopping for an instant, a soft voice said, "Do the favour;" the usual formula of asking and obtaining admission in Italy. The hum of the wheel and the soft sad murmurs of "*Pagate le unce!*" recommenced even before Agnes could open the door, which she did without difficulty, and found herself in a large and lofty chamber; in

the centre of which stood one of those very high and wide beds still common in the Marca of Ancona; which make one understand how easily kings might have found room for two or three of their knights or pages in the same couch as themselves, as is narrated in the ancient romaunts and ballads. This bed had a lofty canopy of crimson velvet, and its curtains were of the same material. Near the window, in a deep recess, stood an ebony toilet-table covered with a silken cover embroidered in faded gold thread, on which was a mirror and toilet-boxes framed in ebony embossed with silver. The walls were hung with tapestry, and the high-backed chairs covered with the same; while an ebony and ivory cabinet occupied a recess like that where stood the toilet-table. But the strangest thing in the apartment has not yet been mentioned. A little way from the bed, on a low stool, there sate a very little old woman in a loose-flowing white nightgown, her long hair white as snow falling around her in abundance, shading a face pale as ivory, but which bore the remains of great beauty, and the expression of which was of sweetness clouded by the deepest dejection. With one hand she plied an ebony spinning-wheel, while with the other she now and then flung back her long locks of silver hair, still in monotonous accents repeating the mysterious words, "*Pagate le uncie!*" "Pay for the ounces!" To complete the singularity of the appearance, the stool on which she sate, and the space in which she plied her spinning-wheel, was surrounded by a low circle of clear white flames, which gave out a steady but gloomy light. "Poor old woman," said the compassionate Agnes, "how tired you look! Can you not lay aside that wheel till Monday?"

The old woman shook her head, still repeating, "Pay for the ounces!" in a sadder deeper tone, while tears fell fast from her eyes.

"Let me turn the wheel for you, good mother," said Agnes; "it is not fit the old should work while the young stand by idle;" and despite the deprecating shake of the head of the old woman, she advanced nearer, when suddenly the flames springing up erected themselves into a formidable barrier between them. At this moment the bell tolled for the Angelus; Agnes falling on her knees repeated the prayers with deep fervour, while still the old woman continued to spin, and to repeat the monotonous "*Pagate le uncie!*" As Agnes arose from her knees she became conscious of this, and a deep pity seized her heart. "Good mother Mary," she sighed out, "pray for this poor woman. Sweet Saviour, have mercy upon her!"

As she said these words, the whirring of the wheel suddenly ceased; the old woman stopped in the monotonous repetition of the words; and rising up from her seat, stood before Agnes like a

statue, her hands crossed on her bosom, while tears fell from her eyes like rain. Carried away by her enthusiasm, Agnes now exclaimed, "Poor woman, in the name of the most Holy Trinity, say, can I help you?"

"You can," replied the old woman, in a sweet but sepulchral tone, "and you alone can do it, you, who to the name add the simplicity and innocence of a lamb. Listen, my child. I am the unhappy Contessa Anna of Montescorto, condemned to this penance for my unexpiated sins against my neighbour."

"You!" cried Agnes, "you the Contessa Anna, whose piety and charity I so often heard my aunt Veronica praise!"

The Countess shook her head mournfully. "Alas!" she said, "these unmerited praises but increase my anguish. Know that, though charitable, I was covetous in trifles; I grudged full payment to the poor girls and widows who spun for me; in giving them the wool and receiving back the yarn, I often cheated them of some ounces. I weighed it, but always told them a shorter weight than it really was. They put full trust in me, and I betrayed their confidence. I made a false conscience for myself; I persuaded myself that as I gave so much work, it was no harm for me to keep back part of its price. I never confessed this sin of mine; and dying suddenly, had no time to make restitution. I found those ounces between me and heaven! I am condemned to spin ever in the midst of these flames, on this spot, until restitution is made. This could be done only through the medium of a holy and innocent maiden, the descendant of one I had deeply wronged. You are the grand-daughter of Lisa degli Offrini, from whom I kept back the payment of more ounces than I generally ventured on doing, because I fancied her better off than some of the others. What she lost by me was but the beginning of greater losses; finding that she earned so little by spinning, she gave up the attempt to better her condition; fell unto a decline, and died young. Your father, her only son, neglected in his infancy, was never able to do much work, grew poorer and poorer every day, and at last he, the descendant of the ancient barons of Offrini, became a day-labourer, and died almost a beggar. Your mother's aunt took you to support; she too had been wronged by me when a girl. Now mark me. Go, after Mass to-morrow, to the Cura; tell him, in presence of the following witnesses, Domenico Aveni, Bartolomeo, and Madame Nina, what I have now related to you; and add, that he will find in the great oaken chest in the eastern saloon the account of all the money I spent in paying for yarn spun; let him add one-fourth to what I paid, and let him calculate the interest that would now be due on the whole, and pay it all to the last

farthing to the families descended from those I wronged, of whom several still remain in the village. Let Domenico furnish the money, and my grandson be applied to for his sanction. When this payment has been made, let a solemn Mass for the dead be said by the Padre Cura; and on the night following let my grandson sleep in this apartment, and my further will shall be revealed to him. Remember all I have told you must be done, on pain of my malediction! Now go in peace, and pray for me and for all poor suffering souls."

And she was again seated; again whirled the wheel; again resounded the monotonous "Pay for the ounces!" Like one walking in her sleep did Agnes leave the walls of the castle, where so strange a revelation had been made to her. The sun was down, the moon was just rising in the east, but the clouds cast dark shadows across her path. For the first time in her life the maiden knew what fear was; a cold thrill ran through her veins, and she shivered as she went. After a moment she roused herself, and made the sign of the cross. "God has granted me a great favour," she said, "in choosing me to free this unhappy soul. Alas, that so poor a temptation should have led her so far astray! Lord, lead me not into temptation; but deliver me from all evil. Amen."

Praying thus, she made her way home. Awaking early, she hastened to church, and approached the Sacraments. After Mass she sought the Cura, and then, in his presence and that of his sister, of Domenico and Bartolomeo, whom he summoned at her request, she told her story, relating every thing exactly as it had occurred. I shall not attempt to describe the wonder with which it was heard by all. The Cura and Domenico tried to shake her testimony by questions; but she still repeated her tale. The Cura, who had never before known how highly she was born, now made inquiries, and found from documents in her possession that her father had been, in truth, the last male descendant of the Offrini family, long since fallen in fortune, but whose origin was exceedingly ancient.

Next day the Count Antonio di Montescorto arrived. He was a noble-looking young man, and equally noble in mind. He was accompanied by a friend and one servant, as he had announced. He received a hearty welcome from the villagers, who accompanied him to the castle-gates; but was no sooner settled in his apartments than the Cura arrived, accompanied by Agnes and the witnesses, and gave him an account of the whole transaction.

Great was the wonder of the Count; but he was soon convinced of the sincerity and truth of the gentle Agnes. Accompanied by his friend, by Agnes, the Padre Cura, and the witnesses, he opened the oaken chest, and there found the account of the yarn, as had been

foretold. He then proceeded to the door of the left wing. It was locked; the Cura produced the key, unlocked the door, and they entered the gallery. They heard the sounds already described, increasing in distinctness as they passed on, until they reached the door of the bedchamber, which no efforts of theirs could unlock; but the low, sad tones of "Pay for the ounces! Pay for the ounces!" accompanied the ceaseless whirr of the spinning-wheel. The Count retired; and after devoting an hour to the payment of the money, as directed, for the yarn, he arranged with the Cura that a solemn Mass for the dead should take place on the next morning, at which all the villagers had notice to attend. It was accordingly celebrated; and Agnes, the Count, and many others received the Holy Communion, praying for all the souls in Purgatory, and in particular for the repose of that of Anna of Montescorto.

After Mass the Count breakfasted at the Cura's house, and declared his intention of founding a Mass for the dead in perpetuity, to be said annually on the anniversary of that day; and of giving a sum yearly equal to that paid away by his steward for the descendants of those wronged by the Countess, to provide employment for destitute and virtuous maidens who were spinners on his estate of Montescorto. On returning to the castle, Count Antonio, with his usual attendance, went to the left wing, and found all its doors standing wide open. They entered the bedchamber: it was empty. The stool was placed against the wall, beside it was the spinning-wheel; and no trace was left of its former occupant, save that a circle of black charred wood marked the spot where Agnes had seen the flames around the apparition of the Countess. The room was then prepared for the Count, who slept there that night. What he there saw, I cannot tell my readers, nor what he heard, as he never revealed it to any one, not even to the Cura, unless he told him in confession. However, he left the apartment next day a graver man than before; he became more exact in the performance of every duty; and, through the medium of the Cura, he placed Agnes degli Offrini for two years in the great school of the Ursuline Nuns at Bologna, and on her return she became his wife; and he no doubt obeyed the command of the ancestral spirit, who may be supposed to have visited him in the haunted chamber.

The marriage was a happy one, and was blessed with good and dutiful children. The Count and Countess di Montescorto lived to a ripe old age, beloved and revered alike by the noble and the poor, honoured and cherished by their vassals and dependants. At the special desire of Agnes, the chamber of the Contessa Anna was, by permission of the Bishop of the diocese, consecrated as an

oratory-chapel, where Mass was frequently said by a friar from a neighbouring convent at an altar erected on the very spot marked by those penal flames, surrounded by which the old Countess had so long endured her penance-pain.

Often did the pious Agnes with much solemnity relate this story to her children, inculcating upon them the necessity of strict justice in all their dealings; of avoiding all offences against God's glory and their neighbours' rights; and reminding them that "he who despiseth small things shall fall by little and little."

The Malines Exhibition of Religious Objects of Art.

It was well done—a happy thought fairly carried out, through various initiatory difficulties—to get up this Exhibition, of what may be designated religious art. We have come upon an epoch of exhibitions, when art of every kind, from the finest to the most frivolous, flares forth upon the world in flamboyant self-sufficiency. Almost every nation in Christendom plays a part in this drama; and even the morbidly passive Turk must rouse himself into emulation of the world-fashion, and show how he can surpass the Giaour in the produce, peradventure, of cherry pipe-sticks and shuffling slippers. It is most expedient, at such a time, that a voice—not still and small, but potent and impressive—should be heard, recalling the attention of the reflective, and through them of the masses, to the true origin of all the ameliorations which the development of human intelligence, marvellous as it may now appear to be, has brought into existence.

Taking as our retrospective guides some relics of the medieval centuries, which this late Exhibition at Malines presented, we learn, upon an attentive scrutiny, that when they were brought to light society at large was scarcely, as yet, elevated above the hideous wreck of barbarism which succeeded the ruin of the old Roman empire,—that might was the rule of right,—that a genuine iron age was realised for all the western world. Chivalry was then a mere mockery; the feudal system realised a state of oppression undreamt of in previous autocracy, and studded nations with such castellated dens of tyranny as Scott has so graphically described in his stronghold of *Front de Bœuf* in the thirteenth century.

The spirit of that era could not be more emphatically, briefly, and correctly indicated than by the note of one historic fact, viz. when Edward III. of England and his barons determined to carry war into France: “*Ils jurent par le héron de ravager et de massacrer, sans pitié, de n’épargner ni moutier ni autel, ni femme grosse ni enfant, ni parent ni ami.*” Let the practical result of that vow of the heron be imagined, and it may be taken as a type of the time.

Under all this, however, there was a saving, a redeeming element for ever working, gently and cautiously, against mere animal force; for ever bringing to practical proof how intelligence must master the beast in an ultimate struggle. This was neither more nor less than the Christian hierarchy, which, cowering neither before king nor cha-

telain, consoled, cheered, and instructed the suffering masses; so that gradually a prerogative of industry was established, and its produce put in a course of development, which has increased onward and onward, until we find its completion in these our own modern times. The ornamental accessories of religious worship were the first to awaken the finer inventions of intelligence; those of royalty were, in a great measure, connected with religious prestige.

Is it necessary to go further and indicate the gradual expansion of the great and various lessons taught and transmitted from this pure source; in the simpler but refined tissues for some of the sacerdotal robes; the richness of piled velvets, with embroideries in high relief, for chasuble or cope; the splendour of its vessels, its crosses, and its reliquaries, upon which was exhausted all the imaginative spirit of *ateliers* of workers in gold; still further, in those sublime structures, beneath which the palaces of royalty shrank into insignificance; and, finally, in the glorious creations of Buonarroti and Raphael, for which there had existed a long preparation in the yearning fervour and sincerity of the schools that went before?

In these palpable results of great intellectual effort appealing constantly to the eye,—

“*oculis subjecta fidelibus*,”—

we must recognise the chief agents, before printing was discovered and brought widely into use, of human advancement in civilisation. Was it not, then, a wholesome conception to awaken the memory, in these exulting times, to the debt we owe to—not the obsolete, although the past?

... The idea of bringing forward into special exhibition the treasures of the Church appears to have been started after the first session of the general assembly of the Catholics at Malines, or Mechlin (as it has been more familiarly known amongst us), and it appears pretty certain that its organisation was chiefly realised through the efforts of Mr. Weale, an English gentleman of well-known literary and archaeological acquirements in Belgium. The ancient hotel of Liedekerke was hired for the purpose, and various of its rooms were eventually filled with the assorted riches of the Exhibition,—for the appeal to the possessors thereof, throughout Belgium at least, had been most liberal and confiding;—monasteries, convents, churches, corporations, and private individuals had poured forth a plenitude of objects extreme in value, either from intrinsic excellence or the interest of association.

Quiet, silent, cleanly, and clerical Malines had long been unused—ever since the days when Charles V. was young—to such a bustle as now filled her streets with crowds of pilgrims from all parts of

Belgium, who underwent the penance of her harshly-paved highways (still without flagways or asphalte) in order to visit what seemed an accumulation of shrines. Amongst these very conspicuous were the sons of the Church, happy at the opportunity to pay their respects to their metropolitan.

On entering the hall of the old Hotel, where all the officials appeared to be ecclesiastics, the spirit of the olden times at once threw their influence over the visitor. A considerable collection of the more ponderous church-furniture, in iron and brass, and of unequivocal antiquity, was ranged around, coming under the wide class of dinanderies, chandeliers, lutrins, lustres, &c. What a banquet, even in this rough form, art proffered to the archæological student! Among other items in it, conspicuous was the Paschal candelabrum of the Church of St. Leonard-Leau, wholly composed of brass, eighteen feet high, with its pile of ramifications, sustained at the base by three figures of dogs and three of lions. This is said by the learned to be the finest work of the kind in Christendom, except one at Milan. It seemed, as it stood at the foot of the staircase leading to the more precious depository rooms above, quite a Titanic work; and on ascending to those upper quarters, one had occasion to be presently struck with another gigantic article of the same family, viz. a brazen offertory basin, some three feet in diameter. The vigorously executed *repoussé relievé* occupying the centre of this vast vessel gave it a high place of artistic merit.

It was impossible, however, to dwell upon such objects as these, with one's feet at the doors of some four apartments, wherein spacious glass cases, upright and horizontal, glowed with their contents of silver and gold work and precious carvings in ivory. Here chalices stood in ranges, of the simplest and most ornate designs,—monstrances of gorgeous richness,—reliquaries of the most singular and also most artistic construction, brought from spots where they had long been garnered up, revered and intact, all mingled with minor articles of exceeding beauty; while on the walls were suspended, also under the protection of glass, the richest vestments of the Church,—some in all the splendour of comparatively recent production,—some over which centuries upon centuries had thrown a cloud of dimness honourable in the prestige of age. The archæological student had occasion to be greatly indebted to Mr. Weale for the learned catalogue, in which the whole of these works and the residue of the Exhibition were sectioned off. Our restricted space cannot, however, permit us to follow the track of his analysis; we can but generalise for the most part, and then, here and there, pay tribute to some object of more than ordinary interest.

In these rooms were gathered together in review, on this occasion, a great number of illustrations of that theme, ever to be made the subject of artistic effort, and ever in vain—the Crucifixion. What human conception could grasp the image of the God-man in His agony? Those here contributed might have been divided into three classes. First, those in which zeal was manifested by works of elaborate and expensive ornamentation, more especially in the case of reliquaries, rather than by a yearning after expression in the one all-important point. Of these there were a considerable number,—a most brilliant array! We shall be content with naming three: for instance, a tall altar-cross, of Spanish workmanship, composed of nine pieces of rock crystal, strongly bound together by broad bands of gold or silver-gilt. On this the figure of the Redeemer was suspended, worked in the same material, Calvary being represented by a mound of ebony, richly encrusted with filigree and foliage, also of seeming gold. When we dwell but upon the extreme elegance of this work, it is needless to say that we withhold from it a more solemn characteristic.

Again, we had the crucified figure placed between those of the Virgin and St. John,—all three in delicate enamel—while the cross was profusely adorned with precious stones,—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls. The oval basement, upon which this stood, presented a galaxy of the like kind. This exquisite sacred toy—if the expression may be used—once belonged to Margaret of York, widow of Charles le Téméraire, and was by her bestowed upon the Chapter of Binche, about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Our third was also of old in English hands. It was a small crucifix, in pure gold, some six inches in height. Contrasted with its simplicity above was the elaborate working on the hillock below, on which emeralds and rubies were encrusted, and figures of lizards and leverets were carved, as in action. In this there was obviously more of ingenuity than perceptible significance. The work was English, and of the sixteenth century.

In strong contrast to those, and others of still more complicated elaborations of richness, comes our second class, containing an ample review of those great works which shed so much honour upon the Flemish school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, upon which the stern spirit of Michael Angelo brooded, and ordained the severest simplicity in treatment of their subject—in giving the presentment of the Saviour in His sufferings. All the world are more or less familiar with these crucifixions, either in ivory or in wood, to which, and other masterpieces of sacred sculpture, the names of Jerome du Quesnoy, Artus Quellin, and Faidherbes were attached.

Out of all these we would venture to select one without a name, although of the seventeenth century, and belonging to M. Heirman, of Antwerp. In its treatment of the figure it might not range above some of its competitors; in expression of the face it was wholly unequalled, for a very mystery of intense agony combined with divine sweetness of endurance. The tint on this ivory intimated that it had been much exposed to injurious atmospheric influences. The owner should treasure and preserve it, as he would the apple of his eye.

From this work of perfect art we were enabled, by the abundant array of evidence here collected, to revert to a third class, from whence, in its early rudeness, might be estimated the progressive advancement of inspired skill in crucifixion-sculpture.

We allude to some painfully curious specimens of the first efforts of semi-barbaric ingenuity to realise this great theme. The lowest of all was a crucifix worked out of brass, in Ireland, and, as the catalogue affirmed, in the twelfth century; and assuredly any thing more merely inchoate could not be conceived—any thing more plinished with repulsive plainness—proving what a darkness, in that age of Henry the Second's invasion, had come over the green island, from the period when the skill of her artizans produced those highly-refined ornaments known as the Tara and other brooches, and of which evidence was further given in this Exhibition, in a ring, in the Waterton Collection, also ascribed to Ireland, and in a century earlier than this crucifix. This very singular relic of a time so long gone by belongs now to the Church of St. Marguerite at Thielen.

Three other similar but less rude crucifixes of the close of the eleventh and opening of the twelfth centuries, and from continental hands, stood beside the Irish work. They were of more elaborate purport, and had the advanced distinction of partial enamelling. It is, however, a singular coincidence that all four resembled each other in one peculiar feature, viz. a drapery suspended from the waist to the knees of the Christ.

There were here some very valuable diptychs in ivory, which might be considered to belong to the crucifix section; but they could only be appreciated upon close and minute examination.

In an enclosed case, containing many choice delicacies of carving in ivory, one object was well calculated to seize and hold attention with a thrilling interest. This was a chaplet which once reminded royalty, with a continuous hint, of the poor tenure of human life. It had belonged to Catherine of Braganza, second wife of him who was styled the merry monarch, Charles the Second. It contained five decades: its cross and larger beads being of amber; its smaller range of ivory, each one carved with singular minuteness of detail to repre-

sent, as it were, a living head, in close connexion with a grinning skull. The discoloration of the ivory would indicate that this impressive memento had, in its time, been held in familiar use. The chaplet came from a Spanish hand in the seventeenth century, and it now belongs to the Convent of Canonesses of St. Augustin, Bruges. In point of carving, it might vie with the most ingeniously elaborate productions that have come from the patient tooling of a Chinese curiosity. It was, seemingly, a strange labour of love.

The chalices in this collection were, as has been intimated, most numerous and various in their forms and embellishments; as they were various, so their period of make, from the thirteenth century up to our own times. Two of these attracted our especial notice and interest: the one, because in all below the cup it was the unequivocal work of the genius in religious sculpture, friar Hugh of Ognies, and bore upon it the touching inscription, "Hugo me fecit: Orate pro eo: Calix Beati Nicholai: Ave." Amongst all around it, this chalice bore the aspect of a decided originality of form and ornament. The latter was remarkable for a series of niello subjects, the interstices between which were filled with most skilfully chiselled forms of fruit and foliage. The good monk's part came from him at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The other chalice to which we have alluded was one of singular simplicity of form, and scarce bore the appearance of decoration; short in the stem, and comparatively shallow in the cup, as was the manner in earlier times. This, says tradition, was used by St. Thomas à Beckett, when, in 1166, he visited the town of Dixmude. It seems to stand, as did the Martyr of Canterbury, in uncompromising firmness. It is still to be found at Dixmude, and in the béguinage of that town.

The monstres on this occasion formed a perfect galaxy of splendour—in many of them invention seemed exhausted in producing the brilliant effect of golden sheen—in many strings of diamonds were brought in as auxiliaries in illumination. In a conspicuous spot, amongst a range of the richest and most valuable works of this class, was one, at which the English visitor must have been startled with surprise. Who could have anticipated finding associated with such most sacred utensils of Catholic ceremonial, the name of him for whom

"Gospel light first beam'd from Bullen's eye"?

Yet here was, in large and full elaboration of silver and gilding, one, presented by our Henry the Eighth, so the tradition tells, to Notre Dame de Hal, after the capture of Tournay in 1513. It has been preserved with great care; and has, no doubt, gone through an

effective process of cleaning; looks now, in its gush of silver spiracles, as fresh, faultless, and brilliant, as though we were still in that eventful fifteenth century, and the masterly disputant and theologian were still to the fore, and playing the part of Defender of the Faith.

It is rather a strange coincidence, that we should have found here another gift of the same kind, presented to the selfsame Notre Dame de Hal, by another worthy, with whose merits history and romance have equally dealt,—Louis XI. of France. This monstrance, being also a reliquary, was much less elaborate in design, but of a higher quality of invention. Above, it presented the form of a silver cup *fleur-de-lisée*, or having its arms terminated with the *fleur-de-lis*, with a medallion opening at their intersection; this sprung from a circle indicative of the globe; and the whole reposed on an oblong hexagonal base, supported by six eagle-claws. On branches springing from the circle, statuettes of the Virgin and St. John were supported on each side of the cross; below, on the basement, and at opposite sides, appeared kneeling statuettes, carefully wrought, of the estimable monarch with whose merits Quintin Durward has made English readers minutely familiar, and Charlotte of Savoy. This reliquary now belongs to the Church of St. Martin in Hal.

But if memorials such as these, brought to light so unexpectedly, startle us into a vivid interest, what may we not feel, when, amid the massive array in silver and seeming gold of these rich reliquaries, the eye, falling upon a small, most delicate and singularly beautiful object of the class, finds that it contains a Thorn of the Crown, which had been presented by St. Louis to Alexander, king of Scotland; had come, by succession, into the hands of Mary—

“helpless, hapless Mary;”

and had by her been presented, at the time of her approaching execution, to the Earl of Northumberland, whose daughter, to whom it had descended, presented it to Father Clark, Provincial of the Jesuits, from whom, at the suppression of the Order, it passed into the hands of the Bishop of Ghent. In the Church of Saint Michael of that town it is now dearly cherished. The relic is enclosed in a cross of crystal, about two inches in length—this is enwreathed in a crown of thorns, formed most slenderly of green translucent enamel, and above it springs up a golden gloria, sparkling round the divine monogram. The basement of this exquisite gem of jewelry, harmonious in felicitous design, is most delicately attenuated, and for its completion ornamented with enamel and gilt foliage.

It is strange that, in this collection, so touching a memento of Mary should accidentally come in contact with another equally com-

memorative of her strange history and misfortunes. This is a ring in the collection which Mr. Waterton sent to enrich the exhibition—the signet-ring of Darnley,—on the collet of which the initials H. M. (Henry and Mary) are united by a love-knot. On the inner surface are the arms and the name of Darnley, and the date of their marriage, 1565. How pregnant with fatal promise and fatal fulfilment are these two articles !

The contents of the reliquary-apartment were singular for their richness and for the strange species of caskets in which the venerated objects were deposited. Thus there were several arms, from the elbow downwards, and large as those of living beings, of silver and silver-gilt. Such a work, and probably superior in artistic merit, was exhibited at Kensington in 1861. Here also was a silver foot, on the instep of which the depository of the relic was arranged within, while around, on the outside, was a most gracefully chiselled wreath of golden foliage. This was attributed to frère Hugo d'Ognies. Another *chef-d'œuvre* was a small cylindrical case standing upright, within which, in a crystal tube, the relic was secured: a series of enamel bands, most delicately conceived and executed, were its chief embellishment. It belongs to the Ursulines of Arras.

Amongst the most curious objects exposed in this category was the *étui*, or guardian of the holy candle of Arras. This is quite a masterpiece of ornamentative construction, and with it is connected a singular legend of the twelfth century. Arras at that period was utterly prostrated by the visitation of an appalling pestilence, called the *mal des Ardens*. At the same time there dwelt at Bruges two most inharmonious musicians or minstrels, the one named Iter, the other Norman; the latter had, in a quarrel, slain the brother of the former; a dream came to Iter, wherein he beheld the Blessed Virgin, by whom he was ordered to betake himself to Arras—there to demand of the Bishop, Lambert de Guines, the key of the Cathedral vaults, where he was to descend at midnight. He further received a promise that he should be presented with a miraculous taper, the wax whereof, mingled with oil, should prove a remedy for the plague-stricken people of Arras. At first the minstrel was incredulous, but his dream was repeated, and he consequently set out for Arras and sought the residence of the Bishop. There, to his great surprise, whom should he behold but his foe, Norman, to whom it would seem the like vision had appeared. The angry antagonists were on the point of coming to blows, when the Bishop interfered, and told them that Heaven had ordained the termination of this quarrel, since it had imposed on each the same simultaneous duty. The enemies thereupon disburdened themselves of their animosities, embraced, and on that

very evening the Virgin intrusted them with the sacred taper destined to quell the pestilence. And it was so, adds the tradition. For the protection of this sacred taper the Countess Mahault had the *étui* now exhibited constructed—its form, that of a cone, with two parts, the one movable within the other; choice ornaments in niello and in gilding embellished both one and the other. Gracefully-formed ogival orifices or windows permitted the taper to be seen, and four statuettes completed its more prominent attractions. These represented the four *dramatis personæ* of the legend, viz. the Virgin, the Bishop, and the two minstrels. From the side of each of these worthies is hung the evidence of his calling; the one having a viola, and the other a species of hurdy-gurdy, with a box attached. The artist to whose delicate fancy this universally-admired work was due is wholly unrecorded. He died and gave no sign. To make amends for this, a silversmith in Paris, in whose hands it has not long since been for some ambiguous restorations, graved his name with *et-ceteras* conspicuously and intrusively in two different places.

In a case in this reliquary-room there were a few crosiers, venerable indeed from association. The most conspicuous of these was that of the great St. Bernard—abbatial—borne by him when he visited the Abbey of Affligem in the year 1146. Nothing could be more simple than this ensign of pastoral authority—a slender rod of gilt brass with a slight indication of foliage on the tip of its volute. In the seventeenth century it was enclosed in a large and elaborately-designed crosier of silver, on which much artistic skill was displayed, the most remarkable result of which is a group of the Virgin and Child sculptured and annexed to the inner foliage of the higher arch of the volute, while below and opposite kneels the figure of the Saint, admirably executed. Contrasted with this is a veritable relic, of an antiquity five hundred years or thereabouts earlier than the crosier-rod of St. Bernard—viz. the crosier of St. Maclou—one of those fervid apostles whom Ireland in her halcyon days of quietude and religious supremacy despatched for the conversion of the uncivilised continent. It is composed of substantial pieces of ivory bound together with strong rings of gilt brass: it was, of a verity, a stout, trusty staff, and time has set a dingy tint deeply upon it. After an existence of some twelve hundred years it might well appear a little out of joint; nevertheless, there it made its appearance, *ære perennius*.

Against the walls of three of the chambers wherein the precious classes of objects we have noticed were displayed, a rich drapery of chasubles and copes was suspended. Of these by much the most interesting in all respects were two chasubles associated with the name of St. Thomas à Beckett; the first having been used by him when he

rested at the abbey of St. Medard, on his way to Tournay. Independent of that circumstance, it derives importance from the fact of its being a model of the ancient vestment, from the style and dimensions of which changes have been made in subsequent times in an opposite course to one of amelioration. Its dimensions, as noted with precision in the catalogue, are one mètre and a half in height, by close upon five mètres in circumference; so that its ample folds swept round the person of the priest, and symbolised, as was clearly understood in the Church, by its orbicular fall, the charity, wide as the world, of the ministrant of the altar. Its colour, now much faded and obliterated, was of the celebrated Tarentum purple—*purpura Tarentina*; and its embroidery executed at a famed establishment at Palermo, in the twelfth century. This vestment has long been treasured in the abbey of St. Medard, and by its last member was transferred to the cathedral of Tournay in the year 1838. The second chasuble of St. Thomas à Beckett derived an interest from its defects, inasmuch as it presented a melancholy example of the cutting and mincing system, by which so serious an inroad was made upon its original amplitude. The stuff of which it has been made is considered extremely curious, presenting a series of designs in red and green upon a stratum of gold. It was made at Lucca in the twelfth century, and belongs now to the béguinage of Dixmude.

For a perfect specimen of what may be styled fine art in embroidery, the first place was taken amongst those great tissues by a chasuble belonging to the church of St. Charles Borromeo at Antwerp. It required the most minute scrutiny to become assured that the subjects on its cross, viz. the Assumption, the Apparition of Christ to His Mother, the Adoration of the Magi, the Visitation, the Dispute with the Doctors, and the Nativity, were executed with a needle, and not a miniature pencil. But with the needle, as it is happily said, they were painted—*acupictæ*; and assuredly, for brilliancy of general effect, combined with most delicate harmony, the silken stitching could not be surpassed. The seventeenth century had the honour of producing this *chef-d'œuvre*.

A chasuble, attributed, in its embellishments, to the hand of the Empress Maria Theresa, a century later than the former, was also extremely beautiful. Its metallic embroidery was executed in Cyprus gold, and that of silk in *point de chainette*. It belongs to the church of St. Jacques at Antwerp. Chasubles belonging to the béguinage of Malines and to the cathedral of Tournay, were also remarkable for their velvet grounds and embroidery of a highly-refined class.

At the very close of the ancient department of the catalogue—its last supplemental item—the eye was arrested by the description of

probably the most venerable article included in the whole collection of drapery exhibited on this occasion. Of itself it would never have drawn more than a mere passing glance. It would be more correct to state, in this instance, that there were two objects of interest—the one, and the chief, a well-authenticated portion of a tunic of Ireland's great Saint Bridget; the other, a case of precious protective stuff—a golden web figured with foliage and flowers, wherein it was deposited. This is so faded—in sooth, so dingy-looking—that the richness of its quality would pass wholly undiscovered but for the indicative catalogue. It seems pretty certain that this reliquary tunic was an object of especial note before the year 1347; for it is mentioned in an inventory of objects transmitted from the chapter of St. Donatien to the curate and sacristan of that church on the 8th of August 1347, under the following designation: “*Item, mantellum Beate Brigide.*” In the 9th lesson of the office of the saint, as observed in the diocese of Tournay, the following expression appears: “*Ejus tunica, ex antiqua traditione, in cathedrali Brugensi ecclesia religiose servatur.*” It is not improbable that this tunic formed part of the objects bequeathed to the chapter of St. Donatien by Gunildis, the daughter of Godwin, Earl of Essex, and sister of Harold of Hastings. She died at Bruges, in the year 1087. The tunic belongs now to the cathedral of St. Sauveur, at Bruges.

There were not many manuscripts in this collection, but what was called in was select. Amongst them we should remark more particularly one volume of a manuscript Bible of the year 1034, penned and embellished by Goderan, a monk of the abbey of Lobbes. This was used at the Council of Trent to correct the Vulgate. Its illustrations are extremely fine. Unfortunately the second volume has disappeared. It was, it seems, for a considerable time in the hands of a broker at Mons, by whom it was unappreciated, and sold to some unknown individual for a trifle. Here also was shown a remarkable manuscript, or parchment, preserving many curious pieces of vocal music, and amongst the rest the most ancient Mass for three voices that is known. Notre Dame of Tournay treasures this.

But special attention was due, and indeed was exacted, by an *Evangeliaire*—the manuscript on vellum, and the binding of the most elaborate ornamentation combined with strength, the execution of both one and the other being by the great and good monk Hugh of Oignies. The binding was evidently the object of greatest effort. It was of wood, covered with silver. Gilding, niello, sculpture, and large precious stones, combined to complete this masterpiece. In one of the niello plates the figure of brother Hugo is represented: he is on his knees offering up the book—in which his soul was

bound up with the sacred text—to the Saviour and to St. Nicholas, the patron of his abbey. Did he not merit, after all he had done in his cell for the cause of religion, to have his offering accepted?

A remarkable but somewhat anomalous feature in this Exhibition was a series of 100 rings from the valuable collection of Mr. Waterton. These were not necessarily of Christian import; but they were highly interesting in an antiquarian point of view. To appreciate them, they require a nearer examination than could be arrived at under the guardianship of a glass case. They were Roman, Byzantine, Merovingian, Anglo-Saxon, later English, Italian, and Irish. One of the latter was of considerable interest, inasmuch as it was assigned to the eleventh century; and yet on its large oblong collet it bore an interlaced linear design of singular elegance and artistic treatment, similar to some of the work upon the well-known and admired Irish brooches. How this can be reconciled with the rude brass Crucifixion of the twelfth century to which we have alluded above, it would be difficult to say.

It is unnecessary here to enter into any examination of the merits of the works of the present day for Church service, which were favoured with rooms apart for exhibition on this occasion. They were not, upon the whole, a corollary unworthy of the great models by which they have been preceded.

For a commencement, it must be admitted that a great effort, and a good one, was made to effectuate this late Exhibition. It was, however, but a commencement; and it is understood that if the expenses which it necessitated, and they must have been considerable, for the transport to and fro of such valuable articles, should prove to have been liberally met, a triennial repetition will be attempted. We do not doubt the acting powers of Mr. Weale—they have been admirably evinced—nor the vigorous zeal of his ecclesiastical coadjutors; but if we might interpolate a suggestion on such a topic, it is to place a longer interval between such efforts. Exhibitions of this kind must be great, or not at all. They will not bear frequent recurrence.

To quaint Malines as their locale there is no great objection, a better place within its bounds than the Hotel Liedekerke being obtained: it is the central point of the Belgian lines of railway, and it has the ecclesiastical dignity of being the metropolitan see of Belgium. The spirit of contemplation seems to find a fitting retreat in its quiet streets, over which no more exciting visitation of sound seems ever to pass than that caused by the charitably frequent and the peculiarly sweet harmony of its Cathedral chimes.

C.

Suicide considered with reference to the Insane.

"To him whose strength faileth, and that despaireth and hath lost patience," the exceeding desire for death is even as is to other men the desire for life.

According to a long-established usage in this country, the bodies of those who have wilfully and deliberately brought about their own death by laying violent hands on themselves are buried, without the rites of Christian sepulture, in unconsecrated ground and in the dead of night. Two other customs were likewise observed in former times. One ruled that the spot chosen for interment should be at the point where four roads intersected each other; the other exacted that a stake should be driven through the corpse before the grave was filled in. And these proceedings—especially the last—being of an apparently harsh and condemnatory nature, it came to be, and is even now, very generally supposed that they were meant to be of a penal and vindictive character. Like many another form where the symbol has survived the faith, the practice has remained, while the origin has been forgotten. Burial at the cross-roads, as the term is, and driving a stake through the body, are now indeed things of the past; but fifty years ago, when, in the deepest gloom of night, relieved only by the uncertain light of torches, two or three people, in silence and haste, bore the body of the suicide to his unblest grave, without priest or mourner, they little thought that they were carrying out a measure originally conceived in a spirit of tenderness to the unfortunate self-murderer: yet so it was. The dead who were interred in unhallowed ground, from whom the last rites of the Church were withheld in death and in the grave, were supposed to be peculiarly liable to the assaults of evil spirits, more especially of that foul creature of the imagination, known as the ghoul or vampire, which mangled the body and sucked the blood of its victim. This horrible creature was considered to be effectually circumvented by the device of impaling the corpse; and the cross-roads being a rude approach to the most sacred of emblems was regarded as an additional means of protection. Except in cases of a very peculiar and exceptional kind, a verdict of temporary insanity is now generally recorded; partly, perhaps, to assuage the anguish of surviving relatives, and partly because it is felt that no man can accurately gauge the exact point of misery which, when once reached, compels reason to vacate her throne.

The number of suicides in different nations, among those who have never been recognised as insane, and considered with reference to their character, race, and religion, will possibly be treated of at some future time. We propose at present to speak of those who are, by a terrible malady, urged to self-destruction; to point out their distinctive characteristics; to inquire into their condition; and to invite attention to the means of alleviating the wretchedness which cannot be wholly prevented or remedied.

Those who are of a suicidal temperament, or who contemplate suicide, may be divided into two classes,—those who are supposed to be sane, and those who are known to be insane. In an hospital or asylum there is not generally much difficulty in selecting the suicidal cases. It is not that monomaniac, who so eagerly engages you in conversation on his scheme for regenerating mankind, or of the fortune out of which he has been cheated; it is not the hypochondriac, whose feeble and perpetual complaints exhaust his limited energy; nor is it that sly, vindictive-looking, restless, fair-haired man, who is so exuberantly active and talks so incoherently; nor is it that black-haired, dark, silent, motionless creature—yellow-skinned, shrivelled, sullen, and defiant in aspect—he has passed through the suicidal phase—he has ceased to think, and only lives and broods. The suicidal must be sought for among the bilious and lymphatic-nervous; they are rarely of the sanguine temperament. They have almost invariably a scared look, combined with an appearance of profound depression. A peculiar terror seems to possess them, and they meet the gaze of others with downcast and averted eye. They are afraid with a nameless fear; and this they sometimes own, after some pressure and persuasion; for, as a rule, they do not willingly dilate on their miseries. The peevish-despondent often make threats of suicide, which, however, they rarely carry out; but those who really mean it do not announce it as a menace: if they allude to it at all, it is in a quiet hopeless sort of fashion, to which immediate attention ought to be paid. Sometimes, however, they formally communicate their resolution, specifying the time and place. Dr. Burroughs mentions a case of a nobleman who promised not to commit suicide until the return of his friend, which was fixed at a certain time. Unfortunately, the friend was detained for an hour beyond the appointed period. He found, true to his word, Lord S— had shot himself. Frequently a melancholy patient, suspected of suicidal tendencies, will exhibit a very remarkable change of demeanour: there is an exalted, almost joyful air, or an enwrapped far-off ecstatic glance, which suddenly replaces the characteristic scared look and deep gloom that formerly distinguished him. This change is one of

the deepest importance. In nine cases out of ten it denotes that the harass and weariness of the struggle and the indecision is over; his resolution is taken. "Despair," says the Arab proverb, "is a free-man; hope only is a slave." He now only waits for the opportunity for carrying out his settled purpose; and no precaution ought then to be considered excessive, no supervision too minute; for the skill and dexterity with which these patients perform the action, the firmness and obstinacy they display in setting about it, and the cunning with which they conceal their preparations, almost surpass belief. They should not only never be left one instant alone, but never one instant unwatched by a quick, intelligent, and apprehensive eye. Such patients are hardly suited to be under the care of the ordinary hired attendants in hospitals, who are too few to devote themselves to the task with the necessary unsleeping and uncomplaining vigilance. Moreover, they have not, and for obvious reasons cannot have, much sympathy with lunatics, whose distress is chiefly moral and mental.

It is found practically that the idiotic, who are tended almost like helpless animals, the gay-tempered, incoherent, demented madman, or even the fitful violent maniac, are, as a rule, the favourites with the attendants. They do, indeed, afford more variety; are less monotonous and wearisome; respond more readily to kindness and caresses; and require a less troublesome surveillance. The following two instances, of which we have personal knowledge, will illustrate the amount and kind of vigilance required: one patient, a fair-haired, gentle, and well-behaved young woman, had exhibited the particular change described; and from a moping and despondent condition had become strangely haughty and exultant. Strict orders were given that she should never be left alone; and as a sister of hers (also insane, though ultimately cured) had made repeated efforts at self-destruction, the gravity of the case was fully recognised. Within three days, however, the catastrophe occurred. Sitting one afternoon, apparently quietly occupied in reading, at the end of a kind of open balcony, she remained there along with several other patients. The attendant in charge passed and repassed repeatedly from the room to the balcony, and, addressing her, received suitable replies uttered in a loud firm tone of voice. Presently, however, the servant had occasion to go into the airing-court below, and in so doing passed beneath the balcony. As she did this, blood dripped on her from above; and she then perceived that the gravel-walk was soaked in the same. She ran upstairs only in time to see the unfortunate girl drop from her seat in a dying state. She had by some means opened a vein in her left arm, and had sat without detection silently

bleeding to death. She had evidently taken much precaution; for by her position the left arm was concealed from observation, and the blood had purposely been allowed to discharge itself into the airing-court below, so as to be little visible on the floor of the balcony. Another woman, over whom strict guard was kept, barely escaped a similar fate. She occupied a double-bedded room, in which an attendant also slept. She was searched night and morning—was not allowed the use of scissors, knife, or fork; and even her clothes were removed from the room after she had retired to rest. Yet she managed somehow to secrete a stay-lace, and bound it so evenly and tightly round her throat, and that with such patience and indomitable endurance, that she was only saved from death by the attendant's ear catching the heavy sobbing and stertorous noise of demi-strangulation. It has often been argued that extreme physical timidity operates to prevent suicide; but our experience is of a contrary kind; and many cases occur, both among the insane and the reputed sane, where it is clearly the exciting cause. De Boismont relates that a clerk in a house of business discovered that the warehouse had been robbed. This misfortune threw him into despair. He imagined that the police surrounded the house, that the scaffold was prepared, and the executioner ready for him. To escape this fate he killed himself. Some (reputed sane) have destroyed themselves from fear of catching a prevailing epidemic; others (insane) have literally starved themselves from dread of being poisoned, or under the terror of being assailed by want. A few weeks ago an inquest was held on the body of a Jewish gentleman who had hanged himself in his own house. The evidence went to show that the deceased had laboured under a delusion as to property; and that though he possessed ample means, he feared he was about to be reduced to want. It was also proved that his mother and sister had destroyed themselves. Such as these may literally be said to commit suicide from the fear of death. The desire for self-destruction is frequently very active in the commencement of mental derangement, or during what is called the incubation of insanity, and ceases altogether when the wild delirium of mania sets in. Some lunatics will be found adopting a daily line of conduct, or changing it according to the dictation or utterances of certain voices which they imagine they hear. Hallucinations of either the hearing or the sight, or both combined, present an exceedingly perplexing and dangerous form of insanity, because the patients will most certainly obey, or endeavour to obey, the suggestions of their invisible companions; and what those commands may be, it is generally impossible and always difficult to ascertain. A young man so affected had been for many weeks very morose,

and had utterly refused to hold any converse except with his spirit-companions. Being suspected of suicidal intentions, his window had been so altered that it could not be raised many inches from the bottom; thus it was erroneously supposed that a human body could not be pushed through it. The attendant had, as usual, been forbidden to lose sight of his charge. The youth, who seemed that day in high spirits, was lying in bed laughing and talking to himself. The servant stepped out of the room for one instant; the boy, for he was little more, sprang up, locked the door, squeezed himself through the open window, and was dashed to pieces below.

It is easy to conceive why the surveillance of sisters or brothers of a religious order would be especially advantageous for cases of this description. *Their* object would be, not to earn their wages and keep their places, but to accept responsibility and to serve the patient,—not to escape blame, so much as to accomplish the aim in view. Moreover, the one could relieve the other unobtrusively, and with a secret intelligence, so as to avoid the obnoxious appearance of mounting guard like sentinels. As we have before pointed out, desponding patients are ill suited to be under the care of an ordinary attendant. They are the least responsive and interesting, and likewise the most hopeless and difficult to deal with; yet they are precisely those who are most amenable to the offices of religion, and to whom the cheerful and cultivated society of persons who intelligently comprehend their state is most invaluable. They will neither confide in nor receive comfort from servants, who, however well-meaning and kindly they may be, are necessarily ignorant and deficient in mental resources,—whose manners and speech disgust and repel, and whose almost absolute authority, in connection with these considerations, combines to vex and irritate. Many recovered patients of this class have assured us that the humiliations and mortifications which they experienced in this particular formed of itself a distinct source of misery and terror. To the idiotic and actively maniacal of course this applies in a very mitigated degree. Above all, that spirit of calm and affectionate hopefulness, that earnest repression of natural temper and impatience, that lofty fixedness of purpose, which a religious vocation so greatly develops, are like so many havens of rest, to which the shattered mind and despairing spirit turn instinctively for peace. In perusing the last report for 1863 of the Commissioners in Lunacy, we are struck with one remarkable omission of evidence; for though the deaths, the cures, and the physical state of the patients are given, their previous avocations, their ages, and the causes of their malady are commented on, there is no statistical return of their different creeds or denominations;

there is no accurate account of the mode or the frequency with which religious consolation is afforded, nor of the proportion of patients who are able or willing to attend their respective services. All that we can gather is, that some of these poor creatures are very unfortunately situated in this respect. In Cornwall Asylum we find (p. 5) "that the chapel, though only recently erected, is found to be insufficient for the patients who are able to attend." At Derby "a new chapel is recommended to be built, instead of the room at present used." In Essex, out of 508 patients male and female, 202 usually attend service. In Hampshire (p. 13) about 220 patients were able to attend; but it appeared that about 200 had no benefit whatever of the chaplain's administrations, and the daily prayers were read by the attendants only. Another grievance has frequently been represented to us, for which, however, we are unable to suggest a remedy. Not only among the members of the Established Church, but among the ministers of it, there are differences of opinion, of doctrine, and of preaching, so great and so diametrically in opposition, that practically the Establishment contains several fiercely contending leaders of sects, with their followers. An Anglican cannot abide a Recordite, nor a Recordite an Anglican; and they both condemn, in terms more or less measured, the party of the *via media*. Now, whether by virtue of Darwin's "natural-selection law," or by a curious coincidence, or by an unfortunate preference, it seems to be a fact that most of the chaplains attached to hospitals and lunatic asylums are what is technically termed Low Church, *i.e.* entertaining Calvinistic views, and therefore extremely unacceptable either to the moderate or the Anglican members; and, as it appears to us, perhaps the least calculated to minister with beneficial effect to gloomy and desponding patients. For this, as we said before, we do not see any help. We can only rejoice that those of the Catholic faith cannot be thus distracted by their own priests. At Hanwell, the Commissioners remark (p. 26), "several Roman Catholic patients made complaints to us that they had very few opportunities of seeing a priest, and that they never heard Mass." At Grove Hall, Bow, "a small number of the patients go to church, the chaplain performs service once a day, and also visits the wards. As there are many Roman Catholics among the soldiers, a priest of their own communion visits them." No mention is made of any provision or opportunity being made for these poor fellows hearing Mass. Compare this with the report of Blanchard Jerrold, on the Paris Hospitals. In that for the incurables, founded by St. Vincent de Paul, there is at the foot of each bed an easy-chair, in which the paralytic or crippled are wheeled to the altar to hear Mass; and by an admirable arrange-

ment, the building is so contrived that all the others can hear it from their beds. He adds, that to see "High Mass performed at this altar, beneath the lofty roof, with the old and withered women propped in their chairs round about, the rest listening from their beds, would make an admirable picture for the artist's pencil." With regard to Ireland, the Report contains complaints of the number of lunatics yet kept in workhouses and gaols. There are 2,455 in the former, and 389 in the latter, of whom 140 are dangerous. At Belfast "*regret is expressed that the visitations of clergymen to the institution are very exceptional,—indeed, about once in three weeks.*" It would be interesting to know here to what denominations or creeds these poor lunatics belong; whether the clergymen alluded to are Catholic priests, clergymen of the Establishment, or Presbyterian ministers; and what opportunities and remuneration are afforded.

At Clonmel an old workhouse has just been converted into an asylum; but great difficulty in procuring an adequate supply of proper attendants seems every where to be experienced. One asylum only (Richmond Retreat) is officially reported as being under the care of a religious sisterhood, namely, that of St. Vincent de Paul. It may be calculated roughly that seven out of every ten lunatic patients are able on an average to be present with propriety at religious services; that out of that seven, four or five are capable of paying due attention; and that three out of the five derive marked benefit and consolation from such service, and from the ministrations of the officers of religion. How many Catholics are confined in Protestant hospitals and workhouses, with little opportunity of seeing a priest, and none of hearing Mass, is a difficult matter to ascertain; but it may safely be concluded that the number is very considerable even in England, and in Ireland probably much larger; and this remark applies especially to those in workhouses. Many idiotic and paralytic remain in these places from the insufficiency of room and the paucity of qualified attendants in asylums (vide pp. 40-49, Thirteenth Report for Ireland). How many private asylums are in the hands of Catholic proprietors, and are thus suitable for the Catholic insane, we have no means of learning; but many of the latter are, we know, sent on to the Continent in order that they may be under religious care as well as medical treatment. In England unquestionably Catholics placed in any of the public asylums would in the particular matter of religious opportunities be less favourably situated than in private asylums, where a higher scale of remuneration secures of course a greater attention to individual requirements. As respects the proportion of patients placed in public and private

asylums, a remarkable change has taken place. Fifteen years ago there were in licensed houses nearly as many insane as in hospitals and county asylums; whereas we now find that there are in the latter more than five times as many as in the former. This will be made clear by the following table :

1849. Private asylums, 6931 patients; public asylums, 7629 patients.

1864. Private asylums, 4455 patients; public asylums, 23,830 „

At the present moment there are, in addition, in workhouses, with friends, or boarded out, 16,410; making a total of 44,695 lunatics in England in 1864 (vide 18th Report, p. 107). This calculation does not include the insane in gaols or the Chancery lunatics.

Taking into consideration this obviously increasing preference for public over private asylums, there appears to be no reason why funds could not be raised in order to build two or three large asylums for the reception of Catholic patients; which should be under due license of the authorities, and under the supervision of the commissioners; the patients to be the especial charge of members of a religious order. The raising of funds, and all that concerned the building, contracts, purchase of land, &c., to be arranged by a working committee. The plan proposed would be to make each hospital a self-supporting one. There would be a graduated scale of payments for the private patients; the wealthy paying according to their means, and having suitable accommodation allotted to them; but all remuneration being so ordered as to return a proper interest on the money sunk for the building, land, &c. Neither, we hope, would it be found impracticable to induce the workhouse authorities gradually to permit Catholic paupers to be transferred thither, providing for their cost of maintenance at the same rate as had up to that time been the usual expenditure. There is in Paris an hospital exclusively for Protestants, as well as one for the members of the Jewish persuasion; and it seems strange that the English and Irish Catholics should be so indifferent to the wants of these unfortunate creatures of their own faith that no establishment of the kind is, so far as we are aware, in existence, even on the most limited scale, either in England or in Ireland. One large asylum, calculated for the reception of six or seven hundred men and women, might be erected in the south of England, say a few miles distant from the metropolis; while another, of rather smaller dimensions, should be established in Lancashire, which county contains a large proportion of Catholics in its population. Partly perhaps in consequence of this, there is also a good deal of religious intolerance, which requires to be withstood by some arrangement of this kind. This remark applies especially to Liverpool; which not only receives a constant succession of emigrants

from the sister island, but is likewise the abode of a very numerous body of poor Irish men and women. Looking at the question from a practical and financial point of view, there is every reason to believe that such institutions would, by the due exercise of prudence and common sense, be made self-supporting; and that the first outlay would not, even as a building speculation, prove unprofitable. It must be remembered, that the supervision by members of a religious order would not only be performed more zealously and intelligently, and therefore with greater efficiency, but it would probably be carried out at much less expense. The salaries of steward, matron, &c., and wages of attendants, involve large annual payments in the aggregate, though the remuneration received by the latter is only about the average of the hire of domestic servants, and is not therefore calculated to attract a class particularly well qualified for such onerous duties. In England the male attendants receive from 18*l.* to 35*l.* per annum, according to position and capacity; the female from 9*l.* to 18*l.*, or sometimes 20*l.* But in Ireland the scale is very much lower; the men's wages are from 8*l.* (or in some asylums as low as 7*l.*) up to 20*l.* per annum; and the women's from 6*l.* to 12*l.*, or in rare cases 14*l.* or 15*l.* We cannot but believe that the friends and relatives of Catholic lunatics would, if suitable establishments were provided, gladly embrace the opportunity of placing these unfortunate beings where such religious benefits as their state permitted them to receive might be administered to them according to the rites of their faith.

In a medical sense, the calm atmosphere of devout charity, reviving, as it would probably do, the hallowed associations of early years, would have a very beneficial effect, and the happiest results might reasonably be anticipated from the patients being encouraged to witness the solemnity and grandeur of the services, and to assist with the choir in giving the magnificent music which is the heritage of the Catholic Church. No doubt the physical infirmities which attend insanity render the possession of a fine voice and ear, accompanied by the will to use them, unless encouraged by association with others, a very rare thing. But the capacity of the patients for appreciating music, and their passion for hearing it, can almost always be calculated on (vide Commissioners' 13th Report, pp. 15, 25). Where music is mentioned as "being a source of great enjoyment," "to have had a most exhilarating effect," "producing an excellent moral and curative effect," the value of such testimony is obvious, and the last sentence is a very suggestive one. It seems to us especially desirable to endeavour to induce in the melancholy and desponding those peaceful and devotional feelings which sacred music so generally

developes; and the blending together of human voices in solemn harmony is known to have a very powerful and subduing influence on distraught nerves and suffering spirits. To those among the insane whose madness is characterised by a tendency to commit suicide these remarks have especial reference; for if self-murder be, as it undoubtedly is, anti-christian in its essence, the sister or brother whose garb, character, and office alike proclaim his or her vocation, can unquestionably speak consolatory truths with a greater authority, and will inspire a deeper trust and sense of hopefulness, than any uneducated hired attendant can be supposed to do. Without in the slightest degree disparaging the services of the latter, or denying their average worth and respectability as a class, it is indisputable that the vast majority of cases of neglect, cruelty, and ill-usage in private and public asylums has arisen from their ignorance and incapacity, and their lamentable deficiency in temper, patience, and courage.

Not very long since a patient was literally scalded to death in a large asylum in the north of England, from the circumstance that the two attendants whose duty it was to give him a hot-bath neglected to ascertain the temperature of the water before placing the poor creature in it. In May 1863 (vide p. 96), a patient was killed in a struggle with an attendant in the Lancaster Asylum. As the deceased was an imbecile, stunted in growth and of slight build, it is probable that the keeper either lost his temper or forgot his own personal strength; at any rate, he flung the poor fellow from him on to the bed with such force that internal injuries were received which resulted in death. In another case (p. 100), an epileptic patient was scalded to death through the disobedience to orders of an attendant. This person was severely censured by the jury, and also by the commissioners, who express their opinion "that he ought to have been prosecuted for his gross neglect of duty." Another patient (p. 100), in the absence of an attendant, inflicted such injuries on himself with a poker as resulted in death a few days afterwards. In the report of the Irish Asylums (p. 13), an attendant was dismissed for cutting open the head of one of the male patients by striking him with a bunch of keys. And at Omagh, through the inattention or ignorance of an attendant, a patient was accidentally poisoned.

We find the Commissioners lamenting (p. 49) "that persons of inferior position, with little or no education, are so frequently engaged" as attendants; they remark truly enough, "that it cannot fairly be expected that an establishment with indifferent subordinates, particularly for lunatics, can be steadily and satisfactorily conducted — one, too, in which habits of order, cleanliness, and regularity.

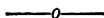
should be methodically inculcated by example." Nor, we may add, is there the slightest chance of such attendants, whether in private licensed houses or in public asylums, ever obtaining any permanent or beneficial influence over the more refined and educated patients. Nay, rather, the authority and control with which they are unavoidably intrusted becomes a constant source of humiliation and irritated feeling. It is a practical fact that you cannot buy conscientiousness, intelligence, forbearance, refinement, and zeal, according to discretion, for from ten to twenty pounds a year, among women, or twice that amount among men. We venture to assert that such cases as are adduced in the Report, of negligence and cruelty, could never have occurred under the supervision which we have described as suitable, and we doubt not readily forthcoming for an exclusively Catholic asylum. The habits of the class from which the usual order of attendants is selected, are unavoidably coarse, and comparatively uncleanly; their modes of thought are not and cannot be distinguished by that enlarged and comprehensive sympathy which is created by mental culture and a habit of thoughtfulness; nor are their resources either in emergency or otherwise renowned for that spirit of tenderness, and humanity, and long-suffering under provocation, which are the best fruits of a charitable and religious vocation, and a severe and earnest sanctity of life. For if steady principles, even of a lower order, are *so far* a barrier against the inroads of insanity, how much more the perpetual influence of those of the most exalted and enduring kind? In truth, the insane need a support against their own vague and fitful misery. The value of a system of mildness, combined with firmness, can hardly be overestimated; and moral treatment is confessedly a most powerful aid to the appropriate remedies which are prescribed by medical skill; for, by the operation of a beneficent law, the steady mind controls the vacillating one; and the weak take their tone from the strong. It would not, we imagine, be a work of difficulty to obtain the requisite permission for some members of a religious order to conduct so good a work in England as they do in Belgium; and we are persuaded that many would be found willing to devote themselves to it; for wherever misery is most dire and overwhelming, there the brothers and sisters of the Catholic Church are ever to be found in the path of duty. It would be for them, while penetrating and indulgently dealing with the morbid and illusive perceptions of the patients, to be careful never to deny the reality of their existence; for it must be borne in mind that lunatics commonly argue correctly, but from false premises. If they were really menaced, attacked, and conspired against, as they suppose themselves to be, their anger, violence, and suspicions

would not be otherwise than just and reasonable. "To tell them," says an eminent physician, "that sooner or later their perceptions will change, is to give them comfort; to deny their existence is to assure them that you do not understand their case." While all argument must be regarded as being for practical purposes useless, no salutary measure should be conceded. It is not impossible to accustom a melancholy patient to assume that the recurrence of his despondent and wretched feelings is due to physical causes or a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and that, coupled with this evil, there are often combined qualities of the most excellent and hopeful kind. Again, in convalescence, attentively to observe the return of coherent thought, to welcome the smallest spontaneous effort, to connect (if that may be) the scattered links of memory, to re-illuminate the mind which commences its escape from the mists of darkness: these are aims which those who really care for the insane should earnestly strive to accomplish, and from which the best effects may be confidently predicted. Sometimes in the earlier stages of recovery the power of old associations returns very suddenly; and it is of immense importance that the chain of thought so caught, as it were, in the rebound, should not be suffered to escape from the feeble grasp of the patient. This particular kind of minute watchfulness and patient unceasing care may be given gladly for the love of God, or even from the influence of personal affection, or professional zeal, but can rarely be expected from any less powerful motives, and assuredly cannot, and never will be, purchased for money.* R.

* On referring to the Appendix of the Irish Report (p. 114), we observe something calculated to throw light on an observation of ours, p. 401. In Belfast Asylum (unlike any others in this respect) *there is a blank space left where the names of the officiating clergymen ought to appear, and the remuneration offered is entered as nil*; and we call especial attention to the remark of the Commissioners on this matter, which we give verbatim, from p. 49: "Your Excellency has not failed in your frequent visits to institutions for the insane to be gratified at the uniform reports you heard of the solace which religion bestows on the many who in the midst of their varied delusions do not forget the hopeful doctrines of their faith. It is therefore with regret we have to refer to the continued and practical opposition evinced towards the admission of chaplains into the Belfast Asylum by its influential board of governors." Belfast, we may remind our readers, is the headquarters of the Orange Association, which, by its unchristian and intolerant spirit, provoked the late riots, and will continue, as long as it exists, to diffuse misery in the sister country.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



CHAPTER VII.

UPON a sultry evening which did follow an exceeding hot day, with no clouds in the sky, and a great store of dust on the road, we entered London, that great fair of the whole world, as some have titled it. When for many years we do think of a place we have not seen, a picture forms itself in the mind as distinct as if the eye had taken cognisance thereof, and a singular curiosity attends the actual vision of what the imagination hath so oft portrayed. On this occasion my eyes were slow servants to my desires, which longed to embrace in the compass of one glance the various objects they craved to behold. Albeit the sky was cloudless above our heads, I feared it would rain in London, by reason of a dark vapour which did hang over it; but Mistress Ward informed me that this appearance was owing to the smoke of sea-coal, of which so great a store is used in the houses that the air is filled with it. "And do those in London always live in that smoke?" I inquired, not greatly contented to think it should be so; but she said Mr. Congleton's house was not in the city, but in a very pleasant suburb outside of it, close unto Holborn Hill and Ely Place, the Bishop's palace, in whose garden the roses were so plentiful that in June the air is perfumed with their odour. I troubled her not with further questions at that time, being soon wholly taken up with the new sights which then did meet us at every step. So great a number of gay horsemen, and litters carried by footmen with fine liveries, and coaches drawn by horses richly caparisoned and men running alongside of them, and withal so many carts, that I was constrained to give over the guiding of mine own horse by reason of the confusion which the noise of wheels and men's cries and the rapid motion of so many vehicles did cause in me, who had never rode before in so great a crowd.

At about six o'clock of the afternoon we did reach Ely Place, and passing by the Bishop's palace stopped at the gate of Mr. Congleton's house, which doth stand somewhat retired from the high-road and the first sight of which did greatly content me. It is built of fair and strong stone, not affecting fineness, but honourably representing a firm stateliness, for it was handsome without curiosity, and

homely without negligence. At the front of it was a well-arranged ground cunningly set with trees, through which we rode to the foot of the stairs, where we were met by a gentleman dressed in a coat of black satin and a quilted waistcoat, with a white beaver in his hand, whom I guessed to be my good uncle. He shook Mistress Ward by the hand, saluted me on both cheeks and vowed I was the precise counterpart of my mother, who at my age, he said, was the prettiest Lancashire witch that ever he had looked upon. He seemed to me not so old as I did suppose him to be, lean of body and something low of stature, with a long visage and a little sharp beard upon the chin of a brown colour; a countenance not very grave, and, for his age, wanting the authority of gray hairs. He conducted me to mine aunt's chamber, who was seated in an easy-chair near unto the window, with a cat upon her knees and a tambour-frame before her. She oped her arms and kissed me with great affection, and I, sliding down, knelt at her feet and prayed her to be a good mother to me, which was what my father had charged me to do when I should come into her presence. She raised me with her hand and made me sit on a stool beside her, and stroking my face gently, gazed upon it and said it put her in mind of both my parents, for that I had my father's brow and eyes, and my mother's mouth and dimpling smiles.

"Mr. Congleton," she cried, "you do hear what this wench saith. I pray you to bear it in mind and how near in blood she is to me, so that you may show her favour when I am gone, which may be sooner than you think for."

I looked up into her face greatly concerned that she was like so soon to die. Methought she had the semblance of one in good health and a reasonable good colour in her cheeks, and I perceived Mr. Congleton did smile as he answered:

"I will show favour to thy pretty niece, good Moll, I promise thee, be thou alive or be thou dead; but if the leeches are to be credited, who do affirm thou hast the best strength and stomach of the twain, thou art more like to bury me than I thee."

Upon which the good lady did sigh deeply and cast up her eyes and lifted up her hands as one grievously injured, and he cried:

"Prithee, sweetheart, take it not amiss, for beshrew me if I be not willing to grant thee to be as diseased as will pleasure thee, so that thou wilt continue to eat and sleep as well as thou dost at the present and so keep thyself from dying."

Upon which she said that she did admire how a man could have so much cruelty as to jest and jeer at her ill-health, but that she would spend no more of her breath upon him; and turning towards me she asked a store of questions anent my father, whom for many

years she had not seen, and touching the manner of my mother's death, at the mention of which my tears flowed afresh, which caused her also to weep; and calling for her women she bade one of them bring her some hartshorn, for that sorrow, she said, would occasion the vapours to rise in her head, and the other she sent for to fetch her case of trinkets, for that she would wear the ring her brother had presented her with some years back, in which was a stone which doth cure melancholy. When the case was brought she displayed before my eyes its rich contents, and gifted me with a brooch set with turquoises, the wearing of which, she said, doth often keep persons from falling into divers sorts of peril. Then presently kissing me she said she felt fatigued and would send for her daughters to take charge of me; who, when they came, embraced me with exceeding great affection and carried me to what had been their schoolroom and was now Mrs. Ward's chamber, who no longer was their governess, they said, but as a friend abode in the house for to go abroad with them, their mother being of so delicate a constitution that she seldom left her room. Next to this chamber was a closet, wherein Kate said I should lie, and as it is one I inhabited for a long space of time, and the remembrance of which doth connect itself with very many events which, as they did take place I therein mused on, and prayed or wept, or sometimes laughed over in solitude, I will here set down what it was like when first I saw it.

The bed was in an alcove, closed in the day by fair curtains of taffety; and the walls, which were in wood, had carvings above the door and over the chimney of very dainty workmanship. The floor was strewn with dried neatly-cut rushes, and in the projecting space where the window was, a table was set, and two chairs with backs and seats cunningly furnished with tapestry. In another recess betwixt the alcove and the chimney stood a praying stool and a desk with a cushion for a book to lie on. Ah, me! how often has my head rested on that cushion and my knees on that stool when my heart has been too full to utter other prayers than a "God ha' mercy on me!" which at such times broke as a cry from an overcharged breast. But, oh! what a vain pleasure I did take on that first day in the bravery of this little chamber, which Kate said was to be mine own! With what great contentment I viewed each part of it, and looked out of the window on the beds of flowers which did form a mosaical floor in the garden around the house, in the midst of which was a fair pond whose shaking crystal mirrored the shrubs which grew about it, and a thicket beyond, which did appear to me a place for pleasantness and not unfit to flatter solitariness, albeit so close unto the city. Beyond were the Bishop's grounds, and I could smell the

scent of roses coming thence as the wind blew. I could have stood there many hours gazing on this new scene, but that my cousins brought me down to sup with them in the garden, which was not fairer in natural ornaments than in artificial inventions. The table was set in a small banqueting-house among certain pleasant trees near to a pretty water-work; and now I had leisure to scan my cousins' faces and compare what I did notice in them with what Mistress Ward had said the first night of our journey.

Kate, the eldest of the three, was in sooth a very fair creature, proportioned without any fault, and by nature endowed with the most delightful colours; but there was a made countenance about her mouth, between simpering and smiling, and somewhat in her bowed-down head which seemed to languish with over-much idleness, and an inviting look in her eyes as if they would over-persuade those she spoke to, which betokened a lack of those nobler powers of the mind which are the highest gifts of womanhood. Polly's face fault-finding wits might scoff at as too little for the rest of the body, her features as not so well proportioned as Kate's, and her skin somewhat browner than doth consist with beauty; but in her eyes there was a cheerfulness as if nature smiled in them, in her mouth so pretty a demureness, and in her countenance such a spark of wit that, if it struck not with admiration, filled with delight. No indifferent soul there was which, if it resisted making her its princess, would not long to have such a playfellow. Muriel, the youngest of these sisters, was deformed in shape, sallow in hue, in speech as Mistress Ward had said, slow; but withal in her eyes, which were deep-set, there was lacking neither the fire which betokens intelligence, or the sweetness which commands affection, and somewhat in her plain face which, though it may not be called beauty, had some of its qualities. Methought it savoured more of heaven than earth. The ill-shaped body seemed but a case for a soul the fairness of which did shine through the foul lineaments which enclosed it. Albeit her lips opened but seldom that evening, only twice or thrice, and they were common words she uttered and fraught with hesitation, my heart did more incline towards her than to the pretty Kate or the lively Polly.

An hour before we retired to rest, Mr. Congleton came into the garden, and brought with him Mr. Swithin Wells and Mr. Bryan Lacy, two gentlemen who lived also in Holborn; the latter of which, Polly whispered in mine ear, was her sister Kate's suitor. Talk was ministered amongst them touching the Queen's marriage with Monsieur; which, as Mr. Rookwood had said, was broken off; but that day they had heard that M. de la Motte had proposed to her Majesty

the Duc d'Alençon, who would be more complying, he promised, touching religion than his brother. She inquired of the prince's age, and of his height; to the which he did answer, "About your Majesty's own height." But her highness would not be so put off, and willed the ambassador to write for the precise measurement of the prince's stature.

"She will never marry," quoth Mr. Wells, "but only amuse the French Court and her Council with further negotiations touching this new suitor, as heretofore anent the Archduke and Monsieur. But I would to God her majesty were well married, and to a Catholic prince; which would do us more good than any thing else which can be thought of."

"What news did you hear, sir, of Mr. Felton?" Mistress Ward asked. Upon which their countenances fell; and one of them answered that that gentleman had been racked the day before, but steadily refused, though in the extremity of torture, to name his accomplices; and would give her majesty no title but that of the Pretender; which they said was greatly to be regretted, and what no other Catholic had done. But when his sentence was read to him, for that he was to die on Friday, he drew from his finger a ring, which had diamonds in it, and was worth four hundred pounds, and requested the Earl of Sussex to give it to the Queen, in token that he bore her no ill-will or malice, but rather the contrary.

Mr. Wells said he was a gentleman of very great heart and noble disposition, but for his part he would as lief this ring had been sold, and the money bestowed on the poorer sort of prisoners in Newgate, than see it grace her majesty's finger; who would thus play the hangman's part, who inherits the spoils of such as he doth put to death. But the others affirmed it was done in a Christian manner, and so greatly to be commended; and that Mr. Felton, albeit he was somewhat rash in his actions, and by some titled Don Magnifico, by reason of a certain bravery in his style of dress and fashion of speaking, which smacked of Monsieur Traveller, was a right worthy gentleman, and his death a heavy blow to his friends, amongst whom there were some, nevertheless, to be found who did blame him for the act which had brought him into trouble. Mistress Ward cried, that such as fell into trouble, be the cause ever so good, did always find those who would blame them. Mr. Lacy said, one should not cast himself into danger wilfully, but when occasion offered take it with patience. Polly replied, that some were so prudent, occasions never came to them. And then those two fell to disputing, in a merry but withal sharp fashion. As he did pick his words, and used new-fangled terms, and she spoke

roundly and to the point, methinks she was the nimblest in this encounter of wit.

Meanwhile Mr. Wells asked Mr. Congleton if he had had news from the North, where much blood was spilt since the rising; and he apprehended that his kinsmen in Richmondshire should suffer under the last orders sent to Sir George Bowes by my Lord Sussex. But Mr. Congleton did minister to him this comfort, that if they were noted wealthy, and had freeholds, it was the Queen's special commandment they should not be executed, but two hundred of the commoner sort to lose their lives in each town; which was about one to each five.

"But none of note?" quoth Mr. Wells.

"None which can pay the worth of their heads," Mr. Congleton replied.

"And who, then, doth price them?" asked Kate, in a languishing voice.

"Nay, sister," quoth Polly, "I warrant thee they do price themselves; for he that will not pay well for his head must needs opine he hath a worthless one."

Upon which Mr. Lacy said to Kate, "One hundred angels would not pay for thine, sweet Kate."

"Then she must needs be an archangel, sir," quoth Polly, "if she be of greater worth than one hundred angels."

"Ah me!" cried Kate, very earnestly, "I would I had but half one hundred gold-pieces to buy me a gown with!"

"Hast thou not gowns enough, wench?" asked her father. "Methought thou wert indifferently well provided in that respect."

"Ah, but I would have, sir, such a velvet suit as I did see some weeks back at the Italian house in Cheapside, where the ladies of the Court do buy their vestures. It had a border the daintiest I ever beheld, all powdered with gold and pearls. Ruffiano said it was the rarest suit he had ever made; and he is the Queen of France's tailor, which Sir Nicholas Throgmorton did secretly entice away, by the Queen's desire, from that Court to her own."

"And what fair nymph owns this rare suit, sweetest Kate?" Mr. Lacy asked. "I'll warrant none so fair that it should become her, or rather that she should become it, more than her who doth covet it."

"I know not if she be fair or foul," quoth Kate, "but she is the Lady Mary Howard, one of the maids of honour of her majesty, and so may wear what pleaseth her."

"By that token of the gold and pearls," cried Mr. Wells, "I doubt not but 'tis the very suit anent which the Court have been

wagging their tongues for the last week; and if it be so, indeed, Mistress Kate, you have no need to envy the poor lady that doth own it."

Kate protested she had not envied her, and taxed Mr. Wells with unkindness that he did charge her with it; and for all he could say would not be pacified, but kept casting up her eyes, and the tears streaming down her lovely cheeks. Upon which Mr. Lacy cried:

"Sweet one, thou hast indeed no cause to envy her or any one else, howsoever rare or dainty their suits may be; for thy teeth are more beauteous than pearls, and thine hair more bright than the purest gold, and thine eyes more black and soft than the finest velvet, which Nature so made that we might bear their wonderful shining, which else had dazzled us:" and so went on till her weeping was stayed, and then Mr. Wells said:

"The lady who owned that rich suit, which I did falsely and feloniously advance Mistress Kate did envy, had not great or long comfort in its possession; for it is very well known at Court, and hence bruited in the city, what passed at Richmond last week concerning this rare vesture. It pleased not the Queen, who thought it did exceed her own. And one day her majesty did send privately for it, and put it on herself, and came forth into the chamber among the ladies. The kirtle and border was far too short for her majesty's height, and she asked every one how they liked her new fancied suit. At length she asked the owner herself if it was not made too short and ill-becoming; which the poor lady did presently consent to. Upon which her highness cried: 'Why, then, if it become me not as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee as being too fine, so it fitteth neither well.' This sharp rebuke so abashed the poor lady that she never adorned her herewith any more."

"Ah," cried Mr. Congleton, laughing, "her majesty's bishops do come by reproofs as well as her maids. Have you heard how one Sunday, last April, my Lord of London preached to the Queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her Grace told the ladies after the sermon, that if the Bishop held more discourse on such matters she would fit him for heayen, but he should walk thither without a staff and leave his mantle behind him."

"Nay," quoth Mr. Wells, "but if she makes such as be Catholics taste of the sharpness of the rack, and the edge of the axe, she doth then treat those of her own way of thinking with the edge of her wit and the sharpness of her tongue. 'Tis reported, Mr. Congleton, I know not with what truth, that a near neighbour of yours has been served with a letter, by which a new sheep is let into his pastures."

"What!" cried Polly, "is Pecora Campi to roam amidst the roses, and go in and out at his pleasure through the Bishop's gate? The 'sweet lids' have then danced away a large slice of the Church's acres. But what, I pray you, sir, did her majesty write?"

"Even this," quoth her father, "I had it from Sir Robert Arundell: 'Proud prelate! you know what you were before I made you, and what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God!—ELIZABETH R.'"

"Our good neighbour," saith Polly, "must show a like patience with Job, and cry out touching his bishoprick, 'The Queen did give it; the Queen doth take it away; the will of the Queen be done.'"

"He is like to be encroached upon yet further by yon cunning Sir Christopher," Mr. Wells said; "I'll warrant Ely Place will soon be Hatton Garden."

"Well, for a neighbour," answered Polly, "I'd as soon have the Queen's lids as her hedge-bishop, and her sheep than her shepherd. 'Tis not all for love of her sweet dancer her majesty doth despoil him. She never, 'tis said, hath forgiven him that he did remonstrate with her for keeping a crucifix and lighted tapers in her own chapel, and that her fool, set on by such as were of the same mind with him, did one day put them out."

In suchlike talk the time was spent; and when the gentlemen had taken leave, we retired to rest; and being greatly tired, I slept heavily, and had many quaint dreams, in which past scenes and present objects were curiously blended with the tales I had read on the journey, and the discourse I had heard that evening. When I awoke in the morning, my thoughts first flew to my father, of whom I had a very passionate desire to receive tidings. When my waiting-woman entered, with a letter in her hand, I foolishly did fancy it came from him, which could scarcely be, so soon after our coming to town; but I quickly discerned, by the rose-coloured string which it was bounden with, and then the handwriting, that it was not from him, but from her whom, next to him, I most desired to hear from, to wit, the Countess of Surrey. That sweet lady wrote that she had an exceeding great desire to see me, and would be more beholden to my aunt than she could well express, if she would confer on her so great a benefit as to permit me to spend the day with her at the Charter House, and she would send her coach for to convey me there, which should never have done her so much good pleasure before as in that service. And more to that effect, with many kind and gracious words touching our previous meeting and correspondence.

When I was dressed, I took her ladyship's letter to Mrs. Ward,

who was pleased to say she would herself ask permission for me to wait upon that noble lady; but that her ladyship might not be at the charge of sending for me, she would herself, if my aunt gave her license, carry me to the Charter House, for that she was to spend some hours that day with friends in the City, and "it would greatly content her," she added, "to further the expressed wish of the young countess, whose grandmother, Lady Mounteagle, and so many of her kinsfolk were Catholics, or, at the least, good friends to such as were so." My aunt did give leave for me to go, as she mostly did to whatsoever Mrs. Ward proposed, whom she trusted entirely, with a singular great affection, only bidding her to pray that she might not die in her absence, for that she feared some peaches she had eaten the day before had disordered her, and that she had heard of one who had died of the plague some weeks before in the Tower. Mrs. Ward exhorted her to be of good cheer, and to comfort herself both ways, for that the air of Holborn was so good, the plague was not like to come into it, and that the kernels of peaches being medicinal, would rather prove an antidote to pestilence than an occasion to it; and left her better satisfied, insomuch that she sent for another dish of peaches for to secure the benefit. Before I left, Kate bade me note the fashion of the suit my Lady Surrey did wear, and if she had on her own hair, and if she dyed it, and if she covered her bosom, or wore plaits, and if her stomacher was straight and broad, or formed a long waist, extending downwards, and many more points touching her attire, which I cannot now call to mind. As I went through the hall to the steps where Mistress Ward was already standing, Muriel came hurrying towards me with a faint colour coming and going in her sallow cheek, and twice she tried to speak and failed. But when I kissed her she put her lips close to my ear and whispered,

"Sweet little cousin, there be in London prisoners in a very bad plight, in filthy dungeons, because of their religion. The noble young Lady Surrey hath a tender heart towards such if she do but hear of them. Prithee, sweet coz, move her to send them relief in food, money, or clothing."

Then Mistress Ward called to me to hasten, and I ran away, but Muriel stood at the window, and as we passed she kissed her hand, in which was a gold angel, which my father had gifted me with at parting.

"Mrs. Ward," I said, as we went along, "my cousin Muriel is not fair, and yet her face doth commend itself to my fancy more than many fair ones I have seen; it is so kindly."

"I have even from her infancy loved her," she answered, "and

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thus much I will say of her, that many have been titled saints who had not, methinks, more virtue than I have noticed in Muriel."

"Doth she herself visit the prisoners she spoke of?"

"She and I do visit them and carry them relief when we can by any means prevail with the gaolers from compassion or through bribing of them to admit us. But it is not always convenient to let this be known, not even at home, but I ween, Constance, as thou wilt have me to call thee so, that Muriel saw in thee,—for she has a wonderful penetrative spirit,—that thou dost know when to speak and when to keep silence."

"And may I go with you to the prisons?" I asked with a hot feeling in my heart, which I had not felt since I had left home.

"Thou art far too young," she answered. "But I will tell thee what thou canst do. Thou mayst work and beg for these good men, and not be ashamed of so doing. None may visit them who have not made up their minds to die, if they should be denounced for their charity."

"But Muriel is young," I answered. "Hath she so resolved?"

"Muriel is young," was the reply; "but she is one in whom wisdom and holiness hath forestalled age. For two years that she hath been my companion on such occasions, she has each day prepared for martyrdom by such devout exercises as strengthen the soul at the approach of death."

"And Kate and Polly," I asked, "are they privy to the dangers that you do run, and have they no like ambition?"

"Rather the contrary," she answered; "but neither they or any one else in the house is fully acquainted with these secret errands save Mr. Congleton, and he did for a long time refuse his daughter license to go with me, until at last, by prayers and tears, she won him over to suffer it. But he will never permit thee to do the like, for that thy father hath intrusted thee to his care for greater safety in these troublesome times."

"Pish!" I cried pettishly, "safety has a dull mean sound in it which I mislike. I would I were mine own mistress."

"Wish no such thing, Constance Sherwood," was her grave answer. "Wilfulness was never nurse to virtue, but rather her foe; nor ever did a rebellious spirit prove the herald of true greatness. And now, mark my words. Almighty God hath given thee a friend far above thee in rank, and I doubt not in merit also, but whose faith, if report saith true, doth run great dangers, and with few to advise her in these evil days in which we live. Peradventure He hath appointed thee a work in a palace as weighty as that of others in a dungeon. Set thyself to it with thy whole heart,

and such prayers as draw down blessings from above. There be great need in these times to bear in remembrance what the Lord says, that He will be ashamed in Heaven before His angels of such as be ashamed of Him on earth. And many there are, I greatly fear, who though they be Catholics, do assist the heretics by their cowardice to suppress the true religion in this land; and I pray to God this may never be our case. Yet I would not have thee to be rash in speech, using harsh words, or needlessly rebuking others, which would not become thy age, or be fitting and modest in one of inferior rank, but only where faith and conscience be in question not to be afraid to speak. And now God bless thee, who should be an Esther in this house, wherein so many true confessors of Christ some years ago surrendered their lives in great misery and torments, rather than yield up their faith."

This she said as we stopped at the gate of the Charter House, where one of the serving-men of the Countess of Surrey was waiting to conduct me to her lodgings, having had orders to that effect. She left me in his charge, and I followed him across the square, and through the cloisters and passages which led to the gallery, where my lady's chamber was situated. My heart fluttered like a frightened caged bird during that walk, for there was a solemnity about the place such as I had not been used to, and which filled me with apprehension lest I should be wanting in due respect where so much state was carried on. But when the door was opened at one end of the gallery, and my sweet lady ran out to meet me with a cry of joy, the silly heart, like a caught bird, nestled in her embrace, and my lips joined themselves to hers in a fond manner, as if not willing to part again, but by fervent kisses supplying the place of words, which were lacking, to express the great mutual joy of that meeting, until at last my lady raised her head, and still holding my hands, cried out as she gazed on my face,

"You are more welcome, sweet one, than my poor words can say. I pray you, doff your hat and mantle, and come and sit by me, for 'tis a weary while since we have met, and those are gone from us who loved us then, and for their sakes we must needs love one another dearly, if our hearts did not of themselves move us unto it, which indeed they do, if I may judge of yours, Mistress Constance, by mine own."

Then we kissed again, and she passed her arm around my neck with so many graceful endearments, in which were blended girlish simplicity and a youthful yet matronly dignity, that I felt that day the love which, methinks, up to that time had had its seat mostly in the fancy, take such root in mine heart, that it never lost its hold on it.

At the first our tongues were somewhat tied by joy and lack of knowledge how to begin to converse on the many subjects whereon both desired to hear the other speak, and the disuse of such intercourse as maketh it easy to discourse on what the heart is full of. Howsoever, Lady Surrey questioned me touching my father, and what had befallen us since my mother's death. I told her that he had left his home, and sent me to London by reason of the present troubles; but without mention of what I did apprehend to be his further intent. And she then said that the concern she was in anent her good father the Duke of Norfolk did cause her to pity those who were also in trouble.

"But his grace," I answered, "is, I hope, in safety at present, and in his own house?"

"In this house, indeed," she did reply, "but a strait prisoner in Sir Henry Neville's custody, and not suffered to see his friends without her majesty's especial permission. He did send for his son and me last evening, having obtained leave for to see us, which he had not done since the day my lord and I were married again, by his order, from the Tower, out of fear lest our first marriage, being made before Phil was quite twelve years old, it should have been annulled by order of the Queen, or by some other means. It grieved me much to notice how gray his hair had grown, and that his eyes lacked their wonted fire. When we entered he was sitting in a chair, leaning backward, with his head almost over the back of it, looking at a candle which burnt before him, and a letter in his hand. He smiled when he saw us, and said the greatest comfort he had in the world was that we were now so joined together that nothing could ever part us. You see, Mistress Constance," she said, with a pretty blush and smile, "I now do wear my wedding-ring below the middle joint."

"And do you live alone with my lord now in these grand chambers?" I said, looking round at the walls, which were hung with rare tapestry and fine pictures.

"Bess is with me," she answered, "and so will remain I hope until she is fourteen, when she will be married to my Lord William, my lord's brother. Our Moll is likewise here, and was to have wedded my Lord Thomas when she did grow up; but she is not like to live, the physicians do say."

The sweet lady's eyes filled with tears, but, as if unwilling to entertain me with her griefs, she quickly changed discourse, and spoke of my coming unto London, and inquired if my aunt's house were a pleasant one, and if she was like to prove a good kinswoman to me. I told her how comfortable had been the manner of my re-

ception, and of my cousins' goodness to me; at the which she did express great contentment, and would not be satisfied until I had described each of them in turn, and what good looks or what good qualities they had; which I could the more easily do that the first could be discerned even at first sight, and touching the last, I had warrant from Mrs. Ward's commendations, which had more weight than my own speerings, even if I had been a year and not solely a day in their company. She was vastly taken with what I related to her of Muriel, and that she did visit and relieve poor persons and prisoners, and wished she had liberty to do the like; and with a lovely blush and a modest confusion, as of one who doth not willingly disclose her good deeds, she told me all the time she could spare she did employ in making clothes for such as she could hear of, and also salves and cordials (such as she had learnt to compound from her dear grandmother), and privately sent them by her waiting-maid, who was a young gentlewoman of good family, who had lost her parents, and was most excellently endowed with virtue and piety.

"Come to my closet, Miss Constance," she said, "and I doubt not but we shall find Milicent at work, if so be she has not gone abroad to-day on some such errand of charity." Upon which she led the way through a second chamber, still more richly fitted-up than the first, into a smaller one, wherein, when she oped the door, I saw a pretty living picture of two girls at a table, busily engaged with a store of bottles and herbs and ointments, which were strewn upon it in great abundance. One of them was a young maid, who was measuring drops into a phial, with a look so attentive upon it as if that little bottle had been the circle of her thoughts. She was very fair and slim, and had a delicate appearance, which minded me of a snow-drop; and indeed, by what my lady said, she was a floweret which had blossomed amidst the frosts and cold winds of adversity. By her side was the most gleeesome wench, of not more than eight years, I ever did set eyes on; of a fatness that at her age was comely, and a face so full of waggersy and saucy mirth, that but to look upon it drove away melancholy. She was compounding in a cup a store of various liquids, which she said did cure shrewishness, and said she would pore some into her nurse's night-draught, to mend her of that disorder.

"Ah, Nan," she cried, as we entered, "I'll help thee to a taste of this rare medicine, for methinks thou art somewhat shrewish also and not so conformable to thy husband's will, my lady, as a good wife should be. By that same token that my lord willed to take me behind him on his horse a gay ride round the square, and, forsooth,

because I had not learnt my lesson, thou didst shut me up to die of melancholy. Ah, me! My mother had a maid called Barbara—

‘Sing willow, willow, willow.’

That is one of Phil’s favourite songs. Milicent, methinks I will call thee Barbara, and thou shalt sing with me—

‘The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore-tree,—
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom,’

There, put thy hand in that fashion—

‘her head on her knees,’—

Nay, prithee, thou must bend thy head lower—

‘Sing willow, willow, willow.’”

“My lady,” said the gentlewoman, smiling, “I promise you I dare not take upon me to fulfil my tasks with credit to myself or your ladyship, if Mistress Bess hath the run of this room, and doth prepare cordials after her fashion from your ladyship’s stores.”

“Ah, Bess!” quoth my lady, shaking her finger at the saucy one; “I’ll deliver thee up to Mrs. Fawcett, who will give thee a taste of the place of correction; and Phil is not here to-day to beg thee off. And now, good Milicent, prithee make a bundle of such clothes as we have in hand, and such comforts as be suitable to such as are sick and in prison, for this sweet young lady hath need of them for some who be in that sad plight.”

“And, my lady,” quoth the gentlewoman, “I would fain learn how to dress wounds when the flesh is galled; for I do sometimes meet with poor men who do suffer in that way, and would relieve them if I could.”

“I know,” I cried, “of a rare ointment my mother used to make for that sort of hurt; and if my Lady Surrey gives me license, I will remember you, mistress, with the receipt of it.”

My lady, with a kindly smile and expressed thanks, assented; and when we left the closet, I greatly commending the young gentlewoman’s beauty, she said that beauty in her was the worst half of her merit.

“But, Mistress Constance,” she said, when we had returned to the saloon, “I may not send her to such poor men, and above all, priests, who be in prison for their faith, as I hear, to my great sorrow, there be so many at this time, and who suffer great hardships, more than can be easily believed, for she is Protestant, and not through conforming to the times, but so settled in her way of think-

ing, and earnest therein, having been brought-up to it, that she would not so much as open a Catholic book or listen to a word in defence of papists."

"But how, then, doth she serve a Catholic lady?" I asked, with a beating heart; and oh, with what a sad one did hear her answer, for it was as follows:

"Dear Constance, I must needs obey those who have a right to command me, such as his grace my good father and my husband; and they are both very urgent and resolved that by all means I shall conform to the times. So I do go to Protestant service; but I use at home my prayers, as my grandmother did teach me; and Phil says them too, when I can get him to say any."

"Then you do not hear Mass?" I said, sorrowfully, "or confess your sins to a priest?"

"No," she answered, in a sad manner; "I once asked my Lady Lumley, who is a good Catholic, if she could procure I should see a priest with that intent at Arundel House; but she turned pale as a sheet, and said that to get any one to be reconciled who had once conformed to the Protestant religion, was to run danger of death; and albeit for her own part she would not refuse to die for so good a cause, she dared not bring her father's gray hairs to the block."

As we were holding this discourse,—and she so intent in speaking, and I in listening, that we had not heard the door open,—Lord Surrey suddenly stood before us. His height made him more than a boy, and his face would not allow him a man; for the rest, he was well-proportioned, and did all things with so notable a grace, that nature had stamped him with the mark of true nobility. He made a slight obeisance to me, and I noticed that his cheek was flushed, and that he grasped the handle of his sword with an anger which took not away the sweetness of his countenance, but gave it an amiable sort of fierceness. Then, as if unable to restrain himself, he burst forth,

"Nan, an order is come for his grace to be forthwith removed to the Tower, and I'll warrant that was the cause he was suffered to see us yesterday. God send it prove not a final parting!"

"Is his grace gone?" cried the Countess, starting to her feet, and clasping her hands with a sorrowful gesture.

"He goes even now," answered the Earl; and both went to the window, whence they could see the coach in which the duke was for the third time carried from his home to the last lodging he was to have on this earth. Oh, what a sorrowful sight it was for those young eyes which gazed on the sad removal of the sole parent both had left! How her tears did flow silently like a stream from a deep

fount, and his with wild bursts of grief, like the gushings of a torrent over rocks! His head fell on her shoulder, and as she threw her arms round him, her tears wetted his hair. Methought then that in the pensive tenderness of her downcast face there was somewhat of motherly as well as of wifely affection. She put her arm in his, and led him from the room; and I remained alone for a short time entertaining myself with sad thoughts anent these two young noble creatures, who at so early an age had become acquainted with so much sorrow, and hoping that the darkness which did beset the morning of their lives might prove but as the clouds which at times deface the sky before a brilliant sunshine doth take possession of it, and dislodge these deceitful harbingers, which do but heighten in the end by contrast the resplendency they did threaten to obscure.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER I had been musing a little while, Mistress Bess ran into the room, and cried to some one behind her:

"Nan's friend is here, and she is mine too, for we all played in a garden with her when I was little. Prithce come and see her." Then turning to me, but yet holding the handle of the door, she said: "Will is so unmannerly, I be ashamed of him. He will not so much as show himself."

"Then, prithce, come alone," I answered. Upon which she came and sat on my knee, with her arm round my neck, and whispered in mine ear:

"Moll is very sick to-day; will you not see her, Mistress Sherwood?"

"Yea, if so be I have license," I answered; and she, taking me by the hand, offered to lead me up the stairs to the room where she lay. I following her, came to the door of the chamber, but would not enter till Bess fetched the nurse, who was the same had been at Sherwood Hall, and who, knowing my name, was glad to see me, and with a curtesy invited me in. White as a lily was the little face resting on a pillow, with its blue eyes half shut, and a store of golden hair about it; which minded me of the glories round angels' heads in my mother's missal.

"Sweet lamb!" quoth the nurse, as I stooped to kiss the pale forehead. "She be too good for this world. Ofttimes she doth babble in her sleep of heaven, and angels, and saints, and a wreath of white roses wherewith a bright lady will crown her."

"Kiss my lips," the sick child softly whispered, as I bent over her bed. Which when I did, she asked, "What is your name? I

mind your face." When I answered, "Constance Sherwood," she smiled, as if remembering where we had met. "I heard my grandam calling me last night," she said; "I be going to her soon." Then a fit of pain came on, and I had to leave her. She did go from this world a few days after; and the nurse then told me her last words had been "Jesu! Mary!"

That day I did converse again alone with my Lady Surrey after dinner, and walked in the garden; and when we came in, before I left, she gave me a purse with some gold-pieces in it, which the earl her husband willed to bestow on Catholics in prison for their faith. For she said he had so tender and compassionate a spirit, that if he did but hear of one in distress he would never rest until he had relieved him; and out of the affection he had for Mr. Martin, who was one while his tutor, he was favourably inclined towards Catholics, albeit himself resolved to conform to the Queen's religion. When Mistress Ward came for me, the countess would have her shown into her chamber, and would not be contented without she ordered her coach to carry us back to Holborn, that we might take with us the clothes and cordials which she did bestow upon us for our poor clients. She begged Mrs. Ward's prayers for his grace, that he might soon be set at liberty; for she said, in a pretty manner, "It must needs be that Almighty God takes most heed of the prayers of such as visit Him in His affliction in the person of poor prisoners; and she hoped one day to be free to do so herself." Then she questioned of the wants of those Mistress Ward had at that time knowledge of; and when she heard in what sore plight they stood, it did move her to so great compassion, that she declared it would be now one of her chiefest cares and pleasures in life to provide conveniences for them. And she besought Mistress Ward to be a good friend to her with mine aunt, and procure her to permit of my frequent visits to Howard House, as the Charter House is now often called; which would be the greatest good she could do her; and that she would be most glad also if she herself would likewise favour her sometimes with her company; which, "if it be not for mine own sake, Mistress Ward," she sweetly said, "let it be for His sake, who, in the person of His afflicted priests, doth need assistance."

When we reached home, we hid what we had brought under our mantles, and then in Mistress Ward's chamber, where Muriel followed us. When the door was shut we displayed these jewelled stores before her pleased eyes, which did beam with joy at the sight.

"Ah, Muriel," cried Mistress Ward, "we have found an Esther in a palace; and I pray to God there may be other such in this town."

we ken not of, who in secret do yet bear affection to the ancient faith."

Muriel said in her slow way: "We must needs go to the Clink to-morrow; for there is there a priest whose flesh has fallen off his feet by reason of his long stay in a pestered and infected dungeon. Mr. Roper told my father of him, and he says the gaoler will let us in if he be reasonably dealt with."

"We will essay your ointment, Mistress Sherwood," said Mistress Ward, "if so be you can make it in time."

"I care not if I sit up all night," I cried, "if any one will buy me the herbs I have need of for the compounding thereof." Which Muriel said she would prevail on one of the servants to do.

The bell did then ring for supper; and when we were all seated, Kate was urgent with me for to tell her how my Lady Surrey was dressed; which I declared to her as follows: "She had on a brown *juste au corps* embroidered, with puffed sleeves, and petticoat braided of a deeper nuance; and on her head a lace cap, and a lace handkerchief on her bosom."

"And, prithee, what jewels had she on, sweet coz?"

"A long double chain of gold and a brooch of pearls," I answered.

"And his grace of Norfolk is once more removed to the Tower," said Mr. Congleton sorrowfully. "'Tis like to kill him soon, and so save her majesty's ministers the pains to bring him to the block. His physician, Dr. Rhurnbeck, says he is afflicted with the dropsy."

Polly said she had been to visit the Countess of Northumberland, who was so grievously afflicted at her husband's death, that it was feared she would fall sick of grief if she had not company to divert her from her sad thoughts.

"Which I warrant none could effect so well as thee, wench," her father said; "for, beshrew me, if thou wouldst not make a man laugh on his way to the scaffold with thy mad talk. And was the poor lady of better cheer for thy company?"

"Yea, for mine," Polly answered; "or else for M. de la Motte's, who came in to pay his *devoirs* to her, for the first time, I take it, since her lord's death. And after his first speech, which caused her to weep a little, he did carry on so brisk a discourse as I never noticed any but a Frenchman able to do. And she was not the worst pleased with it that the cunning gentleman did interweave it with anecdotes of the Queen's majesty; which, albeit he related them with gravity, did carry somewhat of ridicule in them. Such as of her grace's dancing on Sunday before last at Lord Northampton's wedding, and calling him to witness her paces, so that he might let

Monsieur know how high and disposedly she danced; so that he would not have had cause to complain, in case he had married her, that she was a boiteuse, as had been maliciously reported of her by the friends of the Queen of Scots. And also how, some days since, she had flamed out in great choler when he went to visit her at Hampton Court; and told him, so loud that all her ladies and officers could hear her discourse, that Lord North had let her know the Queen-mother and the Duke of Guise had dressed up a buffoon in an English fashion, and called him a Milor du Nord; and that two female dwarfs had been likewise dressed up in that queen's chamber, and invited to mimic her, the Queen of England, with great derision and mockery. 'I did assure her,' M. de la Motte said, 'with my hand on my heart, and such an aggrieved visage, that she must needs have accepted my words as true, that Milor North had mistaken the whole intent of what he had witnessed, from his great ignorance of the French tongue, which did render him a bad interpreter between princes; for that the Queen-mother did never cease to praise her English majesty's beauty to her son, and all her good qualities, which greatly appeased her grace, who desired to be excused if she, likewise out of ignorance of the French language, had said aught unbecoming touching the Queen-mother.' 'Tis a rare dish of fun, fit to set before a king, to hear this Monsieur Ambassador speak of the Queen when none are present but such as make not an idol of her, as some do."

"For my part," said her father, when she paused in her speech, "I mislike men with double visages and double tongues; and methinks this mounseer hath both, and withal a rare art for what courtiers do call diplomacy, and plain men lying. His speeches to her majesty be so fulsome in her praise, as I have heard some say who are at court, and his flattery so palpable, that they have been ashamed to hear it; but behind her back he doth disclose her failings with an admirable slyness."

"If he be sly," answered Polly, "I'll warrant he finds his match in her majesty."

"Yea," cried Kate, "even as poor Madge Arundell experienced to her cost."

"Ay," quoth Polly, "she catcheth many poor fish, who little know what snare is laid for them."

"And how did her highness catch Mistress Arundell?" I asked.

"In this way, coz," quoth Polly: "she doth often ask the ladies round her chamber, 'If they love to think of marriage?' and the wise ones do conceal well their liking thereunto, knowing the Queen's judgment in the matter. But pretty simple Madge Arun-

dell, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and said, 'She had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.' 'You seem honest, i' faith,' said the Queen: 'I will sue for you to your father.' At which the damsel was well pleased; and when her father, Sir Robert Arundell, came to court, the Queen questioned him about his daughter's marriage, and pressed him to give consent if the match were discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished, said, 'He never had heard his daughter had liking to any man; but he would give his free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and consent.' 'Then I will do the rest,' saith the Queen. Poor Madge was called in, and told by the Queen that her father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the simple one, 'I shall be happy, an' it please your grace.' 'So thou shalt; but not to be a fool and marry,' said the Queen. 'I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it in thy possession. So go-to about thy business. I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'"

"Ah me!" cried Kate, "I be glad not to be a maid to her majesty; for I would not know how to answer her grace if she should ask me a like question; for if it be bold to say one hath a reasonable desire to be married, I must needs be bold then, for I would not for two thousand pounds break Mr. Lacy's heart; and he saith he will die if I do not marry him. But, Polly, thou wouldst never be at a loss to answer her majesty."

"No more than Pace her fool," quoth Polly, "who, when she said, as he entered the room, 'Now we shall hear of our faults,' cried out, 'Where is the use of speaking of what all the town doth talk of?'"

"The fool should have been whipped," Mistress Ward said.

"For his wisdom, or for his folly, good Mistress Ward?" asked Polly. "If for wisdom, 'tis hard to beat a man for being wise. If for folly, to whip a fool for that he doth follow his calling, and as I be the licensed fool in this house,—which I do take to be the highest exercise of wit in these days, when all is turned upside down,—I do wish you all good-night, and to be no wiser than is good for your healths, and no more foolish than suffices to lighten the heart;" and so laughing she ran away, and Kate said in a lamentable voice,

"I would I were foolish, if it lightens the heart."

"Content thee, good Kate," I said; but in so low a voice none did hear. And she went on,

"Mr. Lacy is gone to Yorkshire for three weeks, which doth make me more sad than can be thought of."

I smiled; but Muriel, who had not yet oped her lips whilst the

others were talking, rising, kissed her sister, and said, "Thou wilt have, sweet one, so great a contentment in his letters as will give thee patience to bear the loss of his good company."

At the which Kate brightened a little. To live with Muriel was a preachment, as I have often had occasion since to find.

On the first Sunday I was at London, we heard Mass at the Portuguese ambassador's house, whither many Catholics of his acquaintance resorted for that purpose from our side of the City. In the afternoon a gentleman, who had travelled day and night from Staffordshire on some urgent business, brought me a letter from my father, writ only four days before it came to hand, and about a week after my departure from home. It was as follows :

"MINE OWN DEAR CHILD,—The bearer of this letter hath promised to do me the good service to deliver it to thee as soon as he shall reach London; which, as he did intend to travel day and night, I compute will be no later than the end of this week, or on Sunday at the furthest. And for this his civility I do stand greatly indebted to him; for in these straitened times 'tis no easy matter to get letters conveyed from one part of the kingdom to another without danger of discovering that which for the present should rather be concealed. I received notice two days ago from Mistress Ward's sister of your good journey and arrival at London; and I thank God, my very good child, that He has had thee in His holy keeping and bestowed thee under the roof of my good sister and brother; so that, with a mind at ease in respect to thee, my dear sole earthly treasure, I may be free to follow whatever course His Providence may appoint to me, who, albeit unworthy, do aspire to leave all things to follow Him. And indeed He hath already, at the outset of my wanderings, sweetly disposed events in such wise that chance hath proved, as it were, the servant of His Providence; and, when I did least look for it, by a divine ordination furnished me, who so short a time back parted from a dear child, with the company of one who doth stand to me in lieu of her who, by reason of her tender sex and age, I am compelled to send from me. For being necessitated, for the preservation of my life, to make seldom any long stay in one place, I had need of a youth to ride with me on those frequent journeys, and keep me company in such places as I may withdraw unto for quietness and study. So being in Stafford some few days back, I inquired of the master of the inn where I did lay for one night, if it were not possible to get in that city a youth to serve me as a page, whom I said I would maintain as a gentleman if he had learning, nurture, and behaviour becoming such a person. He said his son, who was a schoolmaster, had a youth for a pupil who

carried virtue in his very countenance; but that he was the child of a widow, who, he much feared, would not easily be persuaded to part from him. Thereupon I expressed a great desire to have a sight of this youth, and charged him to deal with his master so that he should be sent to my lodgings; which, when he came there, lo and behold, I perceived with no small amazement that he was no other than Edmund Genings, who straightway ran into my arms, and with much ado restrained himself from weeping, so greatly was he moved with conflicting passions of present joy and recollected sorrow at this our unlooked-for meeting; and truly mine own contentment therein was in no wise less than his. He told me that his mother's poverty increasing, she had moved from Lichfield, where it was more bitter to her, by reason of the affluence in which she had before lived in that city, to Stafford, where none did know them; and she dwelt in a mean lodging in a poor sort of manner. And whereas he had desired to accept the offer of a stranger, with the view to relieve his mother from the burden of his support, and maybe yield her some assistance in her straits, he now passionately coveted to throw his fortune with mine, and to be entered as a page in my service. But though she had been willing before, from necessity, albeit averse by inclination, to part with him, when she knew me it seemed awhile impossible to gain her consent. Methinks she was privy to Edmund's secret good opinion of Catholic religion, and feared, if he should live with me, the effect thereof would follow. But her necessities were so sharp, and likewise her regrets that he should lack opportunities for his further advance in learning, which she herself was unable to supply, that at length by long entreaty he prevailed on her to give him license for that which his heart did prompt him to desire for his own sake and hers. And when she had given this consent, but not before, lest it should appear I did seek to bribe her by such offers to so much condescension as she then evinced, I proposed to assist her in any way she wished to the bettering of her fortunes, and said I would do as much whether she suffered her son to abide with me or no; which did greatly work with her to conceive a more favourable opinion of me than she had heretofore held, and to be contented he should remain in my service, as he himself so greatly desired. After some further discourse, it was resolved that I should furnish her with so much money as would pay her debts and carry her to La Rochelle, where her youngest son was with her brother, who albeit he had met with great losses, would nevertheless, she felt assured, assist her in her need. Thus has Edmund become to me less a page than a pupil, less a servant than a son. I will keep a watchful eye over his actions, whom I already perceive

to be tractable, capable, willing to learn, and altogether such as his early years did promise he should be. I thank God, who has given me so great a comfort in the midst of so great trials, and to this youth in me a father rather than a master, who will ever deal with him in an honourable and loving manner, both in respect to his own deserts and to her merits, whose prayers have, I doubt not, procured this admirable result of what was in no wise designed, but by God's Providence fell out of the asking a simple question in an inn, and of a stranger.

"And now, mine only and very dear child, I commend thee to God's holy keeping; and I beseech thee to be as mindful of thy duty to Him as thou hast been (and most especially of late) of thine to me; and imprint in thy heart those words of holy writ, 'Not to fear those that kill the body, but cannot destroy the soul;' but withal, in whatever is just and reasonable, and not clearly against Catholic religion, to observe a most exact obedience to such as stand to thee at present in place of thy unworthy father, and who, moreover, are of such virtue and piety as I doubt not would move them rather to give thee an example how to suffer the loss of all things for Christ His sake than to offend Him by a contrary disposition. I do write to my good brother by the same convenience to yield him and my sister humble thanks for their great kindness to me in thee, and send this written in haste; for I fear I shall not often have means hereafter. Therefore I desire Almighty God to protect, bless, and establish thee. So in haste, and *in visceribus Christi*, adieu."

The lively joy I received from this letter was greater than I can rehearse, for I had now no longer before my eyes the sorrowful vision of my dear father with none to tend and comfort him in his wanderings; and no less was my contentment that Edmund, my dearly-loved playmate, was now within reach of his good instructions, and free to follow that which I was persuaded his conscience had been prompting him to seek since he had attained the age of reason.

I note not down in this history the many visits I paid to the Charter House that autumn, except to notice the growing care Lady Surrey did take to supply the needs of prisoners and poor people, and how this brought her into frequent occasions of discourse with Mistress Ward and Muriel, who nevertheless, as I also had care to observe, kept these interviews secret, which might have caused suspicion in those who, albeit Catholic, were ill-disposed to adventure the loss of worldly advantages by the profession of what Protestants do term perverse and open papistry. Kate and Polly were of this way of thinking—prudence was ever the word with them when talk of religion was ministered in their presence; and they would not

keep as much as a prayer-book in their chambers for fear of evil results. They were sometimes very urgent with their father for to suffer them to attend Protestant service, which they said would not hinder them from hearing Mass at convenient times, and saying such prayers as they listed; and Polly the more so that a young gentleman of good birth and high breeding, who conformed to the times, had become a suitor for her hand, and was very strenuous with her on the necessity of such compliance, which nevertheless her father would not allow of. Much company came to the house, both Protestant and Catholic; for my aunt, who was sick at other times, did greatly mend towards the evening. When I was first in London for some weeks, she kept me with her at such times in the parlour, and encouraged me to discourse with the visitors; for she said I had a forwardness and vivacity of speech which, if practised in conversation, would in time obtain for me as great a reputation of wit as Polly ever enjoyed. I was nothing loth to study in this new school, and not slow to improve in it. At the same time I gave myself greatly to the reading of such books as I found in my cousins' chambers; amongst which were some M. de la Motte had lent to Polly, marvellous witty and entertaining, such as *Les Nouvelles de la Reine de Navarre* and the *Cents Histoires tragiques*; and others done in English out of French by Mr. Thomas Fortescue; and a poem, writ by one Mr. Edmund Spenser, very beautiful, and which did so much bewitch me, that I was wont to rise in the night to read it by the light of the moon at my casement window; and the *Morte d'Arthur*, which Mr. Hubert Rookwood had willed me to read, whom I met at Bedford, and which so filled my head with fantastic images and imagined scenes, that I did, as it were, fall in love with Sir Launcelot, and would blush if his name were but mentioned, and wax as angry if his fame were questioned as if he had been a living man, and I in a foolish manner fond of him.

This continued for some little time, and methinks, had it proceeded further, I should have received much damage from a mode of life with so little of discipline in it, and so great incitements to faults and follies which my nature was prone to, but which my conscience secretly reproved. And among the many reasons I have to be thankful to Mistress Ward, that never-to-be-forgotten friend, whose care restrained me in these dangerous courses, partly by compulsion through means of her influence with my aunt and her husband, and partly by such admonitions and counsel as she favoured me with, I reckon amongst the greatest that, at an age when the will is weak, albeit the impulses be good, she lent a helping hand to the superior part of my soul to surmount the evil tendencies which bad example

on the one hand, and weak indulgence on the other, fostered in me whose virtuous inclinations had been, up to that time, hedged in by the strong safeguards of parental watchfulness. She procured that I should not tarry, save for brief and scanty spaces of time, in my aunt's parlour when she had visitors, and so contrived that it should be when she herself was present, who, by wholesome checks and studied separation from the rest of the company, reduced my forwardness with just restraints such as became my age. And when she discovered what books I read, oh, with what fervent and strenuous speech she drove into my soul the edge of a salutary remorse; with what tearful eyes and pleading voice she brought before me the memory of my mother's care and my father's love, which had ever kept me from drinking such empoisoned draughts from the well-springs of corruption which in our days books of entertainment too often prove, and if not altogether bad, yet be such as vitiate the palate and destroy the appetite for higher and purer kinds of mental sustenance. Sharp was her correction, but withal so seasoned with tenderness, and a grief the keenness of which I could discern was heightened by the thought that my two elder cousins (one time her pupils) should be so drawn aside by the world and its pleasures as to forget their pious habits, and minister to others the means of such injury as their own souls had sustained, that every word she uttered seemed to sink into my heart as if writ with a pen of fire; and mostly when she thus concluded her discourse:

"There hath been times, Constance, when men, yea and women also, might play the fool for a while, without so great danger as now, and dally with idle folly like children who do sport on a smooth lawn nigh to a running stream, under their parents' eyes, who, if their feet do but slip, are prompt to retrieve them. But such days are gone by for the Catholics of this land. I would have thee to bear in mind that 'tis no common virtue—no convenient religion—faces the rack, the dungeon, and the rope; that wanton tales and light verses are no *viaticum* for a journey beset with such perils. And thou—thou least of all—whose gentle mother, as thou well knowest, died of a broken heart from the fear to betray her faith—thou, whose father doth even now gird himself for a fight, where to win is to die on a scaffold—shouldst scorn to omit such preparation as may befit thee to live, if it so please God, or to die, if such be His will, a true member of His holy Catholic Church. O Constance, it doth grieve me to the heart that thou shouldst so much as once have risen from thy bed at night to feed thy mind with the vain words of profane writers, in place of nurturing thy soul by such reasonable

exercises and means as God, through the teaching of His Church, doth provide for the spiritual growth of His children, and by prayer and penance make ready for coming conflicts. Bethink thee of the many holy priests, yea and laymen also, who be in uneasy dungeons at this time, lying on filthy straw, with chains on their bruised limbs, but lately racked and tormented for their religion, whilst thou didst offend God by such wanton conduct. Count up the times thou hast thus offended; and so many times rise in the night, my good child, and say the psalm 'Miserere,' through which we do especially entreat forgiveness for our sins."

I cast myself in her arms, and with many bitter tears lamented my folly; and did promise her then, and, I thank God, ever after did keep that promise, whilst I abode under the same roof with her, to read no books but such as she should warrant me to peruse. Some days after she procured Mr. Congleton's consent, who also went with us, to carry me to the Marshalsea, whither she had free access at that time by reason of her acquaintanceship with the gaoler's wife, who, when a maid, had been a servant in her family, and who, having been once Catholic, did willingly assist such prisoners as came there for their religion. There we saw Mr. Hart, who hath been this long while confined in a dark cell, with nothing but boards to lie on till Mistress Ward gave him a counterpane, which she concealed under her shawl, and the gaoler was prevailed on by his wife not to take from him. He was cruelly tortured some time since, and condemned to die on the same day as Mr. Luke Kirby and some others on a like charge, that he did deny the Queen's supremacy in spiritual matters; but he was taken off the sledge and returned to prison. He did take it very quietly and patiently; and when Mr. Congleton expressed a hope he might soon be released from prison, he smiled and said:

"My good friend, my crosses are light and easy; and the being deprived of all earthly comfort affords a heavenly joy, which maketh my prison happy, my confinement merciful, my solitude full of blessings. To God, therefore, be all praise, honour, and glory for so unspeakable a benefit bestowed upon His poor wretched and unworthy servant."

So did he comfort those who were more grieved for him than he for himself; and each in turn we did confess; and after I had disburdened my conscience in such wise that he perceived the temper of my mind, and where to apply remedies to the dangers the nature of which his clear-sightedness did foresee, he thus addressed me:

"The world, my dear daughter, soon begins to seem insipid, and all its pleasures grow bitter as gall; all the fine shows and delights

it affords appear empty and good for nothing to such as have tasted the happiness of conversing with Christ, though it be amidst torments and tribulations, yea and in the near approach of death itself. This joy so penetrates the soul, so elevates the spirit, so changes the affections, that a prison seems not a prison but a paradise, death a goal long time desired, and the torments which do accompany it jewels of great price. Take with thee these words, which be the greatest treasure and the rarest lesson for these times: 'He that loveth his life in this world shall lose it, and he that hateth it shall find it;' and remember the devil is always upon the watch. Be you also watchful. Pray you for me. I have a great confidence that we shall see one another in heaven, if you keep inviolable the word you have given to God to be true to His Catholic Church and obedient to its precepts, and He gives me the grace to attain unto that same blessed end."

These words, like the sower's seed, fell into a field where thorns often times threatened to choke their effect; but persecution, when it arose, consumed the thorns as with fire, and the plant, which would have withered in stony ground, bore fruit in a prepared soil.

As we left the prison, it did happen that, passing by the gaoler's lodge, I saw him sitting at a table drinking ale with one whose back was to the door. A suspicion came over me, the most unlikely in the world, for it was against all credibility, and I had not seen so much as that person's face; but in the shape of his head and the manner of his sitting, but for a moment observed, there was a resemblance to Edmund Genings, the thought of which I could not shake off. When we were walking home, Mr. Congleton said Mr. Hart had told him that a short time back a gentleman had been seized, and committed to close confinement, whom he believed, though he had not attained to the certainty thereof, to be Mr. Williesden; and if it were so, that much trouble might ensue to many recusants, by reason of that gentleman having dealt in matters of great importance to such persons touching lands and other affairs whereby their fortunes and maybe their lives might be compromised. On hearing of this, I straightway conceived a sudden fear lest it should be my father and not Mr. Williesden was confined in that prison; and the impression I had received touching the youth who was at table with the gaoler grew so strong in consequence, that all sorts of fears founded thereon ran through my mind, for I had often heard how persons did deceive recusants by feigning themselves to be their friends, and then did denounce them to the council, and procured their arrest and oftentimes their condemnation by distorting and

false swearing touching the speech they held with them. One Eliot in particular, who was a man of great modesty and ingenuity of countenance, so as to defy suspicion (but a very wicked man in more ways than one, as has been since proved), who pretended to be Catholic, and when he did suspect any to be a Jesuit or a seminary priest, or only a recusant, he would straightway enter into discourse with him, and in an artful manner cause him to betray himself; whereupon he was not slow to throw off the mask, whereby several had already been brought to the rope. And albeit I would not credit that Edmund should be such a one, the evil of the times was so great that my heart did misgive me concerning him, if indeed he was the youth whom I had espied on such familiar terms with that ruffianly gaoler. I had no rest for some days lacking the means to discover the truth of that suspicion; for Mrs. Ward, to whom I did impart it, dared not adventure again that week to the Marshalsea, by reason of the gaoler's wife having charged her not to come frequently, for that her husband had suddenly suspected her to be a recusant, and would by no means allow of her visits to the prisoners; but that when he was drunk she could sometimes herself get his keys and let her in, but not too often. Mr. Congleton would have it the prisoner must be Mr. Williesden and no other, and took no heed of my fears, which he said had no reasonable grounds, as I had not so much as seen the features of the youth I took to be my father's page. But I could by no means be satisfied, and wept very much; and I mind me how, in the midst of my tears that evening, my eyes fell on the frontispiece of a volume of the *Morte d'Arthur* which had been loosened when the book was in my chamber, and in which was a picture of Sir Launcelot, the present mirror of my fancy. I had pinned it to my curtain, and jewelled it as a treasure and fund of foolish musings even after yielding up, with promise to read no more therein, the book which had once held it. And thus were kept alive the fantastic imaginings wherewith I clothed a creature conceived in a writer's brain, whose nobility was the offspring of his thoughts and the continual entertainment of mine own. But, oh, how just did I now find the words of a virtuous friend, and how childish my folly, when the true sharp edge of present fear dispersed these vapoury clouds, even as the keen blast of a north wind doth drive away a noxious mist! The sight of the dismal dungeon that day visited, the pallid features of that true confessor therein immured, his soul-piercing words, and the apprehensions which were wringing my heart,—banished of a sudden an idle dream engendered by vain readings and vainer musings, and Sir Launcelot held thenceforward

no higher, or not so high, a place in my esteem as the good Sir Guy of Warwick, or the brave Hector de Valence.

A day or two after, my Lady Surrey sent her coach for me; and I found her in her dressing-room seated on a couch with her waiting-women and Mistress Milicent around her, who were displaying a great store of rich suits and jewels and such-like gear drawn from wardrobes and closets, the doors of which were thrown open, and little Mistress Bess was on tiptoe on a stool afore a mirror with a diamond necklace on, ribbons flaring about her head, and a fan of ostrich-feathers in her hand.

"Ah, sweet one," said my lady, when I came in, "thou must needs be surprised at this show of bravery, which ill consorts with the mourning of our present garb or the grief of our hearts; but, i' faith, Constance, strange things do come to pass, and such as I would fain hinder if I could."

"Make ready thine ears for great news, good Constance," cried Bess, running towards me incumbered with her finery, and tumbling over sundry pieces of head-gear in her way, to the waiting-woman's no small discomfiture. "The Queen's majesty doth visit upon next Sunday the Earl and Countess of Surrey; and as her highness cannot endure the sight of dool, they and their household must needs put it off and array themselves in their costliest suits; and Nan is to put on her choicest jewels, and my Lady Bess must be grand too, to salute the Queen."

"Hush, Bessy," said my lady; and leading me into the adjoining chamber, "'tis hard," quoth she, holding my hand in hers,— "'tis hard when his grace is in the Tower and in disgrace with her majesty, and only six weeks since our Moll died, that she must needs visit this house, where there be none to entertain her highness but his grace's poor children; 'tis hard, Constance, to be constrained to kiss the hand which threatens his life who gave my lord his, and mostly to smile at the Queen's jesting, which my Lord Arundel saith we must of all things take heed to observe, for that she as little can endure dool in the face as in the dress."

A few tears fell from those sweet eyes upon my hand, which she still held, and I said, "Comfort you, my sweet lady. It must needs be that her majesty doth intend favour to his grace through this visit. Her highness would never be minded to do so much honour to the children if she did not purpose mercy to the father."

"I would fain believe it were so," said the countess, thoughtfully; "but my Lord Arundel and my Lady Lumley hold not, I fear, the same opinion. And I do hear from them that his grace is much troubled thereat, and hath written to the Earl of Leicester and

my Lord Burleigh to lament the Queen's determination to visit his son, who is not of age to receive her."*

"And doth my Lord of Surrey take the matter to heart?"

"My lord's disposition doth incline him to conceive hope where others see reason to fear," she replied. "He saith he is glad her majesty should come to this house, and that he will take occasion to petition her grace to release his father from the Tower; and he hath drawn up an address to that effect, which is marvellous well expressed; and, since 'tis written, he makes no more doubt that her majesty will accede to it than if the upshot was not yet to come, but already past. And he hath set himself with a skill beyond his years, and altogether wonderful in one so young, to prepare all things for the Queen's reception; so that when his grandfather did depute my Lord Berkeley and my Lady Lumley to assist us (he himself being too sick to go out of his house) in the ordering of the collation in the banqueting-room, and the music wherewith to greet her highness on her arrival, as well as the ceremonial to be observed during her visit, they did find that my lord had so disposedly and with so great taste ordained the rules to be observed, and the proper setting forth of all things, that little remained for them to do. And he will have me to be richly dressed, and to put on the jewels which were his mother's, which, since her death, have not been worn by the two Duchesses of Norfolk which did succeed her. Ah me, Mistress Constance, I often wish my lord and I had been born far from the court, in some quiet country place, where there are no queens to entertain, and no plots which do bring nobles into so great dangers."

"Alack," I cried, "dear lady, 'tis not the highest in the land that be alone to suffer. Their troubles do stand forth in men's eyes; and when a noble head is imperilled all the world doth know of it; but blood is spilt in this land, and torments endured, which no pen doth chronicle, and of which scant mention is made in palaces."

"There is a passion in thy speech," my lady said, "which betrayeth a secret uneasiness of heart. Hast thou had ill news, my Constance?"

"No news," I answered, "but that which my fears do invent and whisper;" and then I related to her the cause of my disturbance, which she sought to allay by kind words, which nevertheless failed to comfort me.

Before I left she did propose I should come to the Charter House on the morning of the Queen's visit, and bring Mistress Ward

* Calendar of State-papers, Domestic Series, 1547 to 1580: "Duke of Norfolk to the Earl of Leicester and Lord Burleigh; laments the Queen's determination to visit his son's house, who is not of age to receive her."

and my cousins also, as it would pleasure them to stand in the gallery and witness the entertainment. And albeit my heart was heavy, methought it was an occasion not to be overpast to feast my eyes with the sight of majesty, and to behold that great queen who doth hold in her hands her subjects' lives, and who, if she do but nod, like the god of the heathen which books do speak of, such terrible effects ensue, greater than can be thought of; and so I gave my lady mine humble thanks, and also for that she did gift me with a dainty hat and a well-embroidered suit to wear on that day; which, when Kate saw, she fell into a wonderful admiration of the pattern, and did set about to get it copied afore the day of the royal visit to Howard House. As I returned to Holborn in my lady's coach there was a great crowd in the Cornhill, and the passage for a while arrested by the number of persons on their way to what is now called the Royal Exchange, which her majesty was to visit in the evening. I sat very quietly with mine eyes fixed on the foot-passengers, not so much looking at their faces as watching their passage, which, like the running of a river, did seem endless. But at last it somewhat slackened, and the coach moved on, when, at the corner of a street, nigh unto a lamp over a shop, which did throw a light on his face, I beheld Edmund Genings. Oh, how my heart did beat, and with what a loud cry I did call to the running footmen to stop! But the noise of the street was so great they did not hear me, and I saw him turn and pursue his way down another street towards the river. My good uncle, when he heard I had verily seen my father's new page in the City, gave more heed to my suspicions, and did promise to go himself unto the Marshalsea on the next day, and seek to verify the name of the prisoner Mr. Hart had made mention of.

Convent of St. Margaret and St. Agnes.

VERY little investigation suffices to dispel the prejudice still entertained by some that convents for women are the abodes of ignorance, of forced vocations, or at best of unjoyous repentance. The Orders devoted to education are naturally those where learning is most cultivated; but a cheerful spirit and willing obedience are required for all. Nay, a joyous disposition is considered to form one of the aptitudes for religious life in general; and so indispensable is this frame of mind for strict penitential Orders, that we find St. Teresa enjoining it as a necessary qualification for the admission of postulants to Mount Carmel.

The orders where woman's intelligence was most cultivated in olden time were those of St. Benedict and St. Dominic. Both occupied themselves with the education of youth. Hrotsvitha's dramas, composed in the tenth century, attest careful culture of mind no less than native genius; her Latin is good for the epoch; and though the subjects chosen betray somewhat the coarseness of the age, they are handled with redeeming delicacy. The learned Benedictine nun of Gandersheim, retired within her humble cell, wrote simply for the amusement or edification of her community. Catherine of Sienna, the great light among women of St. Dominic's Order, was called out of her convent to act on a wider stage. Her part lay amid the busy scenes even of political life. God had made her a chosen vessel, giving sanctity first to shield her from evil, and then pouring into her intelligence light destined to illumine Europe. Guided by her counsels, the Popes quitted Avignon, and returned to gladden Rome after her long widowhood of seventy years. Italy restored to peace, schism arrested, the Catholic world renewed,—these are St. Catherine's public services to humanity. Her dialogues and letters, leaving aside the supernatural, show always perfect correctness as to doctrine, and are written with surprising elegance or language. This great daughter of St. Dominic, with her extraordinary public vocation, was lowly of heart, as befitted her religious calling, and loved her cell like any good nun of ordinary stamp.

The above are striking and rare examples of what religious women have been. A picture of community-life more frequently found is presented in M. de Bussière's history of a Dominican convent in Strasburg. Yet here also we meet with remarkable nuns.

The little volume contains not many pages, but these are full of incidents both interesting and touching. The period comprised extends from the foundation of the community at Eckbolsheim in 1230, to its final dispersion during the great French Revolution. The materials were taken from an authentic manuscript chronicle drawn up by contemporaries, and which a highly-esteemed priest of Alsatia lent to M. de Bussierre.

The community owed its existence to a few young women, who united together for the exercise of prayer and good works. After the lapse of several years, their increasing numbers led them to wish for a religious rule; and, with the approbation of the Bishop, they were aggregated to the Order of St. Dominic. Transferred from the village of Eckbolsheim to the neighbouring town of Strasburg in 1270, they dedicated their new church and convent to St. Margaret. Strasburg was then a free city of the empire. In 1475, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, irritated against the Alsatians for having restored the Sundgau to Sigismund of Austria, declared his intention of laying siege to Strasburg. The frightened burghers immediately made preparations for defence. The buildings outside the town were seen to offer facilities to the enemy, who might easily gain possession of them, and thence attack the city with more advantage. Consequently it was resolved to destroy all such houses. Among the number was the Monastery of St. Agnes, inhabited by Dominican nuns. They were compelled to quit their convent, and to seek a refuge with their sisters of St. Margaret. Hence the establishment in Strasburg took the name of the Monastery of St. Margaret and St. Agnes.

With regard to the ignorance supposed to be found in convents, contemporaries assert that most of the religious belonging to this community spoke and wrote Latin with equal facility and elegance. While Anne de Zorn was prioress, the Emperor Maximilian I., being at Strasburg in 1507, visited St. Margaret's; whereupon Anne made him a complimentary address in Latin. Maximilian, rather surprised at the purity of her diction, answered in the same language; and the conversation continued in Latin for more than half an hour. On coming out, the prince declared himself quite charmed with the good sense and cleverness of Anne.

Another prioress, Anastasia Mueg, is represented as having possessed a very superior mind, with a great gift of eloquence. Many evangelical preachers endeavoured to lead her astray, having religious discussions with her for that purpose; but she always succeeded in reducing them to silence. Even Butzer, an apostate Dominican monk, and one of the cleverest among the new evangelicals, declared

that his usual success failed him with Anastasia, and that it was more difficult to reason with her than with many learned doctors. "Anastasia, the Pope's sister," said Butzer, "is a prioress made of iron and steel. That obstinate woman ought to be *popess* of all nuns; she has so bewitched those subject to her, and so filled them with claustral superstitions, that there is no means of bringing them to the true faith."

Ursula de Fegersheim was no less well-informed, and sustained argument with equal success against heretical preachers. These few examples suffice to show that ignorance was not a necessary appanage of the cloister. In olden times as now, the high-born and high-bred were never most backward in the service of God.

Happily, however, for nuns and for the world at large, learning is never their chief vocation; they have something better to do than to make their principal care the acquirement of mere human lore. Virtue, the most difficult of all sciences, is what they engage to study through life; prayer is at once their weapon and their inexhaustible source of instruction. Virtue ever pursued and prayer unending—these are what make happy and firm vocations such as we find among the nuns of St. Margaret.

Faith was put to sore trial in Alsatia at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and persecution against Catholicism continued with more or less virulence until the close of the seventeenth, when Strasburg submitted to Louis XIV., and was annexed to France. Evangelism was introduced in 1520. Some apostate priests and monks gained over the magistrates of Strasburg, together with a considerable number of the inhabitants; and new doctrines were preached with so much zeal, that ere the lapse of nine years Catholic worship was absolutely prohibited in the town. As usual, particular bitterness was manifested against religious orders. The new evangelicals wished to *reform* convents according to their own lately-acquired notions. For this purpose eight *klosterherren*, or masters of convents, were invested with unlimited power over all religious establishments in the town; while *pfleger*, or curators, were named to superintend their material interests. Of course hostility to Catholicism was the first requisite for these functions. The nuns of St. Margaret soon came in for their share of paternal solicitude from the chief magistrates. In 1524, three *klosterherren* forced the enclosure; and having made their way into the interior of the convent, ordered the whole community to appear. It was then composed of forty-six religious, with Ursula de Bock the prioress. Resistance seemed useless, and all the nuns assembled in presence of their visitors. One of the functionaries then commenced a gently-toned exhortation, entreating

the religious to make known their grievances; for that the senate, full of solicitude, was resolved on ameliorating their condition by softening the rule, which many had doubtless embraced in moments of thoughtless enthusiasm. Finding no answer was obtained, and imagining that fear held them mute, he determined on examining each nun separately. But no better result was produced. Vainly the *klosterherren* endeavoured to elicit some complaint against the superioress or the mode of life observed; vainly they represented the slavery of convent existence, the injury done thereby to the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, and held up in the balance a flattering picture of worldly allurements. The nuns of St. Margaret had true vocations; and so each one replied that she loved her superioress; that she had freely entered the convent, and joyously remained there.

The *klosterherren* were obliged to retire discomfited. They solaced themselves by ordering the confessor henceforth to teach his penitents the pure gospel, and no more Popery. As he, far from obeying, exhorted his spiritual daughters, on the contrary, to steady perseverance, he was expelled the town. The nuns meanwhile were forbidden to see any Catholic priest whatever. Soon after the three functionaries returned again, and communicated some decrees just passed by the senate, which ran in substance as follows: the celebration of Mass is forbidden; the office shall not be said; all constituting Catholic worship is abolished; confession is forbidden *under the most severe penalties*; Hosts are not to be preserved in tabernacles, nor Catholic sacraments administered, even to the sick or dying; enclosure is done away with; all the nuns are absolved from their vows, and may return to their families or embrace the holy estate of marriage.

As this second visit proved no less ineffectual than the first, the *klosterherren* took with them the next time a talented evangelical preacher, who tried to enlighten these poor obstinate nuns. Finally, the celebrated Butzer was deputed to preach to them several times a week.

A strange scene of violence displayed by this evangelical doctor is related. His language becomes offensively coarse; but the absurdity of the whole thing is what strikes one most. It is difficult, at such distance of time, to conceive without smiling a learned theologian, an eloquent preacher of truth, so exasperated with anger as scarcely able to keep his hands off the aged prioress, and only deterred from doing so by the affrighted nuns, that gather round their mother to protect her from the clenched fists of their spiritual guide and pastor.

Martin Butzer belonged to the worst class of sectarians; for he

became a traitor from the ranks of those whom he affected to reform. Apostate to all his vows, he had carried off a nun from the cloister to marry her, and then set about preaching zealously the new religion. His own views were somewhat enveloped in mystery; first a Lutheran and then a Calvinist, he had gradually merged into opinions still more indefinite. The only point that remained clear was his hatred of Catholicism. But he possessed a considerable amount of talent and a natural flow of eloquence, that was further enhanced by his ardour of mind. His success in Alsatia had been very great. He contributed largely to pervert the town of Wissenburg from the ancient faith; moved by his exhortations, three communities of women in Strasburg, already relaxed in discipline, left their convent-walls, and laying their keys at the feet of the senate, asked for the pensions and the husbands promised by Butzer.

Such precedents raised great hopes that the Dominicanesses of St. Margaret might prove equally frail. Truth forces the avowal that Ursula de Bock began to tremble for several of her young nuns, whom she observed to grow less fervent in such private spiritual exercises as the senate had not been able to deprive them of. Butzer, wishing to ascertain the effect of his discourses, had summoned all the religious before him; and it was the answer given by Ursula that inflamed his rage to the pitch mentioned above. He exhorted them not to listen to that "old witch;" and while the nuns were succeeding at last in dragging away the prioress almost insensible to her cell, Butzer left the monastery, vowing vengeance on its guilty, obstinate inhabitants.

The narrative contained in the volume before us raises some surprise at first, as to how the Strasburg magistrates could carry persecution against peaceable Catholics so far, and yet stop short in most cases of material violence to persons. To understand the situation rightly, it must be remembered that many burghers were still attached to the ancient faith, and that they, together with the Bishops and imperial envoys, were always ready to threaten recourse to the emperor; on the other hand, all offices in the republic were elective, dependent on the suffrages of the multitude, and the preachers easily inflamed popular passions. Thus the senate, once elected, could do a great deal; but often feared going too far.

When the abolition of Catholic worship had been decided on by a large majority in the senate, Butzer caused a commission to be named for the express purpose of reforming St. Margaret's convent. The way in which these worthy personages set about it was to head a troop of artisans, who, rushing tumultuously to the church, began pulling it to pieces. Altars, pictures, and statues were torn

down, till the whole interior edifice presented a mass of ruins. Meanwhile the unhappy nuns looked on through the grills of their tribunes, shedding tears over Vandalism which they were powerless to prevent. When this grand work had been accomplished, the commissioners summoned the religious to hear what further orders had been given by the senate. They were enjoined henceforth to obey only the magistrate; to have no longer any prioress; to give up their vows and quit the convent; or, if they remained, the prohibitions were formal against seeing any priest whatever, or performing any sort of religious office. The commissioners also took occasion to speak in private with each nun, impressing particularly on the younger ones that marriage was a perfect paradise. However, all held firm as yet, and employed themselves, so soon as the commissioners withdrew, in erecting portable altars in caves and other hidden places, where they continued to assemble for saying office and praying together. But this could not be done without danger, for the keys even of their cells had been carried off; and from this time forward preachers and senators were wont to appear at any moment, unannounced, with the hope of surprising the religious in some act of disobedience. Nevertheless, they were able occasionally to receive communion from their neighbours, the zealous Knights of St. John, one of whose chaplains would come in ere dawn of day disguised as a peasant.

Things had not gone on very long in this way when the senate sent positive orders for all the nuns to go home to their families, or else to take refuge at another convent, on condition of wearing secular dresses and receiving evangelical instruction. At the same time their respective relatives were apprised and exhorted to do all in their power for the amusement of the ex-religious, and that, if necessary, money would be provided.

Accordingly one morning very early the *klosterherren* and the relations of the nuns arrived at the gate of the monastery, bringing with them servants, horses, and carriages, for conveying away persons and effects. The scene that followed baffles description. Ursula de Bock came forward to protest in the name of the community; but her voice was drowned amid the cries and laughter that arose. The great doors were thrown down by violence, and the populace thronged in with the relations and magistrates. Thirty-three nuns were carried off despite their tears and supplications; eleven remained with Ursula in the convent, and were allowed to do so, as their families did not inhabit Strasburg. However, all articles of furniture, even to their straw-mattresses, were taken away, as also every kind of food that could be laid hold of. For the space of one month Ursula and her companions endured the above hardships, besides having to bear with

daily visits from any coarse persons led thither by curiosity. Some few faithful friends tried to console her, but had not the means of putting a stop to her misfortunes.

At length circumstances allowed of an appeal to Charles V.; and the Strasburg magistrates, at sight of a new imperial decree confirming all the convent's former privileges, relaxed a little of their rigour. After an interval of two years,* those nuns who wished it were permitted to return from their families. Nine sisters of St. Margaret had died during this period, and there were three apostates who married. Thirty religious gathered together again under their old roof when the storm was over. The courageous Ursula de Bock died a year after, in 1532.

A touching instance is related of the spiritual joy that prevails in religious communities, even while undergoing hard persecution. The Interim published at Strasburg in 1550 allowed anew the celebration of Mass; and the nuns of St. Margaret gladly availed themselves of the privilege. But, as if to counterbalance this happy event, the new senate, elected a few months after, was animated with the greatest hostility to Catholicism. St. Margaret's was still the object of peculiar malice. The unfortunate nuns were once more ordered to return to their families without any exceptions, and under pain of being allowed to starve to death, should they persist in remaining. Accordingly this time again the convent was sacked of all it contained; and as the nuns refused to quit, every outlet was firmly secured, and sentries were placed at the gates of the monastery to prevent the possibility of any one bringing food. Even the chains and buckets, were withdrawn from the wells, that thirst might be added to hunger. The nuns passed three days in this wretched condition, without any alleviation to their misery. Most of their former friends had fallen into heresy, and all their ancient dependents, with the exception of one girl. This faithful soul was watching her opportunity. Having gained some of the women who lived near to keep guard for her, she went at dark and thrust bread over the convent-walls, thus preserving the prisoners from utter starvation. A cord also had been found, and a vessel for holy water, by means of which the well could be turned to account.

Some time had elapsed, when a senator, taking his accustomed walk, bethought him of looking into the garden of St. Margaret through the crevices of a shutter in the wall. Seeing no one about, he imagined all the nuns might be dead, and caused the door to be opened.

On arriving near the cloister, what was his astonishment to see a young sister come gaily to undo the bolt and let him enter! He in-

quired what her companions were doing, and learned that they were at dinner. More petrified still, the old magistrate followed her into the refectory. A plank of wood, that could not be carried away with the furniture, because it was fastened into the wall, served at once as a bench and table for the community. Their repast consisted of some dry bread and a pitcher of water. At sight of the senator, the prioress caused the lectrice to stop, while the nuns arose and saluted him courteously. He, perceiving that, despite their meagre fare, the sisters looked happy and strong, stood for a moment in silent confusion. But his heart was touched; and yielding soon to his emotion, he exclaimed: "I perceive now that God is with you, and that He sustains you miraculously. I promise not to forget you at the next meeting of magistrates, but to speak in your favour; so that you may be left at peace in your convent, provided with all you require, and free to follow the rules of your Order."

He kept his word, and much of their property was restored to the nuns; though the infidelity of the steward employed by the town frustrated in a great measure these good intentions.

Other convents in Strasburg did not resist the worldly enticements held out to them with the same generosity displayed by St. Margaret's. Of the fifteen nuns left in the Dominican Monastery of St. Nicholas, eight at last proved apostates, and gave themselves up to revelry and license within those very walls where their lives had hitherto been spent in virtue, and whence seven faithful sisters had been forcibly expelled. Stung probably by remorse, the apostates endeavoured to silence conscience by plunging deeper into sin; they set afloat odious calumnies against their former prioress, a woman of true piety. She, Susan Brünn by name, together with six of her spiritual daughters, had been forced to take refuge at St. Margaret's. The senate, urged on by the apostate nuns, pursued her thither, and obliged her to undergo shameful examinations. After four fruitless interrogatories, the senatorial delegates gave place to midwives, and Susan's innocence was proclaimed even by her enemies. She had not recovered from the illness caused by this treatment, when, on going to the convent-church, she was perceived, dragged away from the altar by order of the magistrates, and committed to a public prison like the vilest malefactor. There her clothes were taken from her and replaced by dirty rags; after which she was confined in a solitary apartment and allowed to see no one. Months passed thus, and notwithstanding the efforts made by St. Margaret's prioress, Susan was not restored to liberty. However, when winter set in, as she suffered much from cold, the magistrates ended by allowing her to occupy one of the gaoler's rooms, on condition that

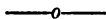
she did the work of a servant. This trial lasted four years, during which Susan performed her tasks cheerfully, observing moreover the fasts and abstinences prescribed by Dominican rule. Her mistress, the gaoler's wife, was a violent woman, and treated her harshly; but the children whom Susan had to take care of rewarded her solicitude by the utmost tenderness. At the end of the period named, Susan fell dangerously ill, and her mistress refused to keep a useless person. The magistrates then visited her, and, feigning compassion, offered to restore Susan to her friends at St. Margaret's, provided she gave up St. Nicholas's convent in due form to the town.

This request explains one cause of the persecution to which Susan was subjected. She refused compliance, and was then conducted to a hospital, where she languished during six months in acute suffering. At that time her end seemed approaching; the menials at the hospital were anxious to get rid of her, and she was transferred to St. Margaret's convent after five years of exile. By a dispensation of God's providence, Susan Brünn was unexpectedly restored to perfect health, and lived several years (until 1802). She enjoyed the deep consolation of seeing two of her former daughters, who had been among her calumniators, and for whom she never ceased praying, renounce their apostasy, and embrace a course of strict penance. Barbara Selb and Margaret Heyd, having persevered in their repentance, were admitted again into the Order of St. Dominic, and gave much edification by their zeal and humility. Authentic testimony relates that when, many years after her death, Susan's tomb was opened to admit the body of another nun, a sweet perfume issued thence, and filled the cloister with its fragrance during several days.

Persecution against Catholics continued, more or less, in Strasbourg until the year 1681. Probably without the suffering thus entailed through centuries, the chronicle might not have been kept; we should have been ignorant of how the nuns spoke Latin and defended dogma, or with what virtue they resisted temptation and proved their happy calling to religious life. So is it with much that never reaches public eye or ear.

V. V.

A Marriage at Midnight.



It is singular to see what a different impression the advent of railways has made in France and England. In England, the formation of a railway-station wakes up a sleepy little village into life; in France, the same event does not seem to have the smallest effect on the lives of the inhabitants. Had a station been made in England at a town of the size of Abbeville, it would have created a perfect revolution in the existing state of things. New branches of industry would have sprung up; new piles of buildings been erected; new books and London fashions, and the *Times* two hours after publication, would have been ready to hand; and excursion-trains would have been set on foot to enable every body to go every where and see the lions. But a different state of things exists at Abbeville; the old town looks as quiet and as lazy as it might have looked fifty years ago, when the lumbering diligence formed the only means of communication. Indeed, the arrival of the diligence from Dieppe seems now to be the event of the day, and to wake up the inhabitants far more vigorously than the comings and goings of the railway-omnibus. Abbeville is preëminently a quiet place, not to say a dull place; the grass peeps up between the stones in many of the wide deserted streets; and the Hôtel du Tête du Bœuf, built evidently to receive a goodly number of wayfarers, always seems empty; and Marie the chambermaid, elderly and a little lame, appears hardly equal to the emergency of a passing guest.

If you are a coward when sea-sickness stares you in the face, as it does when you see the Newhaven steamer lying at anchor off Dieppe, you will pardon the traveller who makes a sacrifice of a good deal more time and a little more money, and takes his place from that charming French seaside town in the diligence to Abbeville; there is much pretty scenery on the road, and occasionally there is time given to pay a visit to the Château d'Eu, where Louis Philippe in his palmy days entertained our English Queen. But as I neared Abbeville the darkness shut out surrounding objects. The conversation, which had been going on briskly in English, French, German, and Russian,—natives of all those countries being passengers,—began to flag; the incessant jingling of the bells attached to the horses became wearisome; and a feeling of intense relief was experienced

by all the passengers when, on a certain Saturday evening, the diligence rolled into the courtyard of the Tête du Bœuf.

My business in Abbeville was with M. le Curé of the cathedral; and as the title of this paper might lead my readers to suspect it was to concoct a clandestine marriage, let me at once relieve their minds on that point, by stating that my visit to M. le Curé had nothing to do with matrimony. I had to interest him in a tale of bitter sorrow, sorrow almost without hope; the actors in which history were living close by him, and to whom a word of kindly sympathy would be precious. Accordingly, on Sunday morning I went to the cathedral for eight-o'clock Mass; and on its conclusion I asked a lady near me if the priest who had said it was the Curé. She answered in the negative.

"Then at what hour will the Curé say his Mass?" I asked.

"Not at all to-day," she replied quickly; "there was a *marriage at midnight*, and M. le Curé has gone to bed."

Quite discomfited, I thanked her and went away. How stupid I am, I thought, not to understand French better. I suppose he is ill; but what she said sounded just like "*un mariage de minuit*." I had better go to the presbytery and ask there. So I found my way to the presbytery, not a stone's-throw from the church; and when the brisk elderly housekeeper came to the door, I asked meekly for M. le Curé.

"Ah, no; you cannot see him till after High Mass; there was a *marriage at midnight*; and M. le Curé was not in bed till three o'clock."

I retreated much humiliated. "Is it *patois*," I said to myself, "or is there a peculiar term used here for the last Sacraments? How stupid it is not to know!" and in great dudgeon with myself, I ate my breakfast and went to High Mass. Then to the presbytery again; yes, M. le Curé was visible, and received me cordially. What a picture he was, with his long white hair, his figure slightly bent, his open benignant face with a smile which made one think of a little child, his well-worn soutane, his shoes with silver buckles, and his stick! He listened to my story with deep interest, and sighed as I spoke of sin, and the shame and suffering it had brought on others. He would do all he could to comfort, to help, to breathe hope into a soul too utterly crushed to the earth. Then the kindly old man thought of me. Had I seen the town? Was I dull by myself? He had an English parishioner to whom he would take me. She had married a Frenchman, and almost forgotten her native tongue. So we set out together; and as we went, M. le Curé had a word for every one; and there was not a creature but seemed to know him.

The men took off their caps, the mothers smiled, the little children ran up to him and pulled at his sash, and the old man blessed them as he passed along.

"And were you not surprised this morning," said M. le Curé, "when you heard I had had a marriage at midnight?" Utterly astonished at this unexpected query, I confessed my dilemma; and how the old Curé did laugh! "It is quite true," he said; "there was a marriage at midnight. You must know that in two dioceses in France there is an old privilege which permits marriages to take place at midnight, and Mass to be said; this diocese is one of them" (he told me the other, but I forget which it was). "Now," continued M. le Curé, "unfortunately for me it is considered the height of fashion to be married at midnight; it is rather expensive, of course; there is the church to be lighted up, and attendants paid for losing their rest; but it is *the thing*, and so every now and then some grand lady or another chooses to be married by candlelight. And you see," said the poor Curé, "it keeps me up very late, and I am very tired next day;" but he laughed as he made his complaint, and did not seem to mind it much; indeed, I doubt whether he minded any thing which concerned himself. He had been forty years at Abbeville, he told me; he came there in the freshness of early manhood; now he was close upon its ending. What a life it had been of kindly deeds, of duties accomplished, of prayer, of zeal for others, that, after all the trials, and the sufferings, and the knowledge of sin and the world, which forty years must bring, the old man spoke and smiled with the innocent happiness of his far-off childhood! "Come to church to-night," he said, "at six; we are trying hard to accomplish *l'œuvre du Dimanche*; and the people are beginning to shut their shops, and give the day to God and to innocent recreation. At night we have a solemn *amende honorable* for the offences committed against God on Sunday in France." And at six o'clock I went to church, and beheld it filled with a goodly congregation, largely composed of men; and I heard the Curé preach one of those sermons of simple wisdom, which touched the heart far more than grand eloquence does, and then the full chorus of voices melted in the *amende*; and the "Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor those of our fathers." And the Benediction of our Lord fell gently on the multitude. Thus ended my Sunday at Abbeville; to which I owe my introduction to the curious old custom of marrying at midnight. F.

Saints of the Desert.

No. II.

1. Abbot Antony fell on a time into weariness and gloom of spirit; and he cried out, "Lord, I wish to be saved; but my searchings of mind will not let me."

And, looking round, he saw some one like himself, sitting and working, then rising and praying, then sitting and rope-making again. And he heard the Angel say: "Work and pray; pray and work; and thou shalt be saved."

2. Arsenius, when he was now in solitude, prayed as before: "Lord, lead me along the way of salvation." And again he heard a voice, which said: "Flight, silence, quiet; these are the three sources of sinlessness."

3. "Which of all our duties," asked the brethren, "is the greatest labour?" Agatho answered: "Prayer; for as soon as we begin, the devils try to stop us, since it is their great enemy. Rest comes after every other toil; but prayer is a struggle up to the last breath."

4. Abbot Theodore said: "Other virtue there is none like this, to make naught of no one."

5. Abbot Sylvanus said: "Woe to the man whose reputation is greater than his work."

6. Holy Epiphanius said: "A great safeguard against sin is the reading of the Scriptures; and it is a precipice and deep gulf to be ignorant of the Scriptures."

7. Once a monk was told, "Thy father is dead." He answered: "Blasphe me not; my Father is immortal."

Only across the Channel.

"*Anch' io son pittore!*" I too am a painter! With a deep glow of self-gratulation might the ejaculation of the Italian have been echoed from the breast of him—the nature-studying son of art—on whose small canvas I was permitted to dwell, as, with all his heart in his work, and the blue sky above, he transferred to it the form and tint of as delectable a spot of living landscape as could arrest an accomplished student, even with a spell potent as the mariner's gray eye upon the Wedding-Guest. We had been strangers within the hour, and might be so again ere its close; but one touch of sympathy, which he probably felt in my aspect as I ventured to approach his woodland studio, and a brief remark upon the presentment of his canvas, at once made us kin. In truth, he was an artist upon his autumnal vacation wanderings; and here, where we held a passing parley, he had got and had lingered upon ground especially familiar to, and cherished by, him and many of his brotherhood. I might meet them, he assured me, in many a secluded nook and on many a noble upland, in a wide circle radiating from the small town at our feet. He need not have added that, like himself, they were recognisable at a *coup d'œil*; like him, quietly ardent in their vocation; and that, like him, they would impart a piquantly picturesque feature to the scene wherein they sat or stood. As I viewed him *en pose*, he wore a deep-olive velveteen many-pocketed paletot, well tinted with wear and tear, ample trousers of the same, looped up *à la Zouave* over rustic buskins; while his head was protected by an ample sombrero. His kit, when made up, contained a light ingeniously-folding easel attached to a knapsack, wherein were deposited all the *et-cetera* of the palette and a few small canvasses. With these his firm-knit shoulders were familiar; and in this *tunique* he went cheerily through his campaign. A short dialogue but confirmed all my previous admiration of scenes in the land around, upon which I had somewhat casually come; and so, leaving him to his meditations with a genial *au revoir*, I rejoicingly pursued mine own exploratory rambles, jotting down a few memoranda thereof, which are here tendered to the gentle reader.

Whither, then, do I invite thy companionship, with all thy mind's eye wide awake? "*Only across the Channel.*" We are on the cliff coast-line of glorious Normandy, and hard by a little rural maritime and sequestered village, rather than town, lying happily away from the great mob-bethronged lines of Dieppe and Havre. Its name is *Veules*, and ten to one that you find it not on your ordinary

map—nay, even on that which accompanies the Murray Guide. Can there be a much more significant evidence of out-of-the-world retirement than this? Veules, then, is a unique little town, unlike aught to which we can recur on our own side of the Channel. It owes its origin, in all probability, to a streamlet, which, in the deepest depth of time, must have worked its way through the great chalk cliff; thus creating a chasm, wherein, as it gradually became enlarged, the dwellings of humble men might be sheltered, and men themselves be cheered and nurtured by its waters. At present, the severance of cliff from cliff at the seaward termination of Veules is very moderate, the houses of its single street occupying almost the entire main channel. Here is no shelter or anchorage for sea craft; and consequently here are no fishermen or fishwomen, or any of the sailor tribe. The accommodation for bathing is but indifferent; for the shore is guarded by a rugged, remorseless shingle, most troublesome of transit, ere the level sand can be attained. Hence, happily, Veules has but little reason to apprehend being converted into a thronged watering-place; hence, happily, it preserves its older characteristics. It is a quaint rural place, in which farmers who cultivate the rich plains above have their homesteads, and where their labourers find their cots; where also certain millers lift their heads in significant preëminence; and, finally, where a worthy body of genuine cotton-spinners flash their shuttles, each one on his own ground, fearless of being devoured by monster-machine factory. The residences of these divers parties line the village in all variety of contrasted aspect, from the shore to its landward end, where the great coast-line of high-road crosses that which conducts to the heart of Normandy—Rouen. That which is a chasm next the Atlantic gradually expands inwards; and many groups of dwellings cluster up the circling frames of hill thus created, which, being abundantly and variously clothed in the verdure of trees, develops in many finely picturesque aspects. Of these, the most perfect became revealed to us by the tell-tale camp-stool of one of my sketching friends, which he had planted on the topmost elevation next to the sea; and from thence, looking townwards, he took in the whole of the hill-cradled village, with its immemorial church hoarily o'ertopping all, and the widening woodland screen, rising higher and higher, amphitheatrically, with foliage massed or feathered in exquisite variation of form and colour;

“and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade;
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.”

Veules owes, as has been suggested, its very existence to a streamlet; to it, also, it would seem to be further indebted for its name. This is a point, however, which has racked the antiquarian reveries of all local inquirers. For our part, we accept it with infinite contentment, because it reserves all the honours of the christening to those sweet waters, which have been the abiding charm of the place. It is whispered, then, that before the days of Rollo some piratical ranger of Scandinavia—the black raven on his sail—after having been particularly well tempest-tossed, put into this indenture of the ghastly cliffs; and having much more wine aboard than fresh water, was cheered to fresh life on beholding the stream dancing down from its then forest-home, and gushing into the ocean. “Wælen! wælen!” was the shout of the man ahead; and a score of throats, dry as the ribbed sea-sand, reëchoed the hail. From thenceforward the spot became a favourite refuge for the Northmen, until they finally appropriated it as Normans, and the name was modulated into its present euphony. Be it so: what better ancestral honours could there be for the kindly rill? so suggestive of the melodious diminutives—

“Animula—vagula—blandula.”

Let us now trace it to its source, just outside the village. Not in any romantic valley, embowered beneath the umbrage of grand or graceful boughs, embellished by mossy rock or turf green as emerald, do we find its cradle. In a slightly-deepened dell, close to the coast-line of highway, and beneath a gentle hill, whereon a few cows, and peradventure a donkey, take pasturage, it steals from the bosom of mother Earth into light with an imperceptible transit—

“Crescit occulto, sicut arbor, ævo;”

and, in its very infancy, quickly assumes unaccountable proportions. It bubbles along for a while close to a group of homeliest cottages; till presently, finding a spot where nature has consecrated seclusion, with a concurrence of most graceful delicately-foliaged trees, it expands itself upon a bed of brilliant flint-glistening pebbles into a wee lakelet, and there reveals all its translucent loveliness, recalling the famed Blandusian fount:

“Tenero splendidior vitro;”

or Byron's delicious tribute to his classic stream:

“But thou, Clitumnus, in the sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was ere
The haunt of river nymph—”

If, however, such fair spirit here sets up her home, it is not to dwell

in idleness or seclusion; for behold, and be not shocked, ye children of romance, here are revealed to you beds for the cultivation of water-cresses! matchless, to be sure, in piquant flavour: a special *pépinière* for their deeply-verdant clusters, which, having been most carefully tendered, are as carefully gathered and forwarded—a veritable *bon-bouche*—to St. Valery, Dieppe, and even Rouen. Above and around are interlaced the branches of ash and poplar, of stately beech and rough-armed oak, mingling their leaves in a tender brilliance of flutter, and shielding the scene below with a subdued shade—a veritable *chiaro 'scuro*.

And does its loveliness want appreciation in the quarter where the feeling and the faculty divine to judge thereof most keenly resides? By no manner of means; for is not that yonder our friend of the locomotive atelier, who has so snugly ensconced himself a short way off the winding pathway, at the trunk of the goodly tree, and there—*sub tegmine fagi*—with eye “in fine frenzy rolling,” takes in the whole mystery of combined beauties,—colour, and form, and effect? Let us not intrude; but, after an interchange of salute—wide-awake waved to sombrero—follow on our young streamlet, till, after a short devious course of one hundred yards, it dips under the high-road, and, turning abruptly to the left, takes its way through the village, modestly at the back of the right line; sometimes through gardens, whose apple-branches—in blossom or in fruit, as the season may be—bend dancingly over it; sometimes beneath the heavier shadow of a young grove, that springs gracefully from the circling hill; anon spreading out in sparkling shadow, where cattle may enjoy the blessing of its refreshment; but, for the most part, submitting itself to an embankment, by which it becomes converted into a lilliputian canal, and thus probably renders itself (gentle reader, *credete, credete a me*) the most industrious streamlet—not alone in Christendom, but peradventure in the wide, wide world—inasmuch as, within that course of *scarce a mile*, it acts like a living principle to more than a dozen mills, imparting rotatory animation to their machinery, and thereby blessing the farmers of the whole country round, by bringing into final produce their staple crop of rape, or rich Norman grain.

The very last of these mills, and, strange as it may seem, the oldest of the family, stands daringly upon the very point of union of the streamlet and the ocean—upon the shingle beneath the cliffs—where its sides have for centuries been smitten and scourged by as savage a recurrence of spring-tides as ever lashed a rock-bound coast. Even in the fifteenth century (such is the tradition) the good monks of Fécamps erected this bold utilitarian work, confiding its protection to Providence; and surely there must have been, and there must

continue to be, a sweet little angel that sits up on high to watch over the fate of this daring agent of beneficence; for such, it must be remarked, is the purity of this rivulet, Veules, that it carries with it no alluvium, deposits no delta, which might gradually swell into a protective encircling soil to the old mill. On the contrary, an unfailing accumulation of such rounded stones—such as have been alluded to—hustles against its basement when the great crested spring-tide waves plunge upon it with their thunderous crash, and make it shift like sand. Against such an enemy the brave old mill has but one auxiliary, which consists in a line of strong piles carried out from its extremest angle into the sea and firmly planked, and whereby the headlong rush of “the hell of waters” is slightly but savingly swayed aside.

Hereabouts it is that again we shall be sure to encounter one or other of our friends of the gentle craft—not one of Walton’s disciples (albeit our eyes can testify that Veules is not without its few finny denizens, whom may the hamadryads guard against Limerick hook or lurking urchin!), but the pilgrim of pencil and palette, who, solitary and thoughtful as the trout-slayer, angles after Nature’s charms, and commits them when caught to the k reel of his portfolio, to supply him thereafter with many a choice morsel of reminiscence.

And now, whether we climb the seaward path or take our way up the town, crossing the bridged streamlet at its entrance, and then following the graceful bend of the roads by which it attains the open upland, let us recognise a land worthy of its little capital, over which a Norman baron might whilom have proudly thrown his eye and sworn by the faulchion at his side that it was well worth defence against all comers. And here, within a few furlongs of the village, stands a simple but touching memorial of eld—a small age-worn chapel—La Chapelle du Val. It also has its traditionary origin. When all around was a vast primeval forest, therein (and the like tale has been often told) a noble and gallant hunter—“woe wert the chase, woe wert the day”—lost himself amid baffling jungle and under the shade of melancholy boughs. His last and saving resource against the peril of his predicament was to invoke the intervention of St. Vaning, the patron of the region; and in return for the deliverance he besought, he vowed that a chapel should arise on the self-same spot from which he poured forth his prayer. As “saints will hear when men do call,” the knight proved successful; he felt himself conducted by a celestial guide to daylight and liberty. He was true to his engagements, and the forest-timber was compelled to yield material for the sanctuary, which then and there arose. And behold, after all manner of transitions, from thence until now, of times and men and things, that small rustic chapel has continued to exist, having undergone, at some

epoch or other, the process of petrification—the translation of its wood into stone. Weird-looking, there it now stands; not a tree—where once was densest knight-bewildering forest in its vicinity—nor habitation of man more than in its first solitude. Its sole companion is a stone cross, equally suggestive of an immemorial past, which confronts it on the opposite side of the road. Both are cherished objects of devotion with females. Each Friday a priest visits the unprotected chapel to say Mass and give advice and consolation to yearning visitors of that class. On such occasions, also, mothers but just out of the hands of the *sage femme* may be seen moving round the cross, bearing in their arms their babes in swaddling-clothes, and with frequent genuflections offering up the bantlings.

And now a word devoted by ourselves to the stone cross and crucifix. The traveller, wrecked upon a desolate shore, toils inwards in search of shelter, but dreads, at every turn, the encounter of some savage death-dealing foe. The grim jest is familiar to us all. Suddenly his eye rests upon an object, by which he is thoroughly reassured. A land so embellished is the home of civilisation. It is a gibbet, a well-furnished gallows-tree!

Well, here upon the heights that crown the cliffs of Normandy, such another castaway would speedily encounter an equally eloquent and cheering indicator; but of a far different penal type. On the face of the undulating plain, he is startled to behold a stem of rock springing up from a rude substratum, a foot or so in diameter and ten feet or thereabouts in height. He cannot choose but stop. It is, full sure, a cross, rough and time-tinted, like a growth of a gnarled oak. And to it is attached, above, a small figure, rusted and rudely wrought, of Him who was crucified. Be he but Christian, will he not pause awhile to commune with this heart-touching memorial, and may he not then wend on his way a wiser and a better man? Crosses like this seem as if they were indigenous in the soil here; an immemorial institute more especially of Normandy. They are incessantly met with on highway and byway, at the entrance to or in the heart of hamlets, and not unfrequently in twos or threes under the shadow of quaint churches, as if they had been constructed in the earliest Christian times, even when the Irish St. Fiacre brought the Gospel to these Gallic shores. There is no attempt to adorn them; they stand simple and austere mementos of the true

“*Crux tremendæ majestatis.*”

And surely wheresoever these wayside missionaries of the faith arise, they cannot fail to rescue the rudest hind from that slough of brutality which ignores the very being of God, of which our assize-circuits ever and anon render us painfully cognisant. If such monster

were discoverable hereabouts, it could only be amongst those shepherds whose constant attendance upon their flocks vegetating on these uplands withdraws them from village concourse, and subjects them to Chaldaic solitude. Yet, having frequently encountered these guardians of the silly sheep, and drawn them into colloquy, which was never difficult where unaffected interest in their ways was manifested on our part, we have found no reason to subject them to such a suspicion or imputation. In fact, there is much of the ideal *Pastor Fido* in these Normans. They are, for the most part, in the prime of life, and their good looks do justice to their race. Their figures are athletic; their faces rich with a swarthy glow, and set off by ample beard; their costume clean, comfortable, and picturesque in material and adjustment. Such have we beheld them on more than one sultry autumnal day, seated at the base of one of those time-consecrated crosses, while around lay, quiet and confiding, their hundred-fold flock; the scene almost identical with that illustrated by Landseer, in his well-known picture, but far truer in its genuine rustic of the brotherhood of Gurth the swineherd in the place of a country gentleman in masquerade costume, and his locks primly arranged, as if they had but just come from the ministration of a perruquier.

Here, too, what a subject for the pencil of that same master of all dog-fanciers in these wondrous companions and unfailing agents of the shepherd! Were there a transmigration of souls, what a sterling class of human worthies must have been ordained to pass through their trial in this form! How single in purpose; how stern in action; how keenly intelligent; how minutely obedient in fulfilling the functions of its existence; how the unity of his nature seems concentrated in that eye of purest diamond brilliancy! See, while his charge lies here in repose, how quiet and yet watchful he takes up his position on the circumference of the circled group, or draws up at his master's side awaiting his very whisper of command, or the scarce perceptible significant motion of his hand or head! In his sense of an incessant responsibility he seems to have subdued within him all the characteristic fraternisation and fun of his race. He would scorn the idle facilities of either Luath or Cæsar, nor care, like the former, that

“ His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place; ”

nor, like the latter,

“ hae spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n wi' a tinkler gipsy's messin'
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke though e'er sae duddie
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.”

He has but little yearning even for the caressing of his master; his faculties are all devoted to serious business, for which he but holds off for a moment for his food, or for that sleep in which he recruits the strength which must be severely taxed by that almost incredibly incessant peripatetic action in which, while waking, he lives, moves, and has his being. Unlike the drover's coarsely and cruelly educated offshoot of his family, he is never severe with his silly charge, except when they are knowingly committing a breach of discipline. 'Thus have we seen him guide a flock gently as a dove though a legitimate pasture of sward, when suddenly a turnip-plantation came alongside. Alas, what cat's averse to fish, or sheep to turnip-top! A rush was made upon the juicy delicacy; but not less like a flash was the trespass perceived by the guardian, and, giving tooth to the legs of the delinquents, he had them brought off and within their proper bound in the twinkle of his own bright eye. No command of him with the crook directed this proceeding. The transgression was at once appreciated and chastised, *proprio motu*, by his lieutenant.

In this same pasture-ground, which verges along the cliff with a soil much richer but less sweet in curt herbage than our own downs, one may not unfrequently encounter another and singular rustic entity, the first aspect of which might well startle susceptible nerves, more especially if elemental inclemency prevailed, and rain came with a sweep of the nor'-nor'-west—for, lo! what, on the desolate scene, seemed a deftly-trimmed corn-rig or wheat-sheaf, suddenly springs into action, and discharges a variety of fantastic capers. Can any thing be conceived more bewildering? Do the laws of straw and still life go for naught? While you inquire, the gyrations of this unique illustration of animated nature *presto* present to you a broad burst of grin on a minor member of the *bucolic* corps. In other words, here is revealed a gay garçon, the very embodiment of the *allegro*, whose function it is, throughout the live-long day, to watch the cows, tethered or at large, which browse in these perilous quarters, and who has himself thus thatched in, from head to heel, in an effective armour against winter and rough weather. A rude scrannel pipe, which he applies to his mouth, and from which the semblance of an air is heard, completes the picture. This droll, who unites in his sole person the offices of shepherd and of dog—of Colin and his colly—reminds one of that finny notoriety, with which the aquarium has made us familiar—the hermit-crab.

Turning now our steps and speculations landward, a noble prospect wins all our admiration, as it would equally that of farmer or artist. It is wholly un-English, and is not often to be matched in France. The land, unlike our downs, is rich in agricultural soil, and

unfolds in continuous plains of broad, cultivated, unhedged undulation. By some fortunate customary arrangements, it is not cut up into mean tessellation of proprietary; the crops are widely developed; and the farming worthy to stand beside that of England. But there is no monotony to this tillage view; far from that. And here we have the feature that is peculiarly French. Although occasionally small towns are to be met with on the great highways, to which we have alluded, yet in them is found but a small minority of the agricultural population of the country. Cast your eyes around you, whithersoever your excursion may lead you, and fine extensive blocks of timber loom into and, in their varying outline, adorn the prospect on every side. When, following up their own byroads, you approach these domain-like woodlands, you find that they are enclosed by close and careful hedging. Penetrate the mystery of their interior, and you will speedily discover that they shelter the dwellings of both land-tillers and land-owners—not wedged up together, but picturesquely scattered, *en bocage*, and protected equally from the severities of summer and winter. In the centre you will come upon the immemorial church, with its churchyard, where, of a surety,

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

The most part of these homesteads of an orderly, industrious population have their names terminated with the syllable “ville”—as Bloss-ville, Solle-ville, Yest-ville, Man-ville-es-plains, &c. In these the well-prepared visitor may uproot no little historic lore to reward his researches, and the judicious sketcher will discover mines of unwrought ore, over which he may quietly luxuriate. In the last named, we were arrested by a quaint villa of modern construction, Gothic in fashion, and devoted (as certain mural inscriptions informed the wayfarer, who might be struck with pinnacles and macchiolations and statuettes) to the historic memories of Normandy. It was clearly a show-place, and we accordingly sought its portal; and upon a brass-plate fixed over the handle of a bell-wire thereunto annexed, we were brought-to by finding engraved the following couplet:

“Ter tibi pulsanti, si non aperitur, abito:

Non sum—non possum—non placet esse domi;”

which may be thus freely rendered, for the benefit of the ladies,

Thrice if you ring, and thrice your labour's lost,

I may not, cannot, will not, be your host.

Come, this was something out of the commonplace. We ventured to evoke the spirit within, and were happy to find our first tug at “the tintinnabular appendage” effective. An antique monsieur, who

"wore a rusty old black coat all buttoned down before," courteously opened to us. If there be sermons in stones, there is assuredly a broadside of palaver in an interchange of eye-glances. Ours said, "May we be permitted to see what is to be seen?" and his replied, "I shall be charmed." And so we entered a spacious and pretty garden; and from thence, attendant on signals of our venerable guide, penetrated the *rez-de-chaussée* of the villa. We anticipated a treasure-trove of all manner of historic researches, in print or in manuscript, respecting the chivalrous land, sustained by a museum of relics. In a word, we dreamt that we had unearthed an authentic Dryasdust. But flesh is grass—*ex nihilo nihil fit*. Our good old friend's sanctuary was dedicated to a single purely personal vanity. He was the parent, he made us aware, of an admirable Crichton of a son who had entered the Church, and had attained the position, full of promise, of being one of the Emperor's almoners. Evidences of this event were here displayed, and some published works of Napoleonic illustration, photographs, &c. They portended a mitre—perhaps a hat of scarlet—to embellish hereafter bygone records of the *Fasti Normandienses*. Heaven bless the old man's paternal hopes! To the absent *père de son père* we gave a willing credit for having sustained this octogenarian affection, and also for his scholarship—for his we learned it to be—of the "*Ter tibi pulsanti*."

Strolling to our headquarters from this incursion into Motteville-plains, the whole land, even as at our outset, was freely open to our footsteps; for it was autumn, and the crops all in. But it was far from solitary: numerous ploughmen were sedulously at work near and afar; and truly stalwart were they, guiding, as they did, unaided by juvenile attendant, their sturdy team of two abreast, and turning over the deep-brown mould with steady share. Frequently have we sauntered alongside those men as they toiled through their weary way, and found them uniformly of cool and resolute characteristic. They are the foundation of that dominant repute in farming which attaches to Normandy in competition with the rest of France. The harrow also was manœuvred before us with singular adroitness. Thus, it was not uncommon to see an individual guiding three horses in tandem line, with a lateral harrow attached to each; and each harrow thrown out successively beyond the other. The smartness, spirit, and agility with which this operation was performed, more especially when the singularly loose skeleton-like equipage had to be swung round in frequent turnings, was admirable indeed.

On these rich plains, golden in their fertility and in their skilful cultivation, you are also destined, gentle reader, to have your sensibilities shocked by coming upon groups of the daughters of Eve lite-

rally working out "their daily bread" at the sweat of their brows,—brows too no longer adorned (out upon time and the mutability of even, the muslin of human affairs !) with the once much-admired Normandy cap. After, however, a brief contemplation of this realisation of the primitive malediction, you may be insensibly soothed by remarking that, if the damsels be characteristically comely, they are also—stout. Their structure is graphically illustrated by that rude expression 'strapping.' They moreover seem to devote themselves most thoroughly to that

"goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth ;"

and you must fain be consoled or charmed, maugre your melting mood, in marking with what cheerful vigour the sheaf is borne, the *pommes de terre* gathered in, the rape-root planted, or (in its season) the ripe hay tossed, by Clélie or Julie, or Anastasie or Clominie. Whether this feature in the landscape be one for a smile or a tear, it has become one of absolute necessity, since the conscription on one hand, and the more promising engagements of cotton-spinning on the other, draw off from the land an undue portion of young men.

Wending our evening way homewards, after a day's rustication in such scenes as we have noted, is it not pricelessly precious to descend to this quiet primitive little village of Veules, rather than find yourself in a sort of metropolitan faubourg entitled a watering-place? Descend we did, by the gently winding road to which we have alluded—road, be it remarked, kept in a perfection of repair and trimness of arrangement, with its green carpet of carefully-cut sod at each side, by the incessant care of a well-organised corps of cantoniers, each having a portion of road assigned to his inspection. Descending thus, the village opens with a few casual cottages pleasantly shrouded with apple-trees—for we are in the special cider-district of France. They are, for the most part, stone-built, firmly thatched, and upon that thatch a green and golden moss not unfrequently breaks out in rich luxuriance. Houses of somewhat more pretension are mixed with these; a few in the old parquetting style remind us of Kent and other southern structural antiquities of England. Entering, then, fully into the single street of which Veules for the most part consists, similar and more contrasted irregularities content the eye, more especially as on no hand do you mark either extreme poverty or a want of cleanliness. A spacious farmyard in the centre, with a massive arched entrance, has somewhat of the stateliness of an antiquated fortalice. All around are impressive evidences of honest, industrious, humble life. The overtall poppies

are but few and far between. Strolling quietly from one end of the place to the other, you may, albeit unendued with the faculty of Fine Ear in the story, catch the following significant sounds, and bear them off in your memory—first, the silvery song of the sweet rivulet, as it bounds gushingly over the mill-wheels; secondly, the monotonous *stampede* with which the machines, thereby actuated, crush the rape into oil; thirdly, from within the cottages, the flight and the check of the shuttle, as it guides the cotton thread into a noted sterling web; and finally and fittingly booms up, and bounds in all, the harmonising voice of the ocean,

— πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

And now may all good rural influences guard us against the responsibility of inveigling into this happily secluded spot any fragment of the watering-place rout. Err not hither, ye late devoted loungers in ballroom or boudoir, ye children of cultivated affectations and *beau-monde* sensibilities, with your attendant flight of ministrant *macaroni*. Nor you, most worthy and corpulent citizen, seek not in this quarter your annual ditto of salt-water for self, domestic partner, and that double progeny which you lead along, like Sir Cloudesley and Dame Dorothy, as graven on monumental brass,—he sustained by the boys, and she by the girls, ranging from the mature to the minikin.

Learn that Veules scarce knows a vehicle save the diurnal diligence, the farmer's wagon, and some nondescript one-horse *voiture* for the casualties of common use. Even a live donkey is hereabouts almost as great a rarity as a dead one. Then the whole population depends, for the ordinary supply of plainest provision, upon a weekly market; and half-rations are contingencies to be held in view. Finally, if bathe you will, below the shingle look to your sabots.

“Procul, procul este, profani!”

M. E. C.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the next morning Mr. Congleton called me into the library from the garden, where I was gathering for Muriel a few of such hardy flowers as had survived the early frosts. She was wont to carry them with her to the prisons: for it was one of her kindly apprehensions of the sufferings of others to divine the comfort wherewith things seemingly indifferent do affect those that be shut out of all kinds of enjoyments; and where a less tender nature should have been content to provide necessaries, she, through a more delicate acquaintanceship and light touch, as it were, on the strings of the human heart, ever bethought herself when it was possible to minister if but one minute's pleasure to those who had often well-nigh forgotten the very taste of it. And she hath told me touching that point of flowers, how it had once happened that the scent of some violets she had concealed in her bosom with a like intent did move to tears an aged man, who for many years past had not seen, no not so much as one green leaf in his prison; which tears, he said, did him more good than any thing else which could have happened to him.

I threw down on a bench the chrysanthemums and other bold blossoms I had gathered, and running into the house, opened the door of the library, where, lo and behold, to my no small agitation and amaze, I discovered Edmund Genings, who cried out as I entered:

"O my dear master's daughter and well-remembered playmate, I do greet you with all mine heart; and I thank God that I see you in so good condition, as I may with infinite gladness make report of to your good father, who through me doth impart to you his paternal blessing and most affectionate commendations."

"Edmund," I cried, scarce able to speak for haste, "is he in London? is he in prison?"

"No, forsooth," quoth Mr. Congleton.

"No, verily," quoth Edmund; both at the same time.

"Thy fears, silly wench," added the first, "have run away with thy wits, and I do counsel thee another time to be at more pains to restrain them; for when there be so many occasions to be afraid of veritable evils, 'tis but sorry waste to spend fears on present fancies."

By which I did conjecture my uncle not to be greatly pleased with Edmund's coming to his house, and noticed that he did fidget in his chair and ever and anon glanced at the windows which opened on the garden in an uneasy manner.

"And wherefore art thou then in London?" I asked of Edmund; who thus answered:

"Because Mr. James Fenn, who is also called Williesden, was taken and committed close prisoner in the Marshalsea a short time back; which, when my dear master did hear of, he was greatly disturbed and turmoiled thereby, by reason of weighty matters having passed betwixt him and that gentleman touching lands belonging to recusants, and that extraordinary damage was likely to ensue to several persons of great merit, if he could not advertise him in time how to answer to those accusations which would be laid against him; and did seek if by any means he could have access to him; but could find no hope thereof without imminent danger not to himself only, but to many besides, if he had come to London and been recognised."

"Wherein he did judge rightly," quoth my uncle; and then Edmund—

"So, seeing my master and others of a like faith with him in so great straits touching their property and their lives also, I did most earnestly crave his license, being unknown and of no account in the world, and so least to be suspected, to undertake this enterprise, which he could not himself perform; which at last he did grant me, albeit not without reluctance. And thus resolved I came to town."

"And has your hope been frustrated?" Mr. Congleton asked. To whom Edmund—"I thank God, the end hath answered my expectations. I committed the cause to Him to whom nothing is impossible, and determined, like a trusty servant, to do all that in me did lie thereunto. And thinking on no other means, I took up my abode near to the prison, hoping in time to get acquainted with the keeper; for which purpose I had to drink with him each day, standing the cost, besides paying him well, which I was furnished with the means to do. At last I did, by his means, procure to see Mr. Fenn, and not only come to speak to him, but to have access to his cell three or four times with pen and ink and paper, to write his mind. So I have furnished him with the information he had need of, and likewise brought away with me such answers to my master's questions as should solve his doubts how to proceed in the aforesaid matters."

"God reward thee, my good youth," Mr. Congleton said, "for this thing which thou hast done; for verily, under the laws lately set forth, recusants be in such condition, that, if not death, beggary

doth stare them in the face, and no remedy thereunto except by such assistance as well-disposed Protestants be willing to yield to them."

"And where doth my father stay at this present time?" I asked; and Edmund answered:

"Not so much as to you, Mistress Constance, am I free to reply to that question; for when I left, 'Edmund,' quoth my master, 'it is a part of prudence in these days to guard those that be dear to us from dangers ensuing on what men do call our perversity; and as these new laws enact that he which knoweth any one which doth hear Mass, be it ever so privately, or suffers a priest to absolve him, or performs any other action appertaining to Catholic religion, and doth not discover him before some public magistrate within the space of twenty days next following, shall suffer the punishment of high-treason, than which nothing can be more horrible: and that neither sex nor age be a cause of exemption from the like penalties, so that father must accuse son, and sister brother, and children their parents;—it is, I say, a merciful part to hide from our friends where we do conceal ourselves, whose consciences do charge us with these novel crimes, lest theirs be also burdened with the choice either to denounce us if called upon to testify thereon, or else to speak falsely. Therefore I do charge thee, my son Edmund' (for thus indeed doth my master term me, his unworthy servant), 'that thou keep from my good child, and my dear sister, and her no less dear husband, the knowledge of my present, but indeed ever-shifting, abode; and solely inform them, by word of mouth, that I am in good health, and in very good heart also, and do most earnestly pray for them, that their strength and patience be such as the times do require.'"

"And art thou reconciled, Edmund?" I asked, ever speaking hastily and beforehand with prudence. Mr. Congleton checked me sharply; whereupon, with great confusion, I interrupted my speech; but Edmund, albeit not in words yet by signs, answered my question so as I should be certified it was even as I had hoped. He then asked if I should not be glad to write a letter to my father, which he would carry to him, so that it was neither signed nor addressed,—which letter I did sit down to compose in a hurried manner, my heart prompting my pen to utter what it listed, rather than weighing the words in which those affectionate sentiments were expressed. Mr. Congleton likewise did write to him, whilst Edmund took some food, which he greatly needed; for he had scarce eaten so much as one comfortable meal since he had been in London, and was to ride day and night till he reached his master. I wept very bitterly when

he went away; for the sight of him recalled the dear mother I had lost, the sole parent whose company I was likewise reft of, and the home I was never like to see again. But when those tears were stayed, that which at the time did cause sadness ministered comfort in the retrospect, and relief from worse fears made the present separation from my father more tolerable. And on the next Sunday, when I went to the Charter House with my cousins and Mistress Ward, I was in such good cheer, that Polly commended my prating; which she said for some days had been so stayed, that she had greatly feared I had caught the infectious plague of melancholy from Kate, whom she vowed did half kill her with the sound of her doleful sighing since Mr. Lacy was gone, which she said was a dismal music brought into fashion by love-sick ladies, and such as she never did intend to practise; "for," quoth she, "I hold care to be the worst enemy in life; and to be in love very dull sport, if it serve not to make one merry." This she said turning to Sir Ralph Ingoldby, the afore-mentioned suitor for her hand, who went with us, and thereupon cried out, "Mercy on us, fair mistress, if we must be merry when we be sad, and by merriment win a lady's love, the lack of which doth so take away merriment that we must needs be sad, and so lose that which should cure sadness;" and much more he in that style, and she answering and making sport of his discourse, as was her wont with all gentlemen.

When we reached the house, Mistress Milicent was awaiting us at the door of the gallery for to conduct us to the best place wherein we could see her majesty's entrance. There were some seats there and other persons present, some of which were of Polly's acquaintance, with whom she did keep up a brisk conversation, in which I had occasion to notice the sharpness of her wit, in which she did surpass any woman I have since known, for she was never at a loss for an answer; as when one said to her—

"Truly, you have no mean opinion of yourself, fair mistress."

"As one shall prize himself," quoth she, "so let him look to be valued by others."

And another: "You think yourself to be Minerva."

Whereupon she—"No, sir, not when I be at your elbow;" meaning he was no Ulysses.

And when one gentleman asked her of a book, if she had read it, "The epistle," she said, "and no more."

"And wherefore no more," quoth he, "since that hath wit in it?"

"Because," she answered, "an author who sets all his wit in his epistle is like to make his book resemble a bankrupt's doublet."

"How so?" asked the gentleman.

"In this wise," saith she, "that he sets the velvet before, though the back be but of buckram."

"For my part," quoth a foppish young man, "I have thoughts in my mind should fill many volumes."

"Alack, good sir," cries she, "is there no type good enough to set them in?"

He, somewhat nettled, declares that she reads no books but of one sort, and doats on *Sir Bevis and Owlglass, or Fashion's Mirror*, and suchlike idle stuff, wherein he himself had never found so much as one word of profitable use or reasonable entertainment.

"I have read a fable," she said, "which speaks of a pasture in which oxen find fodder, hounds hares, storks lizards, and some animals nothing."

"To deliver you my opinion," said a lady who sat next to Polly's disputant, "I have no great esteem for letters in gentlewomen. The greatest readers be oft the worst doers."

"Letters!" cries Polly; "why, surely they be the most weighty things in creation; for so much as the difference of one letter mistaken in the order in which it should stand in a short sentence doth alter the expression of a man's resolve in a matter of life and death."

"How prove you that, madam?" quoth the lady.

"By the same token," answered Polly, "that I once did hear a gentleman say, 'I must go die a beggar,' who willed to say, 'I must go buy a dagger.'"

They all did laugh, and then some one said, "There was a witty book of emblems made on all the Cardinals at Rome, in which these scarlet princes were very roughly handled. Bellarmine, for instance, as a tiger fast chained to a post, and a scroll proceeding from the beast's mouth—'Give me my liberty; you shall see what I am.' I wish," quoth the speaker, "he were let loose in this island. The Queen's judges would soon constrain him to eat his words."

"Peradventure," answered Polly, "his own words should be too good food for a recusant in her majesty's prisons."

"Maybe, madam, you have tasted of that food," quoth the afore-said lady, "that you be so well acquainted with its qualities."

Then I perceived that Mistress Ward did nudge Polly for to stay her from carrying on a further encounter of words on this subject; for, as she did remind us afterwards, many persons had been thrown into prison for only so much as a word lightly spoken in conversation which should be supposed even in a remote manner to infer a favourable opinion of Catholic religion; as, for instance, a bookseller in Oxford, for a jest touching the Queen's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, had been a short time before arrested, pilloried,

whipped, and his ears nailed to a counter, which with a knife he had himself to cut through to free himself; which maybe had not been taken much notice of, as nothing singular in these days, the man being a Catholic and of no great note, but that much talk had been ministered concerning a terrible disease which broke out immediately after the passing of that sentence, by which the judge which had pronounced it, the jury, and many other persons concerned in it, had died raving mad; to the no small affright of the whole city. I ween, howsoever, no nudging should have stopped Polly from talking, which indeed was a passion with her, but that a burst of music at that time did announce the Queen's approach, and we did all stand up on the tiptoe of expectation to see her majesty enter.

My heart did beat as fast as the pendulum of a clock when the cries outside resounded, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and her majesty's voice was distinctly heard answering, "I thank you, my good people;" and the ushers crying out, "La Roynie!" as the great door was thrown open; through which we did see her majesty alight from her coach, followed by many nobles and lords, and amongst them one of her bishops, and my Lord and my Lady Surrey, kneeling to receive her on the steps, with a goodly company of kinsfolks and friends around them. Oh, how I did note every lineament of that royal lady, of so great power and majesty, that it should seem as if she were not made of the same mould as those of whom the Scriptures do say, that dust they are, and to dust must they return. Very majestic did she appear; her stature neither tall nor low, but her air exceeding stately. Her eyes small and black, her face fair, her nose a little hooked, and her lips narrow. Upon her head she had a small crown, her bosom was uncovered; she wore an oblong collar of gold and jewels, and on her neck an exceeding fine necklace. She was dressed in white silk bordered with pearls, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train, which was borne by her ladies, was very long. When my lord knelt, she pulled off her glove, and gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels; but when my lady, in as sweet and modest a manner as can be thought of, advanced to pay her the same homage, she did withdraw it hastily and moved on. I can even now, at this distance of time, call to mind the look of that sweet lady's face as she rose to follow her majesty, who leant on my lord's arm with a show of singular favour, addressing herself to him in a mild, playful, and obliging manner. How the young countess's cheek did glow with a burning blush, as if doubting if she had offended in the manner of her behaviour, or had anyways merited the repulse she had met with! How she stood for one moment irresolute, seeking to

catch my lord's eye, so as to be directed by him; and failing to do so, with a pretty smile, but with what I, who loved her, fancied to be a quivering lip, addressed herself to the ladies of the Queen, and conducted them through the cloisters to the garden, whither her highness and my lord had gone.

In a brief time Mistress Milicent came to fetch us to a window which looked on the square, where a great open tent was set for a collation, and seats all round it for the concert which was to follow. As we went along, I took occasion to ask of her the name of a waiting-gentleman, who ordered about the servants with no small alacrity, and met her majesty with many bows and quirks and a long compliment in verse.

" 'Tis Mr. Churchyard," she said; " a retainer of his grace's, and a poet withal."

" Not a *grave* one, I hope," said Polly.

" Nay," answered the simple gentlewoman, " but one well versed in pageants and tournaments and suchlike devices, as well as in writing of verses and epigrams very fine and witty. Her majesty doth sometimes send for him when any pageant is on hand."

" Ah then, I doubt not," quoth Polly, " he doth take himself to be no mean personage in the state, and so behaves accordingly."

Pretty Milicent left us to seek for Mistress Bess, whom she had charge of that day; and now our eyes were so intent on watching the spectacle before us that even Polly for a while was silent. The Queen did sit at table with a store of noblemen waiting on her; and a more goodly sight and a rarer one is not to be seen than a store of men famed for so much bravery and wit and arts of state, that none have been found to surpass them in any age; who be so loyal to a Queen and so reverent to a woman as these to this lady, who doth wear the crown of so great a kingdom, so that all the world doth hold it in respect, and her hand sought by so many great princes. But all this time I could not perceive that she so much as once did look towards my Lady Surrey, or spoke one single word to her or to my Lady Lumley, or little Bess, and took very scanty notice also of my Lady Berkeley, his grace's sister, who was a lady of so great and haughty a stomach, and of speech so eloquent and ready, that I have heard the Queen did say, that albeit Lady Berkeley bent her knee when she made obeisance to her, she could very well see she bent not her will to love or serve her, and that she liked not such as have a man's heart in a woman's body. 'Tis said that parity breedeth not affection, or affinity respect, of which saying this opinion of the Queen's should seem a notable example. But to see my Lady Surrey so treated in her own husband's father's house worked in me such effects of choler,

mingled with sadness, that I could scarce restrain my tears. Methought there was a greater nobleness and a more true queenly greatness in her meek and withal dignified endurance of these slights who was the subject, than in the sovereign who did so insult one who least of all did deserve it. What the Queen did, others took pattern from; and neither my Lord Burleigh, nor my Lord Leicester, or Sir Christopher Hatton, or young Lord Essex (albeit my lord's own friend), or little Sir John Harrington, her majesty's godson, did so much as speak one civil word or show her the least attention; but she did bear herself with so much sweetness, and, though I knew her heart was full almost to bursting, kept up so brave an appearance that none should see it except such as had their own hearts wounded through hers, that some were present that day who since have told me that, for promise of future distinction and true nobility of aspect and behaviour, they had not in their whole lives known one to be compared with the young Countess of Surrey.

Polly did point out to us the aforesaid noblemen and gentlemen, and also Dr. Cheney, the Bishop of Gloucester, who had accompanied her majesty, and M. de la Motte, the French ambassador, whom she did seem greatly to favour; but none that day so much as my Lord Surrey, on whom she let fall many gracious smiles, and used playful fashions with him, such as nipping him once or twice on the forehead, and shaking her fan, as if to reprove him for his answers to her questions, which nevertheless, if her countenance might be judged of, did greatly content her; albeit I once observed her to frown (and methought, then, what a terror doth lie in a sovereign's frown) and speak sharply to him; at the which a high colour came into his cheek, and rose up even to his temples, which her majesty perceiving, she did again use the same blandishments as before; and when the collation was ended, and the concert began, which had been provided for her grace's entertainment, she would have him sit at her feet, and gave him so many tokens of good-will, that I heard Sir Ralph Ingoldby, who was standing behind me, say to another gentleman:

"If that young nobleman's father is like to be shorter by the head, his father's son is like to have his own raised higher than ever his father's was, so he doth keep clear of papistry and overmuch fondness for his wife, which be the two things her majesty doth most abhor in her courtiers."

My heart moving me to curiosity, I could not forbear to ask:

"I pray you, sir, wherefore doth not her majesty like her courtiers to love their wives?"

At the which question he laughed, and said:

"By reason, Mistress Constance, that when they be in that case they do become stayers at home, and wait not on her majesty with a like diligence as when they are unmarried, or leastways love not their ladies. The Bible saith a man cannot serve God and mammon. Now her grace doth opine men cannot serve the Queen and their wives also."

"Then," I warnly cried, "I hope my Lord Surrey shall never serve the Queen!"

"I' faith, say it not so loud, young Mistress Papist," said Sir Ralph, laughing, "or we shall have you committed for high-treason. Some are in the Tower, I warrant you, for no worse offence than the uttering of suchlike rash words. How should you fancy to have your pretty ears bored with a rougher instrument than Master Anselm's the jeweller?"

And so he; but Polly, who methinks was not well pleased that he should notice mine ears, which were little and well-shaped, whereas hers were somewhat larger than did accord with her small face, did stop his further speech with me by asking him if he were an enemy to Papists; for if so, she would have naught to say to him, and he might become a courtier to the Queen, or any one else's husband, for any thing she did care, yea, if she were to lose her ears for it.

And he answered, he did very much love some Papists, albeit he hated papistry when it proved not conformable to reason and the laws of the country.

And so they fell to whispering and suchlike discourses as lovers hold together; and I, being seated betwixt this enamoured gentleman and the wall on the other side, had no one then to talk with. But if my tongue and mine ears also, save for the music below, were idle, not so mine eyes, for they did stray from one point to another of the fair spectacle which the garden did then present. Now resting on the Queen and those near unto her, and anon on my Lady Surrey, who sat on a couch to the left of her majesty's raised canopy, together with Lady Southwell, Lady Arundell (Sir Robert's wife), and other ladies of the Queen, and on one side of her the Bishop of Gloucester, whom, by reason of his assiduous talking with her, I took more special note of than I should otherwise have done; albeit he was a man which did attract the eye, even at the first sight, by a most amiable suavity of countenance, and a sweet and dignified behaviour both in speech and action such as I have seldom observed greater in any one. His manners were free and unconstrained; and only to look at him converse, it was easy to perceive he had a most ready wit tempered with benevolence. He seemed vastly taken with my Lady Surrey; and either had not

noticed how others kept aloof from her, or was rather moved thereby to show her civility; for they soon did fall into such eager, and in some sort familiar, discourse, as it should seem to run on some subject of like interest to both. Her colour went and came as the conversation advanced; and when she spoke, he listened with such grave suavity, and, when she stayed her speech, answered in so obliging a manner, and seemed so loth to break off, that I could not but admire how two persons, hitherto strangers to each other, and of such various ages and standing, should be so companionable on a first acquaintanceship.

When the Queen rose to depart, in the same order in which she came, every one kneeling as she passed, I did keenly watch to see what visage she would show to my Lady Surrey, whom she did indeed this time salute; but in no gracious manner, as one who looks without looking, notices without heeding, and in tendering of thanks thanketh not. As my lord walked by her majesty's side through the cloisters to the door, he suddenly dropped on one knee, and drawing a paper from his bosom, did present it to her highness, who started as if surprised, and shook her head in a playful manner—(oh, what a cruel playfulness methought it was, who knew, as her majesty must needs also have done, what that paper did contain),—as if she would not be at that time troubled with such grave matters, and did hand it to my Lord Burleigh; then gave again her hand to my lord to kiss, who did kneel with a like reverence as before; but with a shade of melancholy in his fair young face, which methought became it better than the smiles it had worn that day.

After the Queen had left, and all the guests were gone save such few as my lord had willed to stay to supper in his private apartments, I went unto my lady's chamber, where I found Mistress Milicent, who said she was with my lord, and prayed me to await her return; for that she was urgent I should not depart without speaking with her, which was also what I greatly desired. So I took a book and read for the space of an hour or more, whilst she tarried with my lord. When she came in, I could see she had been weeping. But her women being present, and likewise Mistress Bess, she tried to smile, and pressed my hand, bidding me to stay till she was rid of her trappings, as she did term them; and, sitting down before her mirror,—though I ween she never looked at her own face, which that evening had in it more of the whiteness of the lily than the colour of the rose,—she desired her women to unbraid her hair, and remove from her head the diamond circlet, and from her neck the heavy gold chain with a pearl cross, which had belonged to her husband's mother. Then stepping out of her robe, she put on a silk

wrapper, and so dismissed them, and likewise little Bess, who before she went whispered in her ear:

"Nan, methinks the Queen is foul and red-haired, and I should not care to kiss her hand for all the fine jewels she doth wear."

And so hugged her round the neck and stopped her mouth with kisses. When they were gone,

"Constance," quoth she, "we be full young, I ween, for the burden laid upon us, my lord and me."

"Ay, sweet one," I cried; "and God defend thou shouldst have to carry it alone;" for my heart was sore that she had had so little favour shown to her and my lord so much. A faint colour tinged her cheek as she replied:

"God knows I should be well content that Phil should stand so well in her majesty's good graces as should be convenient to his honour and the furtherance of his fortunes, if so be his father was out of prison; and 'tis little I should reck of such slights as her highness should choose to put upon me, if I saw him not so covetous of her favour that he shall think less well of his poor Nan hereafter by reason of the lack of her majesty's good opinion of her, which was so plainly showed to-day. For, good Constance, bethink thee what a galling thing it is to a young nobleman to see his wife so meanly entreated; and for her majesty to ask him, as she did, if the pale-faced chit by his side, when she arrived, was his sister or his cousin. And when he said it was his wife, who had knelt with him to greet her majesty—'Wife!' quoth the Queen; 'i' faith, I had forgotten thou wast married,—if indeed that is to be called a marriage which children do contract before they come to the age of reason;' and said she would take measures for that a law should be passed which should make such foolish marriages unlawful. And when my lord tried to tell her we had been married a second time a few months since, she pretended not to hear, and asked M. de la Motte if, in his country, children were made to marry in their infancy. To which he gave answer, that the like practice did sometimes take place in France; and that he had himself been present at a wedding where the bridegroom was whipped because he did refuse to open the ball with the bride. At the which her majesty very much laughed, and said she hoped my lord had not been so used on his wedding-day. I promise you Phil was very angry; but the wound these jests made was so salved over with compliments, which pleasantly tickle the ears when uttered by so great a queen, and marks of favour more numerous than can be thought of, in the matter of inviting him to hunt with her in Marylebone and Greenwich Park, and telling him he deserved better treatment than he had, as to his household and setting

forward in the world, that methinks the scar was not long in healing; albeit in the relating of these passages the pain somewhat revived. But what doth afflict me the most is the refusal her highness made to read my lord's letter, lamenting the unhappy position of the duke his father, and hoping the Queen, by his means and those of other friends, should mitigate her anger. I would have had Phil not only go down on his knees as he did, but lie on the threshold of the door, so that she should have walked over the son's body if she refused to show mercy to the father; but he yet doth greatly hope from the favour showed him, that he may sue her majesty with better effect some other time; and I pray God he may be right."

Here did the dear lady break off her speech, and hiding her face in her hands remained silent for a short space; and I, seeing her so deeply moved, with the intent to draw away her thoughts from painful musings, inquired of her if the good entertainment she had found in conversing with the bishop had been attributable to his witty discourse, or to the subjects therein treated of.

"Ah, good Constance," she answered, "our talk was of one whom you have often heard me speak of,—Mr. Martin's friend, Master Campion,* who is now beyond seas at Douay, and whom this bishop once did hold to be more dear to him than the apple of his eye. He says his qualifications were so excellent, and he so beloved by all persons in and outside of his college at Oxford, that none more so; and that he did himself see in him so great a present merit and promise of future excellence, that it had caused him more grief than any thing else which had happened to him, and been the occasion of his shedding more tears than he had ever thought to have done, when he who had received from him deacon's orders, and whom he had hoped should have been an honour and a prop to the Church of England, did forsake it and fly in the face of his Queen and his country: first, by going into Ireland; and then, as he understood, beyond seas, to serve the Bishop of Rome, against the laws of God and man. But that he did yet so dearly affection him that, understanding we had sometimes tidings of Mr. Martin, by whose means he had mostly been moved to this lamentable defection, he should be contented to hear somewhat of his whilom son, still dear to him, albeit estranged. I told him we did often see Master Campion when Mr. Martin was here; and that, from what I had heard, both were like to be at Douay, but that no letters past between Mr. Martin and ourselves; for that his grace did not allow of such correspondence since he had been reconciled and gone beyond seas.

* State papers.

Which the bishop said was a commendable prudence in his grace, and the part of a careful father; and added, that then maybe he knew more of what had befallen Master Campion than I did; for that he had a long epistle from him, so full of moving arguments and pithy remonstrances, as might have shaken one not well grounded and settled in his religion, and which also contained a recital of his near arrest in Dublin, where the Queen's officers would have arrested him, if a friend had not privately warned him of his danger. And I do know, good Constance, who that friend was; for albeit I would not tell the bishop we had seen Master Campion since he was reconciled, he, in truth, was here some months ago: my lord met him in the street, disguised as a common travelling man, and brought him into the garden, whither he also called me; and we heard then from him how he would have been taken in Ireland, if the Viceroy himself, Sir Henry Sydney, who did greatly favour him,—as indeed all who know him incline to do, for his great parts, and nobleness of mind and heart, and withal most attractive manners,—had not sent him a message, in the middle of the night, to the effect that he should instantly leave the city, and take measures for to escape abroad. So, under the name of Patrick, and wearing the livery of the Earl of Kildare, he travelled to a port twenty miles from Dublin, and there embarked for England. The Queen's officers, coming on board the ship whereon he had taken his passage, before it sailed, searched it all over; but, through God's mercy, he said, and St. Patrick's prayers, whose name he had taken, no one did recognise him, and he passed to London; and the day after, my lord sent him over to Flanders. So much as the bishop did know thereon, he related unto me, and stinted not in his praise of his great merits, and lamentations for what he called his perversion; and hence he took occasion to speak of religion. And when I said I had been brought up in the Catholic religion, albeit I now conformed to the times, he said he would show me the way to be Catholic and still obey the laws, and that I might yet believe for the most part what I had learnt from my teachers, so be I renounced the Pope, and commended my saying the prayers I had been used to; which, he doubted not, were more pleasing to God than such as some ministers do recite out of their own heads, whom he did grieve to hear frequented our house, and were no better than heretics, such as Mr. Fox and Mr. Fulke and Mr. Charke, and the like of them. But what did much content me was, that he mislikes the cruel usage recusants do meet with; and he said, not as if boasting of it, but to declare his mind thereon, that he had often sent them alms who suffered for their conscience' sake, as many do at

this time. But that I was to remember many Protestants were burnt in the late Queen's time, and that if Papists were not kept under by strict laws, the like might happen again.

"You should have told him," I cried, who had been silent longer than I liked, "that Protestants are burnt also in this reign, by the same token that some Anabaptists did so suffer a short time back, to your Mr. Fox's no small disgust, who should will none but Catholics to be put to death."

"Content thee, good Constance," my lady answered: "I be not so furnished with arguments as thou in a like case wouldst be. So I only said, I would to God none were burnt, or hanged, or tortured any more in this country, or in the world at all, for religion; and my lord of Gloucester declared he was of the same mind, and would have none so dealt with, if he could mend it, here or abroad. Then the Queen rising to go, our discourse came to an end; but this good bishop says he will visit me when he next doth come to London, and make that matter plain to me how I can remain Catholic, and obey the Queen, and content his grace."

"Then he will show you," I cried, "how to serve God and the world, which the Gospel saith is a thing not to be thought of, and full of peril to the soul."

My Lady Surrey burst into tears, and I was angered with myself that I had spoken peradventure over sharply to her who had too much trouble already; but it did make me mad to see her so beset that the faith which had been once so rooted in her, and should be her sure and only stay in the dangerous path she had entered on, should be in such wise shaken as her words did indicate. But she was not angered, the sweet soul; and drawing me to herself, laid her head on my bosom, and said:

"Thou art a true friend, though a bold one; and I pray God I may never lack the benefit of such friendship as thine, for He knoweth I have great need thereof."

And so we parted, with many tender embraces, and our hearts more strictly linked together than heretofore.

CHAPTER X.

In the month of November of the same year in which the Queen did visit Lord and Lady Surrey at the Charter House, a person, who mentioned not his name, delivered into the porter's hands at our gate a letter for me, which I found to be from my good father, and which I do here transcribe, as a memorial of his great piety towards God, and tender love for me his unworthy child.

"MY DEARLY-BELOVED DAUGHTER (so he),—Your comfortable letter has not a little cheered me; and the more so that this present one is like to be the last I shall be able to write on this side of the sea, if it so happen that it shall please God to prosper my intent, which is to pass over into Flanders at the first convenient opportunity; for the stress of the times, and mine own earnest desire to live within the compass of a religious life, have moved me to forsake for a while this realm, and betake myself to a place which shall afford opportunity and a sufficiency of leisure for the prosecution of my design. The comfortable report Edmund made of thy health, increased height, and good condition, as also of thy exceeding pleasant and affectionate behaviour to him, as deputed from thy poor father to convey to thee his paternal blessing, together with such tokens as a third person may exhibit of that most natural and tender affection which he bears to thee, his sole child, whom next to God he doth most entirely value and love,—of which charge this good youth assured me he did acquit himself as my true son in Christ, which indeed he now is,—and my good brother's letter and thine, which both do give proof of the exceeding great favour shown towards thee in his house, wherein he doth reckon my Constance not so much a niece (for such be his words) as a most cherished daughter, whose good qualities and lively parts have so endeared her to his family, that the greatest sorrow which could befall them should be to lose her company; which I do not here recite for to awaken in thee motions of pride or a vain conceit of thine own deserts, but rather gratitude to those whose goodness is so great as to overlook thy defects and magnify thy merits;—Edmund's report, I say, coupled with these letters, have yielded me all the contentment I desire at this time, when I am about to embark on a perilous voyage, of which none can foresee the course or the end: one in which I take the Cross of Christ for my only staff; His words, 'Follow Me,' for my motto; and His promise, to all such as do confess Him before men, as the assured anchor of my hope.

"Our ingenuous youth informed thee (albeit I doubt not in such wise as to conceal, if it had been possible, his own ability, which, with his devotedness, do exceed praise) how he acquitted both me and others of much trouble and imminent danger by his fortunate despatch with that close prisoner. I had determined to place him with some of my acquaintance, lest perhaps he should return, not without some danger of his soul, to his own friends; but when he understood my resolution, he cried out with like words to those of St. Lawrence, 'Whither goeth my master without his servant? Whither goeth my father without his son?' and with tears distilling from his eyes,

he humbly entreated he might go together with me, saying, as it were with St. Peter, 'Master, I am ready to go with you to prison, yea to death;' but, forecasting his future ability, as also to try his spirit a little further, I made him answer it was impossible; to which our Edmund replied, 'Alas! and is it impossible? Shall my native soil restrain free will? or home-made laws alter devout resolutions? Am I not young? Can I not study? May I not in time get what you now have got—learning for a scholar? yea, virtue for a priest, perhaps; and so at length obtain that for which you now are ready? Direct me the way, I beseech you; and let me, if you please, be your precursor. Tell me what I shall do, or whither I must go; and for the rest, God, who knows my desire, will provide and supply the want. Can it be possible that He who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the fowls of the air, will forsake him who forsakes all to fulfil His divine precept, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be given to you"?' Finally, he ended, to my no small admiration, by reciting the words of our Saviour, 'Whosoever shall forsake home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, for My sake and the gospel's, shall receive a hundredfold and possess life everlasting.'

"By these impulses, often repeated with great fervour of spirit, I perceived God Almighty's calling in him, and therefore at last condescended to let him take his adventures, procuring him commendations to such friends beyond seas as should assist him in his purpose, and furnishing him with money sufficient for such a journey; not judging it to be prudent to keep him with me, who have not ability to warrant mine own passage; and so noted a recusant, that I run a greater risk to be arrested in any port where I embark. And so, in all love and affection, we did part; and I have since had intelligence, for the which I do return most humble and hearty thanks to God, that he hath safely crossed the seas, and has now reached a sure harbour, where his religious desires may take effect. And now, daughter Constance, mine own good child, fare thee well! Pray for thy poor father, who would fain give thee the blessing of the elder as of the younger son,—Jacob's portion and Esau's also. But methinks the blessings of this world be not at the present time for the Catholics of this land; and so we must needs be content, for our children as for ourselves (and a covetous man he is which should not therewith be satisfied), with the blessings our Lord did utter on the mountain, and mostly with that in which He doth say, 'Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you, and revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My name's sake; for great is your reward in heaven.'

"Your loving father in natural affection and ten thousand times more in the love of Christ.

H. S."

Oh, what a gulf of tenfold separation did those words "beyond seas" suggest betwixt that sole parent and his poor child! Thoughts travel not with ease beyond the limits which nature hath set to this isle; and what lies beyond the watery waste wherewith Providence hath engirdled our shores offers no apt images to the mind picturing the invisible from the visible, as it is wont to do with home-scenes, where one city or one landscape beareth a close resemblance to another. And if, in the forsaking of this realm, so much danger did lie, yea, in the very ports whence he might sail, so that I, who should otherwise have prayed that the winds might detain him, and the waves force him back on his native soil, was constrained to supplicate that they should assist him to abandon it,—how much greater, methought, should be the perils of his return, when, as he indeed hoped, a mark should be set on him which in our country dooms men to a cruel death! Many natural tears I shed at this parting, which until then had not seemed so desperate and final; and for a while would not listen to the consolations which were offered by the good friends who were so tender to me, but continued to wander about in a disconsolate manner in the garden, or passionately to weep in my own chamber, until Muriel, the sovereign mistress of comfort to others, albeit ever ailing in her body, and contemned by such as dived not through exterior deformity into the interior excellences of her soul, with sweet compulsion and authoritative arguments drawn from her admirable faith and simple devotion, rekindled in mine the more noble sentiments sorrow had obscured, not so much through diverting, as by elevating and sweetening, my thoughts to a greater sense of the goodness of God in calling my father, and peradventure Edmund also, to so great an honour as the priesthood, and never more honourable than in these days, wherein it oftentimes doth prove the road to martyrdom.

In December of that year my Lord and my Lady Surrey, by the Duke of Norfolk's desire, removed for some weeks to Kenninghall for change of air, and also Lady Lumley, his grace judging them to be as yet too young to keep house alone. My lord's brothers and Mistress Bess, with her governess, were likewise carried there. Lady Surrey wrote from that seat, that, were it not for the duke's imprisonment and constant fears touching his life, she should have had great contentment in that retirement, and been most glad to have tarried there, if it had pleased God, so long as she lived, my lord taking so

much pleasure in field-sports, and otherwise so companionable, that he often offered to ride with her; and in the evenings they did entertain themselves with books, chiefly poetry, and sometimes played at cards. They had but few visitors, by reason of the disgrace and trouble his grace was in at that time; only such of their neighbours as did hunt and shoot with the earl her husband; mostly Sir Henry Stafford and Mr. Rookwood's two sons, whom she commended; the one for his good qualities and honest carriage, and the other for wit and learning; as also Sir Hammond l'Estrange, a gentleman who stayed no longer away from Kenninghall, she observed, than thereunto compelled by lack of an excuse for tarrying if present, or returning when absent. He often procured to be invited by my lord, who used to meet him out of doors, and frequently carried him back with him to dine or to sup, and often both.

"And albeit" (so my lady wrote) "I doubt not but he doth set a reasonable value on my lord's society,—who, although young enough to be his son, is exceedingly conversable and pleasant, as every one who knows him doth testify,—and mislikes not, I ween, the good cheer, or the wine from his grace's cellar; yet I warrant thee, good Constance, 'tis not for the sake only of our poor company or hospitable table that this good knight doth haunt us, but rather from the passion I plainly see he hath conceived for our Milicent since a day when he hurt his arm by a fall not far from hence, and I procured she should dress it with that rare ointment of thine, which verily doth prove of great efficacy in cases where the skin is rubbed off. Methinks the wound in his arm was then transplanted into his heart, and the good man so bewitched with the blue eyes and dove-like countenance of his surgeon, that he has fallen head-over-ears in love, and is, as I hope, minded to address her in a lawful manner. His wound did take an exceeding long time in healing, to the no small discredit of thy ointment; for he came several days to have it dressed, and I could not choose but smile when at last our sweet practitioner did ask him, in an innocent manner, if the wound did yet smart, for indeed she could see no appearance in it but what betokened it to be healed. He answered, 'There be wounds, Mistress Milicent, which smart, albeit no outward marks of such suffering do show themselves.' 'Ay,' quoth Milicent, 'but for such I be of opinion further dressing is needless; and with my lady's license, I will furnish you, sir, with a liquid which shall strengthen the skin, and so relieve the aching, if so you be careful to apply it night and morning to the injured part, and to cork the bottle after using it.' 'My memory is so bad, fair physician,' quoth the knight, 'that I am ike to forget the prescription.' She answered, he should stand the

bottle so as it should meet his eyes when he rose, and then he must needs remember it.

"And so broke off the discourse. But when he is here, I notice how his eyes do follow her when she sets the table for primero, or works at the tambour-frame, or plays with Bess, to whom he often talks as she sits on *her* knees, who, if I mistake not, shall be, one of these days, Lady l'Estrange, and is as worthy to be so well married as any girl in the kingdom, both as touching her birth and her exceeding great virtue and good disposition. He is an extreme Protestant, and very bitter against Catholics; but as she, albeit mild in temper, is as firmly settled in the new religion as he is, no difference will exist between them on a point in which 'tis most of all to be desired husbands and wives should be agreed. Thou mayst think that I have been over apt to note the signs of this good knight's passion, and to draw deductions from such tokens as have appeared of it, visible maybe to no other eyes than mine; but trust me, Constance, those who do themselves know what 'tis to love with an engrossing affection are quick to mark the same effects in others. When Phil is in the room, I find it a hard matter at times to restrain mine eyes from gazing on that dear husband, whom I do so entirely love that I have no other pleasure in life but in his company. And not to seem to him or to others too fond, which is not a beseeeming thing even in a wife, I study to conceal my constant thinking on him by such devices as cunningly to provoke others to speak of my lord, and so appear only to follow whereunto my own desire doth point, or to propose questions,—a pastime wherein he doth excel,—and so minister to mine own pride in him without direct flattery, or in an unbecoming manner setting forth his praise. And thus I do grow learned in the tricks of true affection, and to perceive in such as are in love what mine own heart doth teach me to be the signals of that passion."

So far my lady; and not long after, on the 1st day of February, I had a note from her, written in great distraction of mind at the Charter House, where she and all his grace's children had returned in a sudden manner on the hearing that the Queen had issued a warrant for the duke's execution on the next Monday. Preparations were made with the expectation of all London and a concourse of many thousands to witness it, the tread of whose feet was heard at night, like to the roll of muffled drums, along the streets; but on the Sunday, late in the night, the Queen's majesty entered into a great misliking that the duke should die the next day, and sent an order to the sheriffs to forbear till they should hear further. His grace's mother, the Dowager Countess, and my Lady Berkeley his sister

(now, indeed, lowering her pride to most humble supplication), and my Lord Arundel from his sick-bed, and the French ambassador, together with many others, sued with singular earnestness to her majesty for his life, who, albeit she had stayed the execution of his sentence, would by no means recall it. I hasted to the Charter House, Mistress Ward going with me, and both were admitted into her ladyship's chamber, with whom did sit that day the fairest picture of grief I ever beheld—the Lady Margaret Howard, who for some months had resided with the Countess of Sussex, who was a very good lady to her and all these afflicted children. Albeit Lady Surrey had often greatly commended this young lady, and styled her so rare a piece of perfection, that no one could know and not admire her; the loveliness of her face, nobility of her figure, and attractiveness of her manners exceeded my expectations. The sight of these sisters minded me then of what Lady Surrey had written when they were yet children, touching my Lord Surrey styling them “two twin cherries on one stalk;” and methought, now that the lovely pair had ripened into early maturity, their likeness in beauty (though differing in complexion) justified the saying. Lady Margaret greeted us as though we had not been strangers, and in the midst of her great and natural sorrow showed a grateful sense of the share we did take in a grief which methinks was deeper in her than in any other of these mourners.

Oh, what a period of anxious suspense did follow that first reprieve! what alternations of hope and fear! what affectionate letters were exchanged between that loving father and good master and his sorrowful children and servants! Now writing to Mr. Dyx, his faithful steward:

“Farewell, good Dyx! your service hath been so faithful unto me, as I am sorry that I cannot make proof of my good-will to recompense it. I trust my death shall make no change in you towards mine, but that you will faithfully perform the trust that I have reposed in you. Forget me, and remember me in mine. Forget not to counsel and advise Philip and Nan's unexperienced years; the rest of their brothers' and sisters' well-doing resteth much upon their virtuous and considerate dealings. God grant them His grace, which is able to work better in them than my natural well-meaning heart can wish unto them. Amen. And so, hoping of your honesty and faithfulness when I am dead, I bid you this my last farewell.
T. H.”

Now to another trusty friend and honest dependent:

“Good friend George, farewell. I have no other tokens to send my

friends but my books; and I know how sorrowful you are, amongst the rest, for my hard hap, whereof I thank God; because I hope His merciful chastisement will prepare me for a better world. Look well throughout this book, and you shall find the name of duke very unhappy. I pray God it may end with me, and that others may speed better hereafter. But if I might have my wish, and were in as good a state as ever you knew me, yet I would wish for a lower degree. Be a friend, I pray you, to mine; and do my hearty commendations to your good wife and to gentle Mr. Denny. I die in the faith that you have ever known me to be of. Farewell, good friend.

“Yours dying, as he was living,

“NORFOLK.”

These letters and some others did pass from hand to hand in that afflicted house; and sometimes hope, and sometimes despair, prevailed in the hearts of the great store of relatives and friends which often assembled there to confer on the means of softening the Queen's anger and moving her to mercy: one time through letters from the King of France and other princes, which was an ill shot, for to be so entreated by foreign potentates did but inflame her majesty's anger against the duke; at others, by my Lord Sussex and my Lord Arundel, or such persons in her court as nearly approached her highness and could deal with her when she was merry and chose to condescend to their discourse. But the wind shifts not oftener than did the Queen's mind at that time, so diverse were her dispositions towards this nobleman, and always opposed to such as appeared in those who spoke on this topic, whether as pressing for his execution, or suing for mercy to be extended to him. I heard much talk at that time touching his grace's good qualities: how noble had been his spirit; how moderate his disposition; how plain his attire; how bountiful his alms.

As the fates of many do in these days hang on the doom of one, much eagerness was shown amongst those who haunted my uncle's house to learn the news afloat concerning the issue of the duke's affair. Some Catholics of note were lying in prison at that time in Norwich, most of them friends of these gentlemen; of which four were condemned to death at that time, and one to perpetual imprisonment and loss of all his property for reconciliation; but whilst the Duke of Norfolk was yet alive, they held the hope he should, if once out of prison, recover the Queen's favour and drive from their seats his and their mortal enemies, my Lords Burleigh and Leicester. And verily the axe was held suspended on the head of that duke for four months and more, to the unspeakable anguish of many; and,

amongst others, his aged and afflicted mother, the Dowager Countess of Surrey, who came to London from the country to be near her son in this extremity. Three times did the Queen issue a warrant for his death, and then recalled it; so that those trembling relatives and well-wishers in and out of his house did look each day to hear the fatal issue had been compassed. In the month of March, when her majesty was sick with a severe inflammation and agonising pain, occasioned, some said, by poison administered by Papists, but by her own physicians declared to arise from her contempt of their prescriptions,—there was a strange turmoil, I ween, in some men's breasts, albeit silent as a storm brewing on a sultry day. Under their breath, and with faces shaped to conceal the wish which bred the inquiry, they asked of the Queen's health; whilst others tore their hair and beat their breasts with no affected grief, and the most part of the people lamented her danger. Oh, what five days were those when the shadow of death did hover over that royal couch, and men's hearts failed them for fear, or else wildly whispered hopes such as they durst not utter aloud,—not so much as to a close friend,—lest the walls should have ears, or the pavement open under their feet! My God, in Thy hands lie the issues of life and death. Thou dost assign to each one his space of existence, his length of days. Thy ways are not as our ways, nor Thy thoughts as our thoughts. She lived who was yet to doom so many princely heads to the block, so many saintly forms to the dungeon and the rack. She lived whose first act was to stretch forth a hand yet weakened by sickness to sign, a fourth time, the warrant for her kinsman's death, and once again recalled it. Each day some one should come in with various reports touching the Queen's dispositions. Sometimes she had been heard to opine that her dangers from her enemies were so great, that justice must be done. At others she vehemently spoke of the nearness of blood to herself, of the superiority in honour of this duke; and once she wrote to Lord Burleigh (a copy of this letter Lord Surrey saw in Lord Oxford's hands), "that she was more beholden to the hinder part of her head than she dared trust the forward part of the same;" and expressed great fear lest an irrevocable deed should be committed. But she would not see Lord Surrey, or suffer him to plead in person for his father's life. Yet there were good hopes amongst his friends he should yet be released, till one day,—I mind it well, for I was sitting with Lady Surrey, reading out loud to her, as I was often used to do,—my Lord Berkeley burst into the chamber, and cried, throwing his gloves on the table and swearing a terrible oath:

"That woman has undone us!"

"What, the Queen?" said my lady, white as a smock.

"Verily a queen," he answered gloomily. "I warrant you the Queen of Scots hath ended as she did begin, and dragged his grace into a pit from whence I promise you he will never now rise. A letter, writ in her cipher to the Duke of Alva, hath been intercepted, in which that luckless royal wight, ever fatal to her friends as to herself, doth say, 'that she hath a strong party in England, and lords who favour her cause; some of whom, albeit prisoners, so powerful, that the Queen of England should not dare to touch their lives.' Alack! those words, 'should not dare,' shall prove the death-warrant of my noble brother. Cursed be the day when he did get entangled in that popish siren's plots!"

"Speak not harshly of her, good my lord," quoth Lady Surrey, in her gentle voice. "Her sorrows do bear too great a semblance to our own not to bespeak from us patience in this mishap."

"Nan," said Lord Berkeley, "thou art of too mild a disposition. 'Tis the only fault I do find with thee. Beshrew me, if my wife and thee could not make exchange of some portion of her spirit and thy meekness to the advantage of both. I warrant thee, Phil's wife should hold a tight hand over him."

"I read not that precept in the Bible, my lord," quoth she, smiling. "It speaketh roundly of the duty of wives to obey, but not so much as one word of their ruling."

"Thou hadst best preach thy theology to my Lady Berkeley," he answered; "and then she—"

"But I pray you, my lord, is it indeed your opinion that the Queen will have his grace's life?"

"I should not give so much as a brass pin, Nan, for his present chance of mercy at her hands," he replied sadly. And his words were justified in the event.

Those relentless enemies of the duke, my Lords Burleigh and Leicester,—who, at the time of the Queen's illness, had stood three days and three nights without stirring from her bedside in so great terror lest she should die and he should compass the throne through a marriage with the Queen of Scots, that they vowed to have his blood at any cost if her majesty did recover,—so dealt with parliament as to move it to send a petition praying that, for the safety of her highness and the quieting of her realm, he should be forthwith executed. And from that day to the mournful one of his death, albeit from the great reluctance her majesty had evinced to have him despatched, his friends, yea unto the last moment, lived in expectancy of a reprieve; he himself made up his mind to die with extraordinary fortitude, not choosing to entertain so much as the least hope of life.

One day at that time I saw my Lady Margaret mending some hose, and at each stitch she made with her needle tears fell from her eyes. I offered to assist her ladyship; but she said, pressing the hose to her heart, "I thank thee, good Constance; but no other hands than mine shall put a stitch in these hose, for they be my father's, who hath worn them with these holes for many months, till poor Master Dyx bethought himself to bring them here to be patched and mended, which task I would have none perform but myself. My father would not suffer him to procure a new pair, lest it should be misconstrued as a sign of his hope or desire of a longer life, and with the same intent he refuseth to eat flesh as often as the physicians do order; 'for,' quoth he, 'why should I care to nourish a body doomed to such near decay?'" Then, after a pause, she said, "He will not wear clothes which have any velvet on them, being, he saith, a condemned person."

Lady Surrey took one of the hose in her hand, but Lady Margaret, with a filial jealousy, sadly smiling, shook her head; "Nay, Nan," quoth she, "not even to thee, sweet one, will I yield one jot or tittle of this mean, but, in relation to him who doth own these poor hose, exalted labour." Then she asked her sister if she had heard of the duke's request that Mr. Fox, his old schoolmaster, should attend on him in the Tower, to whom he desired to profess that faith he did first ground him in.

And my Lady Surrey answered, yea; that my lord had informed her of it, and many other proofs beside that his grace sought to prepare for death in the best manner he could think of.

"Some ill-disposed persons have said," quoth Lady Margaret, "that 'tis with the intent to propitiate the Queen that my father doth show himself to be so settled in his religion, and that he is not what he seems; but 'tis a slander on his grace, who hath been of this way of thinking since he attained to the age of reason, and was never at any time reconciled, as some have put forth."

This was the last time I did see these afflicted daughters until long after their father's death, who was beheaded in the chapel of the Tower shortly afterwards. When the blow fell, which, striking at him, struck a no less fatal blow to the peace and well-doing of his children, they all left the Charter House and removed for a time into the country, to the houses of divers relatives, in such wise as before his death the duke had desired. A letter which I received from Lady Surrey a few weeks after she left London doth best serve to show the manner of this disposal, and the temper of the writer's mind at that melancholy time.

"MY OWN DEAR CONSTANCE,—It may like you to hear that your

afflicted friend is improved in bodily health, and somewhat recovered from the great suffering of mind which the duke, their good father's death, has caused to all his poor children—mostly to Megg and Phil and me; for their brothers and my sister are too young greatly to grieve. My Lord Arundel is sorely afflicted, I hear, and hath writ a very lamentable letter to our good Lady Sussex concerning this sad mishap. My Lady Berkeley and my Lady Westmoreland are almost distracted with grief for the death of a brother they did singularly love. That poor lady (of Westmoreland) is much to be pitied, for that she is parted from her husband, maybe for ever, and has lost two fair daughters in one year.

“My lord hath shown much affection for his father, and natural sorrow in this sad loss; and when his last letters, written a short time before he suffered, and addressed ‘To my loving children,’ specially the one to Philip and Nan, reached his hands, he wept so long and bitterly, that it seemed as if his tears should never cease. My lord is forthwith to make his chief abode at Cambridge for a year or two; and Megg and I, with Lady Sussex, and I do hope Bess also—albeit his grace doth appear in his letter to be otherwise minded. But methinks he apprehended to lay too heavy a charge on her, who is indeed a good lady to us all in this our unhappy condition, and was loth Megg should be out of my company.

“The parting with my lord is a sore trial, and what I had not looked to; but God's will be done; and if it be for the advantage of his soul, as well as the advancement of his learning, he should reside at the university, it should ill befit me to repine. And now methinks I will transcribe, if my tears do not hinder me, his grace's letters, which will inform thee of his last wishes better than I could explain them; for I would have thee know how tender and forecasting was his love for us, and the good counsel he hath left unto his son, who I pray to God may always follow it. And I would have thee likewise note one point of his advice, which indeed I should have been better contented he had not touched upon, forasmuch as his having done so must needs hinder that which thy fond love for my poor self, and resolved adherence to what he calls ‘blind papistry,’ doth so greatly prompt thee to desire; for if on his blessing he doth charge us to beware of it, and then I should move my lord to so much neglect of his last wishes as at any time to be reconciled, bethink thee with what an ill grace I should urge on him, in other respects, obedience to his commands, which indeed are such as do commend themselves to any Christian soul as most wise and profitable. And now, breaking off mine own discourse to transcribe his words,—a far more noble and worthy employment of

my pen,—and praying God to bless thee, I remain thy tender and loving friend,

ANN SURREY."

"The Duke of Norfolk's letters to his children :

"DEAR CHILDREN,—This is the last letter that ever I think to write to you ; and therefore, if you loved me, or that you will seem grateful to me for the special love that I have ever borne unto you, then remember and follow these my last lessons. Oh, Philip, serve and fear God, above all things. I find the fault in myself, that I have (God forgive me !) been too negligent in this point. Love and make much of your wife ; for therein, considering the great adversity you are now in, by reason of my fall, is your greatest present comfort and relief, besides your happiness in having a wife which is endued with so great towardness in virtue and good qualities, and in person comparable with the best sort. Follow these two lessons, and God will bless you ; and without these, as you may see by divers examples out of the Scripture, and also by ordinary worldly proof, where God is not feared, all goeth to wreck ; and where love is not between the husband and wife, there God doth not prosper. My third lesson is, that you show yourself loving and natural to your brothers and sister and sister-in-law. Though you be very young in years, yet you must strive with consideration to become a man ; for it is your own presence and good government of yourself that must get friends ; and if you take that course, then have I been so careful a father unto you, as I have taken such order as you, by God's grace, shall be well able, besides your wife's lands, to maintain yourself like a gentleman. Marry ! the world is greedy and covetous ; and if the show of the well government of yourself do not fear and restrain their greedy appetite, it is like that, by un-direct means, they will either put you from that which law layeth upon you, or else drive you to much trouble in trying and holding your right. When my grandfather died, I was not much above a year elder than you are now ; and yet, I thank God, I took such order with myself, as you shall reap the commodity of my so long passed travel, if you do now imitate the like. Help to strengthen your young and raw years with good counsel. I send you herewith a brief schedule, whom I wish you to make account of as friends, and whom as servants ; and I charge you, as a father may do, to follow my direction therein ; my experience can better tell what is fit for you than your young years can judge of. I would wish you for the present to make your chief abode at Cambridge, which is the place fittest for you to promote your learning in ; and besides, it is not very far hence, whereby you may, within a day's warning, be

here to follow your own causes, as occasion serveth. If, after a year or two, you spend some time in a house of the law, there is nothing that will prove more to your commodity, considering how for the time you shall have continual business about your own law affairs; and thereby also, if you spend your time well, you shall be ever after better able to judge in your own causes. I too late repent that I followed not this course that now I wish to you; for if I had, then my case perchance had not been in so ill state as now it is.

"When God shall send you to those years as that it shall be fit for you to keep house with your wife (which I had rather were sooner, than that you should fall into ill company), then I would wish you to withdraw yourself into some private dwelling of your own. And if your hap may be so good, as you may so live without being called to higher degree, oh, Philip, Philip, then shall you enjoy that blessed life which your woful father would fain have done, and never could be so happy. Beware of high degree. To a vain-glorious proud stomach it seemeth at the first sweet. Look into all chronicles, and you shall find that in the end it brings heaps of cares, toils in the state, and most commonly in the end utter overthrow. Look into the whole state of the nobility in times past, and into their state now, and then judge whether my lessons be true or no. Assure yourself, as you may see by the book of my accounts, and you shall find that my living did hardly maintain my expenses; for all the help that I had by Tom's lands, and somewhat by your wife's and sister's-in-law, I was ever a beggar. You may, by the grace of God, be a great deal richer and quieter in your low degree, wherein I once again wish you to continue. They may, that shall wish you the contrary, have a good meaning; but believe your father, who of love wishes you best, and with the mind that he is at this present fully armed to God, who sees both states, both high and low, as it were even before His eyes. Beware of the court, except it be to do your prince service, and that, as near as you can, in the lowest degree, for that place hath no certainty; either a man, by following thereof, hath too much of worldly pomp, which, in the end, throws him down headlong, or else he liveth there unsatisfied; either that he cannot attain for himself that he would, or else that he cannot do for his friends as his heart desireth. Remember these notes, and follow them; and then you, by God's help, shall reap the commodity of them in your old years.

"If your brothers may be suffered to remain in your company, I would be most glad thereof, because continuing together should still increase love between you. But the world is so catching of every

thing that falls, that Tom being, as I believe, after my death, the Queen's majesty's ward, shall be begged by one or another. But yet you are sure to have your brother William left still with you, because, poor boy, he hath nothing to feed cormorants withal; to whom you will as well be a father as a brother; for upon my blessing I commit him to your charge to provide for, if that which I have assured him by law shall not be so sufficient as I mean it. If law may take place, your sister-in-law will be surely enough conveyed to his behoof, and then I should wish her to be brought up with some friend of mine; as for the present I allow best of Sir Christopher Heydon, if he will so much befriend you as to receive her to sojourn with him; if not there, in some other place, as your friends shall best allow of. And touching the bestowing of your wife and Megg, who I would be loth should be out of your wife's company; for as she should be a good companion for Nan, so I commit Megg of especial trust to her. I think good, till you keep house together, if my Lady of Sussex might be entreated to take them to her as sojourners, there were no place so fit, considering her kindred unto you, and the assured friend that I hope you shall find of her; besides she is a good lady. If it will not be so brought to pass, then, by the advice of your friends, take some other order; but in no case I would wish you to keep any house except it be together with your wife.

"Thus I have advised you as my troubled memory can at present suffer me. Beware of pride, stubbornness, taunting, and sullenness, which vices nature doth somewhat kindle in you; and therefore you must with reason and discretion make a new nature in yourself. Give not your mind too much and too greedily to gaming; make a pastime of it, and no toil. And lastly, delight to spend some time in reading of the Scriptures; for therein is the whole comfort of man's life; all other things are vain and transitory; and if you be diligent in reading of them, they will remain with you continually, to your profit and commodity in this world, and to your comfort and salvation in the world to come, whither, in grace of God, I am now with joy and consolation preparing myself. And, upon my blessing, beware of blind papistry, which brings nothing but bondage to men's consciences. Mix your prayers with fasting, not thinking thereby to merit; for there is nothing that we ourselves can do that is good,—we are but unprofitable servants: but fast, I say, thereby to tame the wicked affection of the mind, and trust only to be saved by Christ's precious blood; for without a perfect faith therein, there is no salvation. Let works follow your faith; thereby to show to the world that you do not only say you have faith, but that you give testimony thereof to the full satisfaction of the godly. I write somewhat the

more herein, because perchance you have heretofore heard, or perchance may hereafter hear, false bruits that I was a Papist;* but trust unto it, I never, since I knew what religion meant (I thank God) was of other mind than now you shall hear that I die in; although (I cry God mercy) I have not given fruits and testimony of my faith, as I ought to have done; the which is the thing that I do now chiefliest repent.

"When I am gone, forget my condemning, and forgive, I charge you, my false accusers, as I protest to God I do; but have nothing to do with them if they live. Surely, Bannister dealt no way but honestly and truly. Hickford did not hurt me, in my conscience, willingly; nor did not charge me with any great matter that was of weight otherways than truly. But the Bishop of Ross, and specially Barber, did falsely accuse me, and laid their own treasons upon my back. God forgive them, and I do, and once again I will you to do; bear no malice in your mind. And now, dear Philip, farewell. Read this my letter sometimes over; it may chance make you remember yourself the better; and by the same, when your father is dead and rotten, you may see what counsel I would give you if I were alive. If you follow these admonitions, there is no doubt but God will bless you; and I, your earthly father, do give you God's blessing and mine, with my humble prayers to Almighty God that it will please Him to bless you and your good Nan; that you may both, if it be His will, see your children's children, to the comfort of you both; and afterwards that you may be partakers of the heavenly kingdom. Amen, amen. Written by the hand of your loving father.
T. H."

"And to Tom his grace did write:

"Tom, out of this that I have written to your brother, you may learn such lessons as are fit for you. That I write to one, that I write to all, except it be somewhat which particularly touches any of you. To fear and serve God is generally to you all; and, on my blessing, take greatest care thereof, for it is the foundation of all

* There would seem to be no doubt that the Duke of Norfolk was a sincere Protestant. The strenuous advice to his children to beware of Popery affords evidence of it. Greatly, however, as it would have tended to their worldly prosperity, to have followed their father's last injunctions in this respect, all but one of those he thus counselled were subsequently reconciled to the Catholic Church.

The Duke's letters in this chapter are all authentic. See the Rev. M. Tierney's *History of Arundel*, and the Appendix to Nott's edition of Lord Surrey's poems.

goodness. You have, even from your infancy, been given to be stubborn. Beware of that vice, Tom, and bridle nature with wisdom. Though you be her majesty's ward, yet, if you use yourself well to my Lord Burleigh, he will, I hope, help you to buy your own wardship. Follow your elder brother's advice, who, I hope, will take such a course as may be to all your comforts. God send him grace so to do, and to you too! I give you God's blessing and mine, and I hope He will prosper you."

"And to Will he saith (whom methinks his heart did incline to, as Jacob's did to Benjamin):

"Will, though you be now young, yet I hope, if it shall please God to send you life, that you will then consider of the precepts heretofore written to your brethren. I have committed the charge of your bringing-up to your elder brother; and therefore I charge you to be obedient to him, as you would have been to me if I had been living. If you shall have a liking to my daughter-in-law, Bess Dacres, I hope you shall have it in your own choice to marry her. I will not advise you otherways than yourself, when you are of fit years, shall think good; but this assure yourself, it will be a good augmentation to your small living, considering how chargeable the world groweth to be. As you are youngest, so the more you ought to be obedient to your elders. God send you a good younger brother's fortune in this world, and His grace, that you may ever be His, both in this world and the world to come."

"To me, his unworthy daughter, were these lines written, which I be ashamed to transcribe, but that his goodness doth appear in his good opinion of me rather than my so poor merits:

"Well-beloved Nan, that hath been as dear to me as if you had been my own daughter, although, considering this ill hap that has now chanced, you might have had a greater marriage than now your husband shall be; yet I hope that you will remember that, when you were married, the case was far otherways; and therefore I hope your dutiful dealings shall be so to your husband, and your sisterly love to your brothers-in-law and sister-in-law, as my friends that shall see it may think that my great affection to you was well bestowed. Thanks be to God, you have hitherto taken a good course; whereby all that wish you well take great hope rather of your going forward therein, than backwards—which God forbid! I will request no more at your hands, now that I am gone, in recompense of my former love to you, but that you will observe my three lessons: to fear and serve God, flying idleness; to love faithfully your hus-

band, and to be kind to your brothers and sisters—specially committing to your care mine only daughter Megg, hoping that you will not be a sister-in-law to her, but rather a natural sister, yea even a very mother; and that, as I took care for the well-bestowing of you, so you will take care for the well-bestowing of her, and be a continual caller on your husband for the same. If this mishap had not chanced, you and your husband might have been awhile still young, and I would, by God's help, have supplied your wants. But now the case is changed, and you must, at your years of fifteen, attain to the consideration and discretion of twenty; or else, if God send you to live in your age, you shall have cause to repent your folly in youth, besides the endangering the casting away of those who do wholly depend upon your two well-doings. I do not mistrust that you will be mindful of my last requests; and so doing, God bless you, and send you to be old parents to virtuous children, which is likeliest to be if you give them good example. Farewell! for this is the last that you shall ever receive from your loving father. Farewell, my dear Nan!"

"And to his own sweet Megg he subjoined in the same letter these words:

"Megg, I have, as you see, committed you to your loving sister. I charge you therefore, upon my blessing, that you obey her in all things, as you would do me or your own mother, if we were living; and then I doubt not but by her good means you shall be in fit time bestowed to your own comfort and contentment. Be good: no babbler, and ever be busied and doing of somewhat; and give your mind to reading in the Bible and such other good books, whereby you may learn to fear God; and so you shall prove, by His help, hereafter the better wife, and a virtuous woman in all other respects. If you follow these my lessons, then God's blessing and mine I give you, and pray that you may both live and die His servant. Amen."

When I read these letters, and my Lady Surrey's comments upon them, what pangs seized my heart! Her messenger was awaiting an answer, which he said must be brief, for he had to ride to Bermondsey with a message for my Lord Sussex, and had been long delayed in the City. I seized a pen, and hastily wrote:

"Oh, my dear and honoured lady, what grief, what pain, your letter hath caused me! Forgive me if, having but brief time in which to write a few lines by your messenger, I dwell not on the sorrow which doth oppress you, nor on the many excellences apparent in those farewell letters,—which give token of so great virtue

and wisdom in the writer, that one should be prompted to exclaim he did lack but one thing to be perfect, that being a true faith,—but rather direct my answer to that passage in yours which doth work in me such regret, yea such anguish of heart, as my poor words can ill express. For verily there can be no greater danger to a soul than to be lured from the profession of a true Catholic faith, once firmly received and yet inwardly held, by deceptive arguments, whereby it doth conceal its own weakness under the garb of respect for the dead and duty to the living. For, I pray you, mine own dear lady, what respect and what duty is owing to men, which be not rather due to Him who reads the heart, and will ask a strict account of such as, having known His will, yet have not done it? Believe me, 'tis a perilous thing to do evil that good may come. Is it possible you should resolve never to profess that religion which, in your conscience, you do believe to be true, nor to move your lord thereunto, for any human respect, however dear and sacred? I hope other feelings may return, and God's hand will support, uphold, and never fail you in your need. I beseech Him to guard and keep you in the right way.

“Your humble servant and truly loving poor friend,

“CONSTANCE SHERWOOD.”

Alphonse Karr and his Wasps.

SOME of our readers will probably have noticed the intimation contained in the public journals, that, at the late Fête of St. Eugénie, her majesty the Empress of the French received from Nice an offering from M. Alphonse Karr, consisting of a bouquet of flowers of exceeding rarity and loveliness. M. Karr only appears before the public now in the way of an occasional volume of romance or anecdote, and at the present moment peacefully cultivates his vines and roses at Nice; but time was when his weekly issue of the brilliant, witty, and pugnacious papers known as *Les Guêpes* (the Wasps) made him one of the best-known and most popular of French writers. M. Karr was in his youth somewhat of a "Bohemian," at least he possessed many of the essential characteristics of the race. He was often in trouble with the authorities (we find him early reported of by the college masters as "very intelligent and exceedingly turbulent"); he quarrelled with his father M. Henri Karr, and quitted the paternal roof at the age of twenty to commence life and literature on his own account, with a slender supply of money and an abundant store of self-assurance. His first effort was a long poem, which of course met with no publisher. He then wrote several novels and romances; these had a very sufficient success, and enlarged his income in a very encouraging manner. No sooner did he find himself in the possession of a little ready cash than he began to develop those vagaries of personal vanity so common in young men who desire to take a short cut to fame, and to attain the notoriety which the French call *célébrité*. According to M. de Mirecourt, he did at one time live, sleep, write, and eat on an Indian mat; but a severe attack of rheumatism compelled him to forego this fashion. Afterwards he attired himself in a scarlet gown, yellow slippers, and decorated his head with a turban and peacock's feathers. When his publishers, whom he received dressed in this costume, ceased to be sufficiently impressed thereby, he hung his apartment entirely with black, decorated it with old bones, skulls, stuffed ravens and owls, and slept full-dressed in a coffin hung with black and supported with trestles, two wax-candles constantly burning at the head. Before long he sold all these things, and dressed himself as a Turk; then as a Chinese mandarin (the room being appropriately orna-

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mented); as a groom, an *ouvrier*, an old-clothes-man, a fisherman, a yachtsman. At one time his personal attendant was a gigantic negro; at another time he chose to keep in his house a small hyæna. Had he confined this animal in a cage, it would have excited no remark; but as it was his whim to suffer the little beast to patrol about the room like a dog, neither printer or devil could be found bold enough to carry M. Karr his proofs, or abide within his precincts until such time as he might correct and deliver copy. This eventually caused him to part with his engaging pet; and it was then, we believe, that he procured the negro before alluded to. In 1835 he became the editor of *Figaro*, and likewise married a wife. The first he could manage, the second he could not; and after a good deal of squabbling, to which he alluded rather freely in some of his writings, they agreed to live apart on the ground of incompatibility of temper. These eccentricities disappeared as time mellowed the talents and disposition of the man; and he began to be better known by his work than by his vagaries. He was especially distinguished by that light, brilliant, epigrammatic style of *causerie* which the French literally adore, and in which they so largely excel all other nations. He was never malicious, spiteful, or unjust, nor was he really arrogant, though he has never lost that singular fashion of attitudinising to his readers, which has been happily termed *la funeste manie de se poser*; but his heart was excellent, for no charitable contribution was called for which he did not generously assist both with his pen and his purse. In dynastic tendencies M. Karr appears to favour the Orleanists, and to be a constitutionalist, though of a vague and transcendental kind. It was in 1839 that he began to publish *Les Guêpes*, which met with an immense and very marked success. They consisted of a series of sparkling and sarcastic commentaries on politics, men, and manners, and were issued at first at irregular intervals, afterwards weekly as *Les Guêpes hebdomadaires*. Each chapter was adorned by a woodcut of a wasp; and by a pleasant fiction he assumed that what he wrote were communications from a number of these stinging little insects, who were his friends and comrades. He assigned to each of them different attributes and dispositions, and called them by significant and characteristic names, as *Grimalkin*, *Astarte*, *Moloch*, *Mammone*. They flew about Paris, and occasionally made lengthened excursions into the provinces; penetrated into every state-council, however secret; were present at every assembly; hummed in every household; overheard every scrap of gossip, and revealed all to their master, who sometimes rewarded them by a morsel of sugar or honeycomb, and sometimes punished them by tying their wings together, or confining them to their nest.

These little creatures stung so sharply that more than once M. Karr was summoned to justify himself. While he was in Nice the Piedmontese government (which was then, as now, nominally liberal, but really very repressive) did forbid the issue, and fined the author: but the French authorities at Aix reversed the decision, and from that time the Wasps, encouraged by their triumph, became more than ever the grief and vexation of the government at Turin, which, however, did not dare further to molest them. For ten years, that is to say from 1839 to the conclusion of the eventful and stormy year of 1848, Mr. Karr and his little wasps enjoyed a success almost unexampled in the history of journalism. After that period they ceased entirely, the moral atmosphere of revolutions, and of democracy in general, being highly antagonistic to a pungent, discriminating, and liberal criticism. Before we proceed to analyse these articles, or endeavour to convey any adequate idea of their nature and style, it will be well, in order the better to comprehend the allusions they contain, the influence they exercised, and the relation in which they stood with reference to the men and women, and morals and manners of the times, briefly to recall to memory the position of political parties at that period, the conflicting character of the principles professed, and men who professed them, above all, the furious fanaticism and very small amount of political wisdom which went to make up what has been sarcastically styled "the attitude of the people."

The exact state of France from 1830 to 1848 is now variously regarded according to the passions and principles, politics and creeds of those who pronounce on it. The greater portion of that class which, in this country, forms in peaceable times the safe and stolid living bulwark against which the mob thrusts in vain, and in dangerous periods the sturdy and energetic right-arm of the executive, had then sunk into a state of profound apathy. Really, though not outwardly, cowed and daunted, a subtle time-serving disposition and a chronic pusillanimity had taken possession of them. "It is our misfortune and our weakness," says one of France's greatest living statesmen, "that in every great crisis the vanquished become as the dead." Of opposition there was plenty in all ranks and classes. There were the Legitimists ill-content and not wholly despairing, who, without abandoning their allegiance to Henri V.—whom they regarded as their rightful sovereign—might still perhaps have been persuaded (*en attendant* better times) to lend a more frank support to the cadet branch of the Bourbons, had Louis Philippe possessed one of those qualities of chivalry, bravery, or generosity, by virtue of which some of our own monarchs, not possibly the wisest or best,

have yet so attracted love and won hearts, that blood and treasure have been poured out for them like water. There were the Red Republicans, not indeed a large class, but one dangerous from the unscrupulous fanaticism which animated its members. There were the Socialists, the Saint-Simonians, the followers of Proudhon and of Fourier, all without any burden of responsibility to steady them, or any prospect of succeeding to the place of those men whom they reviled, yet having a liberty to bewail, taunt, censure, ridicule, denounce, and proscribe, of which they freely availed themselves. There was the Press, of which we need only say that it was perfectly unmanageable and almost uniformly hostile to government and the cause of order, neither were its extravagant requirements and demands at all checked by that spirit of fair-play and dogged common sense with which the English are wont to peruse professional diatribes. Lastly, there were divisions even among those who held the reins, as well as among their nominal supporters; and the fact of these discussions was well known to the clubs and secret societies with which Paris swarmed. The Constitutionalists held opinions of various shades and colours, from those who were sincerely devoted to the reigning family, or to the constitutional principle, down to the men who accorded to the executive (only as being the one possible resource against anarchy) a nominally independent but really wavering and untrustworthy support. Each man had his particular panacea for the evils under which the country groaned. Individually they did not lack patriotism; but in genuine courage, in discipline, and in self-abnegation, the chiefs of the party found their followers greatly deficient. That which was, according to Andreas, true of woman-kind, was pre-eminently true of them. *They could not be drilled.* It is almost impossible, when we examine the historical pictures at Versailles, and there thoughtfully scrutinise the physiognomies of the diplomates and senators, the councillors, politicians, and officials who surround Louis Philippe, not to be struck by the commonplace expression which, with one or two eminent exceptions, uniformly pervades them.

It was, then, in 1839, when the strong ministry and decided majority necessary to carry on the government seemed nearly unattainable, when the groundswell of the revolution was still sullen and heavy, and every disrespect that could be imagined was patiently submitted to by the King, that *Les Guêpes* commenced their existence. The tour of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans in the provinces, and the contrast between the accounts furnished by the ministerial and independent journals (both equally venal) respectively, afforded M. Karr a fair opportunity for sarcasm.

At Bourdeaux, according to the first-named, the National Guard paraded, young girls dressed in white presented flowers to the duchess, the mayor made a speech, the duke replied; the enthusiasm was at the highest point.

At Libourne it was quite a change. The National Guard paraded, young girls dressed in white presented flowers, the mayor, by a curious coincidence, made a speech, the duke replied; but the enthusiasm exhibited much exceeded that at Bourdeaux.

But it was especially at Limoux that their royal highnesses achieved a triumph. The fête was unique; for the National Guard paraded, young girls attired in pure white offered flowers to the duchess, the mayor made a speech to the duke, and the latter replied; the enthusiasm greatly exceeded that displayed at Libourne. These reports, equally stereotyped and monotonous, continued for many days to fill the columns of the ministerial papers. According to M. Karr, they might have varied their tale with advantage to truth had they confessed that at Libourne their highnesses were nearly devoured alive by myriads of unmentionable insects; that in a neighbouring town they were half suffocated by the odour of new wood and furniture; that in other places, when, exhausted by fatigue, these unfortunate personages had begun to sleep comfortably, their slumbers were invariably broken up by a serenade consisting of the music of French drums and other delightful instruments.

Meanwhile the independent journals groaned in spirit; they also gave daily reports of the royal progress, and cried out loudly against the prodigality of the municipal powers, whom they accused of *drinking the sweat of the people*. They observed that the prince drank iced-wine, and that ice was very dear that year; they raved at one mayor who offered to his royal guest Tokay wine, adding that new Bourdeaux wine would have been more patriotic and less expensive liquor; in short, they adopted the style of the excellent M. Cauchois Lemaire, who *à propos* of the fêtes for the inauguration of the museum at Versailles, exclaimed in a fit of virtuous economy, "As for myself, *I shall go, and in some humble restaurant will drink wine at twelve sous which will not be mixed with the sweat of the people.*" Again that odoriferous metaphor, and respecting a people with whom tubs are *not* an institution.

Intelligence was circulated that every morning a carriage, emblazoned with the arms of the King, patrolled the market of St. Joseph, and hawked for sale the vegetables from the royal gardens. "Costermongers are the kings of France, so the King has become a costermonger; it is all *en règle*," was the witty reply. M. Karr remarks that in this manner the prophecies of the celebrated wizard

and clairvoyant Albert would be fulfilled, that kings have and will espouse simple shepherdesses; it remains to be seen, he adds, how much longer there will be found shepherdesses simple enough to espouse kings. The throne is turned into a footstool; and if any one could set the whole of France on fire, the King was so eminently constitutional that he would say, "I do not meddle in the government; announce the fact to the Chamber of Deputies." By way of a further reform in the progress of thrift, an idea, emanating from the Queen of Spain, was ventilated. From motives of laudable economy, her Spanish majesty had developed the theory of creating abstract or metaphysical titles, and had raised Espartero to dignity as Duke of Victory. It was whispered that one officer was to be named Count of Sobriety; and Muroto, just convicted of disloyalty, was to be distinguished as Marquis of High Treason.

According to M. Karr, those people who believe, or affect to believe, that the French are naturally independent and opposed to all authority, make an enormous mistake. The Frenchman is vain, and loves to brave and tyrannise over authority, but not to overthrow it; for, in that case, "who the diable would there be left to mock at?" A large part of the famous love which the French have for their kings arises from the pleasure they have always found, and always will find, in making songs upon them. It was for Louis Philippe that they parodied a certain memorable expression, once used by a former Duke of Orleans, when called to the throne as Louis XII. This prince was reminded of some injuries of which he had to complain before his accession, and magnanimously observed: "The King of France does not avenge the wrongs of the Duke of Orleans;" whereas Louis Philippe is made to observe, "The King of France does not pay the debts of the Duke of Orleans."

One of the most ubiquitous of the gossiping little wasps brought home to his master intelligence of a sufficiently absurd incident. A tall, powerful, and well-built young man presented himself before the Commissioner for the revision of the National Guard.

"You desire," said the Commissioner to him, "to be exempted from serving?"

"I do, Monsieur."

"For what reason?"

"Monsieur, I am afflicted with a very serious infirmity."

"Retire into my private room, if you please."

"But, Monsieur—"

"Go at once, Monsieur."

Our friend retired as commanded into the Commissioner's private room, where he was immediately stripped from head to foot. He

shortly re-appeared before the Commissioner, attired in the costume of Adam before the Fall.

"Now," said the official, triumphantly, "be good enough to explain to me what is the nature of your grave infirmity."

"Monsieur, it is that I am extremely short-sighted!"

M. Karr gives a *résumé* of the two schools of philanthropy then in fashion, and it is a rather true but very sarcastic one. The philanthropists of the French school believe that a criminal is already sufficiently unfortunate in being criminal, without aggravating his chagrins by excessive punishments. The logical result of this mode of thinking, therefore, is that the convict is in all cases to be well-clothed, well-fed, and well-warmed. The virtuous man is clothed in his virtue, and can always refresh himself with the retrospect of his good deeds; but for the poor felon philanthropy ordains that he should have wax-candles, books, music, theatrical amusements—in a word, all the distractions that man's nature requires. It loves its criminal; it selects, it fattens, and consoles him, sometimes only too successfully. Results: people whose affairs are not prosperous, and workmen out of employ, hasten to kill their wives or poison their brothers, in order that they may enjoy themselves in prison. As for the convicts, they take leave of their cells with tears in their eyes; they have to be turned out of prison by main force. The man who is easily conducted thither, in the first instance, by two gendarmes, requires the services of half-a-dozen to compel him to walk out. He loses no time in qualifying himself for a speedy return, and generally commits an offence grave enough to insure him a few years of good fare and well-selected instruction and amusement.

The philanthropists of the American school first place their prisoner in solitary confinement, and then proceed to invent terrors and tortures for him. After having deprived him of all society except the four corners of his cell, they came to a resolution that these four corners were too amusing. They therefore suppressed the corners, and from that date used circular-shaped cells.

In January 1840 the humiliated condition of royalty again excites the indignant hum of the wasps. The Senate has opened, M. Karr observes, with a sort of pleasurable surprise, "without the usual attempts to assassinate the king, which is now a part of that ceremonial." The queen was very pale until the king had made his entry. "Alas, poor woman, less uneasy when her son is surrounded by Arabs than when her husband is encircled by Frenchmen." One of the deputies, who came in a cab, was greatly irritated by the tedious slowness with which the long file of carriages

set down their respective occupants. He opened the door, opened the window, hailed the driver, and at length called indignantly to a gendarme, "Garde, you will permit *my* carriage to leave the line; let me pass; I have no time to waste here; I'm the deputy for —; I'm going to take my place in *our* palace." In this word lies the entire secret of representative government—is the comment on this vulgar arrogance.

About this time the noisy politicians of the day adopted a new slang, and instead of speaking of such a ministry or such a party, or such an *émeute*, they alluded to them under the form of dates. Thus the party of resistance, of which Casimir Périer was the representative, was the 13th of March; the Spanish intervention was the 22d of February. Ordinary readers of the journals were utterly at sea, and those who possessed the best memories contented themselves with confounding one date with another. The ministry of the moment was particularly unfortunate, as its anniversary, the 12th of May, was also that of an insurrection. M. Karr either quotes or parodies one of the newspapers as follows:

"If the 12th of May, which brought on the 6th of June, had remembered that the 11th of August succeeded the 2d of November; if the doctrines of the 13th of March and the 10th of October had not blinded his eyes as to the necessity of a reaction similar to that of the 27th of October following the 4th of February, he would not so quickly have broken with the 6th of September and the 22d of February."

And again: "In vain the 12th of May seeks a support in the 11th of October; it will fall, like the 15th of April under the 22d of February and 6th of September; after which we shall see renewed the 4th of November and 9th of August."

It is curious and instructive to observe that, according to a Frenchman of no mean intelligence and more than ordinary quickness of perception, the three things which in his country render a representative government impossible, are the innate inconstancy, vanity, and ignorance of the people; so that thirteen different forms of government have been tried and done away with within thirty-eight years. The Wasps no longer continue to hum for the amusement of the Parisians, or they might have reported to their master three additional—the Republic, the Presidentship, and the Coup d'Etat, which brought on the empire and despotism. According to M. Karr, the government at that period was utterly barbarian in its character and tendencies; and his Wasps report to him truly enough that M. de Corélin examines the king's washing-books, and pub-

lishes brochures in which he accuses his majesty of using too many pairs of boots; that the prince royal is not permitted to decline a ball to which M. Dupin invited him; that M^{me}. Barthe spread her washed-out baby-linen on the balustrades of the Place Vendôme to dry; that a certain deputy refused to put on clean clothes when he was to be presented to the king, demanding angrily "whether they supposed him to be an aristocrat?"

This M. Dupin is said to have thus addressed the prince royal on the occasion of his marriage: "The princess whom your heart has chosen shall be well received among us; and our manners, so different from the pride of the ancient court, will soon become familiar and agreeable to her." Poor princess!

Curious systems of religion greatly multiplied themselves at this epoch. As a proof of the amazing tolerance with which all sorts of insanity were endured, the following enumeration was made:

There was near to the throne a Protestant princess.

Among the deputies at least one Jew.

A certain Abbé Châtel had been consecrated by a grocer, and preached a worship of his own invention, sometimes in a loft, sometimes in a neighbouring dancing saloon.

A corn-doctor publicly professed Johannism.

Knights-templars assembled twice a week—nature of worship unspecified.

The pupils of Fourier had their public worship.

As the Saint-Simonians had theirs.

At a discussion on the existence of a Supreme Being, the question was carried in the affirmative only by a majority of one. M. Karr wonders what fetishes they have in reserve. "Worship yourselves, gentlemen barbarians," he exclaims; "no one will hinder you; and so you will save the expenses of religion, and suppress the crime of sacrilege."

A journal, entitled *La Démocratie*, was advertised to appear on the 15th of February, but failed to do so. M. Karr declared, however, that his Wasps had managed to procure for him a specimen-sheet of the first number, from which he favoured his readers with extracts, as legal, political, and social news of the future.

No cabman is obliged to take a fare for less than one louis per hour.

Some gentlemen have dug up the principal walk of the Tuileries gardens, and have planted it with potatoes.

A few judges have betaken themselves to the tribunals, but the gendarmes are drinking with the prisoners.

Every one may coin money bearing his or her own effigy.

There are no more laws, consequently no more crimes and no more prisons.

There are no more postage-stamps required, since the post no longer undertakes to deliver letters. *La Démocratie* requests that its subscribers in the departments will send each morning to the office, Rue Grammont 7, for their copies.

Monsieur and Madame —— have appropriated the telegraphic wires, by which means they only can correspond privately and with despatch.

The trees of the Tuileries gardens will be sold for fuel, as the winter promises to be severe.

The Abbé Auzon has proclaimed that the Supreme Being is superseded.

The Abbé Hugo has proclaimed the same fact concerning the Abbé Auzon.

And this is the sarcastic prophecy of a Frenchman concerning his countrymen in the year of grace 1840! How nearly it was literally fulfilled is well known to those intimate with the events of 1848.

Two more anecdotes of the fashions of that day, and we conclude our remarks for the present:

It had become a habit for women in society to wear fastened to their shawl, collar, or necklace, portraits made into brooches or locketts, of a size so enormous as to be almost incredible. They were in general representations of members of their own family, living or dead. And sometimes more than one was worn. M. Karr finds this practice inconvenient and objectionable. Inconvenient because to exhibit their immediate ancestors in full dress, perhaps as costermongers or cooks, would often be an embarrassing task for the aristocracy of the new state of things; and objectionable, in that to carry about her so conspicuously so many portraits of the dead gave to a woman the appearance of being a living catalogue. M. Karr was paying a call one morning, and while waiting for the entrance of the lady (whose toilette was in course of progress) he had the gratification of hearing the *femme de chambre* demand of her mistress, "Will madame be pleased to say which she will wear to-day, her grandfather or her little dog?"

The old custom of embalming the dead was another freak of the day; every one was arranging to embalm their dead relatives or friends; and a certain M. Gannal, who was an artist in this business, practised his profession with such an advertised list of charges as made embalming "no longer an expensive luxury."

One evening, at a large dinner-party, given by a gentleman

whom we will call M. L——, all the world was discoursing on the excellence of the practice, the consolation to be found in it, and the excessively moderate prices which M. Gannal asked for performing the operation. After listening attentively for some time, Mdlle. L. exclaimed aloud, in a tone of profound conviction, “Ma foi, I will certainly have papa embalmed !”

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Eugenie and Maurice de Guérin.

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THE life of Eugenie de Guérin forms a great contrast with those which are generally brought before the notice of the world. Not only did she not seek for fame, but the circumstances of her life were the very ones which generally tend to keep a woman in obscurity. Her life was passed in the deepest retirement of a country home. The society even of a provincial town was not within her reach. Poverty placed a bar between her and the means for study in congenial society. The routine of her life shut her out from great deeds or unusual achievements. In fact, her life, so far from being a deviation from the ordinary track which women have to tread, was a very type of the existence which seems to be marked out for the majority of women, and at which they are so often wont to murmur. The want of an aim in life, the necessity of some fixed engrossing occupation, and the *ennui* which follows on the deprivation of these, forms the staple trial of thousands of women, especially in England, where there is much intellectual vigour with so little power for its exercise. That the reaction from this deprivation is shown by "fastness," or an excessive love of dress and amusement, is acknowledged by the most keen observers of human nature. But to the large class of women who, disdaining such means of distraction, bear their burden patiently, Eugenie de Guérin's "Journal et Lettres" possess an intense interest. Her life was so uneventful that it absolutely affords no materials for a biography, but her character is so full of interest that her name is now a familiar one in England and France.

Far away in the heart of sunny Languedoc stands the chateau of Le Cayla, the home of the De Guérins. They were of noble blood. The old chateau was full of reminiscences of the deeds of their ancestors. De Guérin, Bishop of Senlis and Chancellor of France, had gone forth, with a valour scarcely befitting his episcopal character, to animate the troops at the battle of Bouvines; and from the walls of Le Cayla looked down from his portrait De Guérin, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in 1206. A cardinal, a troubadour, and countless gallant and noble soldiers filled up the family rolls, the best blood in France had mingled with theirs; but now the family were obscure, forgotten, and poor. But these

circumstances were no hindrances to the happiness of Eugenie's early life.

"My childhood passed away like one long summer-day," said she afterwards. Thirteen happy years fled by. There was the father, cherished with tender self-forgetting love; the brother Eranbert; the sister Marie, the youngest pet of the household; the beautiful and precocious Maurice; and the mother, the centre of all, loving and beloved. But a shadow suddenly fell on the sunny landscape, and Madame de Guérin lay on her deathbed, when calling to her Eugenie, her eldest child, she gave to her especial charge Maurice, then aged seven and his mother's darling; the dying lips bade Eugenie fill a mother's place to him, and the sensitive and enthusiastic girl received the words into her heart and never forgot them.

From that day her childhood, almost her youth, ended; and it is without exaggeration we may say that the depth of maternal love passed into her heart. Henceforth Maurice was the one object and the absorbing thought of her heart, second only to one other, and that no love of earth; sometimes, indeed, that passionate devotion to Maurice disputed the sway of the true Master, as we shall hereafter see, but it was never ultimately victorious. It was not likely that their lives should for long run side by side. The extraordinary brilliancy of Maurice's gifts made his father determine upon cultivating his mind. As soon as possible he was sent first to the *petit séminaire* at Toulouse, and then to the college Stanislaus at Paris.

Maurice de Guérin was a singularly endowed being. He possessed that kind of personal beauty so very rare among men, and which is so hard to describe,—a spiritual beauty, which insensibly draws the hearts of others to its possessor; added to this he had that sweetness of tone and manner, that instinctive power of sympathy, that sparkling brilliance which made him idolised by those who knew him, which rendered him literally the darling of his friends. "*Il était leur vie*," said those who spoke of him after he was gone from earth.

The early and ardent aspirations of this gifted being were turned heavenwards. His youthful head was devoutly bowed in prayer. The country people called him "*le jeune saint*;" and his conduct at the "*petit séminaire*" gave such satisfaction that the Archbishop of Toulouse and also the Archbishop of Rouen offered to take the whole charge of his future education on themselves, but his father refused both. The temptations of a college life had left him scathless, and the longing of his soul was for the consecration of the priesthood. What he might have been had he fallen into other hands cannot now be known. Whether there was an inherent weakness and effeminacy in

the character which would have unfitted him for the awful responsibility of the priestly office we know not. At all events he was attracted, as many minds of undoubted superiority were at that time, by the extraordinary brilliancy and commanding genius of De la Mennais; and Maurice de Guérin found himself in the solitude of La Chesnaie, a fellow student with Hippolyte Lacordaire, Montalembert, Saint-Beuve, and a group of others. Here some years of his life were spent, divided between prayer, study, and brilliant conversation, led and sustained by M. de la Mennais. Maurice, of a shy and diffident disposition, does not seem to have attached himself to Lamennais, although he admired and looked up to him, and although the insidious portion of his teaching was making havoc with his faith.

And now, it may be asked, what of Eugenie? Dwelling in an obscure province, with no other living guide than a simple parish curé, with a natural enthusiastic reverence for genius, and a predilection for all Maurice's friends, was she not dazzled from afar off by this great teacher of men's minds, this earnest reformer of abuses? The instinct of the single in heart was hers. Long ere others had discerned the canker eating away the fruit so fair to look on, Eugenie, with prophetic voice, was warning Maurice. Lacordaire's noble soul was yet ensnared. Madame Swetchine's remonstrances had not yet prevailed; while this young girl in the country, whose name no one knew, was watching and praying for the issue of the deliberations at La Chesnaie.

At length the break-up came—the memorable journey to Rome was over. Submission had been required, and Lacordaire had given it. "Silence is the second power in the world," he had said to Lamennais; and he had withdrawn with him to La Chesnaie for a time of retreat, where he was soon undeceived as to Lamennais's intentions. And these two great men parted; one to reap the fruits of patient obedience in the success of one of the greatest works wrought in his century; to gain a mastery over the men of his age, and to die at last worn out by labours before his time, the beloved child of the Church, whose borders he had enlarged, whose honour he had defended; the other, to follow the course of self-will, and to quench his light in utter darkness.

The students of La Chesnaie went away, and Maurice was thrown on the world with no definite employment. An unsuccessful attachment deepened the natural melancholy of his sensitive nature. He went to Paris, and was soon in the midst of the literary world. He wrote, and obtained fame; he was admired and sought after; but the beautiful faith of his youth faded away like a flower, and the innocent pleasures of his childhood, and the passionate love of his

sister, had no attractions for him compared to the brilliant circles of Parisian society.

And thus was Eugenie's fate marked out. From afar off her heart followed him; and partly for his amusement, partly to relieve the outpourings of her intensely-loving heart, she kept a journal intended for Maurice's eye only. A few letters to Maurice and one or two intimate friends make up the rest of the volume, which was, after her death, most fortunately given to the world. In these pages her character stands revealed, and no long description of her mode of life could have made us more thoroughly acquainted with her than these words, written sometimes in joy, sometimes in sorrow, in weariness and depression, in all weathers, and at all times; for, believing that she pleased her brother, nothing would prevent her from keeping her promise of a daily record of her life and thoughts. Its chief beauty lies, in that she made so much out of so little. "I have just come away very happy from the kitchen, where I stood a long time this evening, to persuade Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession at Christmas. He has promised me, and he is a good boy and will keep his word. Thank God, my evening is not lost. What a happiness it would be if I could thus every day gain a soul for God! Walter Scott has been neglected this evening; but what book could have been worth to me what Paul's promise is? . . . The 20th.—I am so fond of the snow; its perfect whiteness has something celestial about it. To-day I see nothing but road-tracks, and the marks of the feet of little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little traces in a thousand forms upon the snow. It is so pretty to see their little red feet, as if they were drawn with pencils of coral. Winter has its beauties and its enjoyments, and we find them every where when we know how to see them. God spreads grace and beauty every where. . . . I must have another dish to-day, for S. R., who is come to see us. He does not often taste good things; that is why I wish to treat him well; for it is to the desolate that, it seems to me, we should pay attentions. No reading to-day. I have made a cap for a little child, which has taken up all my time. But provided one works, be it with the head or the fingers, it is all the same in the eyes of God, who takes account of every work done in His name. I hope, then, that my cap has been a charity—I have given my time, a little material, and a thousand interesting lines that I could have read. Papa brought me yesterday 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' Here are provisions for some of our long winter-evenings."

Then she had a keen sense of enjoyment, and a wonderful faculty of making the best of things. Thus a simple pleasure, to her was a

source of delight. Here is her description of Christmas-night in Languedoc :

"Dec. 31. I have written nothing for a fortnight. Do not ask me why. There are times when we cannot speak, things of which we can say nothing. Christmas is come; that beautiful fête which I love the most, which brings me as much joy as the shepherds of Bethlehem. Truly our whole soul sings at the coming of the Lord, which is announced to us on all sides by hymns and by the pretty *nadalet*.* Nothing in Paris can give an idea of what Christmas is. You have not even midnight Mass.† We all went to it; papa at our head, on a most charming night. There is no sky more beautiful than that of midnight; it was such that papa kept putting his head out of his cloak to look at it. The earth was white with frost, but we were not cold, and besides, the air around us was warmed by the lighted fagots that our servants carried to light us. It was charming, I assure you, and I wish I could have seen you sliding along with us towards the church on the road bordered with little white shrubs as if they were flowering. The frost makes such pretty flowers. We saw one wreath so pretty that we wanted to make it a bouquet for the Blessed Sacrament, but it melted in our hands; all flowers last so short a time. I very much regretted my bouquet; it was so sad to see it melt drop by drop. I slept at the presbytery; the curé's good sister kept me, and gave me an excellent *réveillon* of hot milk." Then again the grave part of her nature prevails, and she continues :

"These are then my last thoughts; for I shall write nothing more this year; in a few hours it will be over, and we shall have begun a new year. Oh, how quickly time passes! Alas, alas, can I say that I regret it? No, my God, I do not regret time or any thing that it brings; it is not worth while to throw our affections into its stream. But empty useless days, lost for heaven, this causes me regret as I look back on life. Dearest, where shall I be at this day, at this hour, at this minute next year? Will it be here, elsewhere, here below or above? God only knows; I am before the door of the future, resigned to all that can come forth from it. Tomorrow I will pray for your happiness, for papa, Mimi, Eran (her other brother and sister), and all those whom I love. It is the day for presents; I will take mine from heaven. I draw all from thence, for truly there are few things which please me on earth. The longer

* A particular way of ringing the bells during the fifteen days which precede the feast of Christmas, called in patois *nadal*.

† Since the period at which Mdlle. de Guérin wrote, midnight Mass has been resumed in Paris.

I live, the less it pleases me, and I see the years pass by without sorrow, because they are but steps to the other world. Do not think it is any sorrow or trouble which makes me think this. I assure you it is not, but a home-sickness comes over my soul when I think of heaven. The clock strikes; it is the last I shall hear when writing to you."

The following is an account of what she called "a happy day:"—"God be blessed for a day without sorrow. They are rare in this life, and my soul, more than others, is soon troubled. A word, a memory, the sound of a voice, a sad face, nothing, I know not what, often troubles the serenity of my soul—a little sky, darkened by the smallest cloud. This day I received a letter from Gabrielle, the cousin whom I love so for her sweetness and beautiful mind. I was uneasy about her health, which is so delicate, having heard nothing of her for more than a month. I was so pleased to see a letter from her, that I read it before my prayers. I was so eager to read it. To see a letter, and not to open it, is an impossible thing. Another letter was given to me at Cahuzac. It was from Lili, another sweet friend, but quite withdrawn from the world; a pure soul—a soul like snow, from its purity so white that I am confounded when I look at it—a soul made for the eyes of God. I was coming from Cahuzac, very pleased with my letter, when I saw a little boy, weeping as if his heart were broken. He had broken his jug, and thought his father would beat him. I saw that with half a franc I could make him happy, so I took him to a shop where we got another jug. Charles X. could not be happier if he regained his crown. Has it not been a beautiful day?"

Here is another instance of the way she had of beautifying the most simple incidents:—"I must notice, in passing, an excellent supper that we have had, Papa, Mimi, and I, at the corner of the kitchen-fire, with the servants: soup, some boiled-potatoes, and a cake that I made yesterday with the dough from the bread. Our only servants were the dogs Lion, Wolf, and Tritly, who licked up the fragments. All our people were in church for the instruction which is given for confirmation;" and she adds, "it was a charming meal."

The daily devotions of the month of Mary were very recently established when Eugenie wrote; she speaks thus of them: on one first of May, when absent from home, she writes: "On this day, at this moment, my holy Mimi (a pet name for her sister) is on her knees before the little altar for the month of Mary in my room. Dear sister, I join myself to her, and find a chapel here also. They have given me for this purpose a room filled with flowers; in it!

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have made a church, and Marie, with her little girls, servants, shepherds, and all the household, assemble together every evening before the Blessed Virgin. They came at first only to look on, for they had never kept the month of Mary before. Some good will result to them of this new devotion, if it is only one idea, a single idea, of their Christian duties, which these people know so little of, and which we can teach them while amusing them. These popular devotions please me so, because they are so attractive in their form, and thereby offer such an easy method of instruction. By their means, salutary truths appear most pleasing, and all hearts are gained in the name of our Lady and of her sweet virtues. I love the month of Mary and the other little devotions which the Church permits; which she blesses; which are born at the feet of the Faith like flowers at the mountain foot."

Speaking of St. Teresa, to whom she had a great devotion, she says: "I am pleased to remember that when I lost my mother, I went, like St. Teresa, to throw myself at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, and begged her to take me for her daughter." At another time she says: "To-day, very early, I went to Vieux to visit the relics of the saints, and, in particular, those of St. Eugenie, my patron. I love pilgrimages, remnants of the ancient faith; but these are not the days for them; in the greater number of people the spirit for them is dead. However, if M. le Curé does not have this procession to Vieux, there will be discontent. Credulity abounds where faith disappears. We have, however, many good souls, worthy to please the saints, like Rose Drouille, who knows how to meditate, who has learnt so much from the Rosary; then Françon de Gaillard and her daughter Jacquette, so recollected in church. This holy escort did not accompany me; I was alone with my good angel and Mimi. Mass heard, my prayers finished, I left with one hope more. I had come to ask something from St. Eugène. The saints are our brothers. If you were all-powerful, would you not give me all that I desired? This is what I was thinking of while invoking St. Eugène, who is also my patron. We have so little in this world, at least let us hope in the other."

Those who are not of the same faith as Eugenie de Guérin have not failed to be attracted by the depth and ardour of her faith and piety. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* observes, "the relation to the priest, the practice of confession assume, when she speaks of them, an aspect which is not that under which Exeter Hall knows them."

"In my leisure time I read a work of Leitniz, which delighted me by its catholicity and the pious things which I found in it; like this on Confession:

“‘I regard a pious, grave, and prudent confessor as a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls; for his counsels serve to direct our affections, to enlighten us about our faults, to make us avoid the occasions of sin, to dissipate our doubts, to raise up our broken spirit; finally, to cure or to mitigate all the maladies of the soul; and if we can never find on earth any thing more excellent than a faithful friend, what happiness is it not to find one who is obliged, by the inviolable law of a divine Sacrament, to keep faith with us and to succour souls?’

“This celestial friend I have in M. Bories, and therefore the news of his departure has deeply affected me. I am sad with a sadness which makes the soul weep. I should not say this to any one else; they would not, perhaps, understand me, and would take it ill. In the world they know not what a confessor is—a man who is a friend of our soul, our most intimate confidant, our physician, our light, our teacher—a friend who binds us to him, and is bound to us; who gives us peace, who opens heaven to us, who speaks to us while we, kneeling, call him, like God, our father; and faith truly makes him God and father. When I am at his feet, I see nothing else in him than Jesus listening to Magdalene, and pardoning much because she has loved much. Confession is but an expansion of repentance in love.”

Again she writes: “I have learnt that M. Bories is about to leave us; this good and excellent father of my soul. Oh, how I regret him! What a loss it will be to me to lose this good guide of my conscience, of my heart, my mind, of my whole self, which God had confided to him, and which I had trusted to him with such perfect freedom! I am sad with the sadness which makes the soul weep. My God, in my desert to whom shall I have recourse? Who will sustain me in my spiritual weakness? who will lead me on to great sacrifices? It is in this last, above all, that I regret M. Bories. He knew what God had put into my heart. I needed his strength to follow it. The new curé cannot replace him; he is so young; then he appears so inexperienced, so undecided. It is necessary to be firm to draw a soul from the midst of the world, and to sustain it against the assaults of flesh and blood.

“It is Saturday—the day of pilgrimage to Cahuzac. I will go there; perhaps I shall come back more tranquil. God has always given me some blessing in that chapel, where I have left so many miseries . . . I was not mistaken in thinking that I should come back more tranquil. M. Bories is not going! How happy I am, and how thankful to God for this favour. It is such a great blessing to me to keep this good father, this good guide, this choice of God for my soul, as St. Francis de Sales expresses it.

"Confession is such a blessed thing, such a happiness for the Christian soul; a great good, and always greater in measure when we feel it to be so; and when the heart of the priest, into which we pour our sorrow, resembles that Divine Heart *which has loved us so much*. This is what attaches me to M. Bories; you will understand it."

Nevertheless, when the trial of parting with this beloved friend did come at length, it was borne with gentle submission.

"Our pastor is come to see us. I have not said much to you about him. He is a simple and good man, knowing his duties well, and speaking better of God than of the world, which he knows little of. Therefore he does not shine in conversation. His conversation is ordinary, and those who do not know what the true spirit of a priest is, would think little of him. He does good in the parish, for his gentleness wins souls. He is our father now. I find him young after M. Bories. I miss that strong and powerful teaching which strengthened me; but it is God who has taken it from me. Let us submit and walk like children, without looking at the hand which leads us."

Eugenie's life revolved round that of Maurice. No length of separation could weaken her affection, nor make her interest in his pursuits less engrossing. His letters, so few and so scanty, were treasured up and dwelt upon in many a lonely hour. She suffered with him, wept over his disappointments, and prayed for his return to the faith of his youth with all the earnestness of her soul. With exquisite tact she avoided preaching to him. It was rather by showing him what religion was to her that she strove to lead him back to its practice.

"*Holy Thursday*. I have come back all fragrant from the chapel of Moss, in the church where the Blessed Sacrament is reposing. It is a beautiful day when God wills to rest among the flowers and perfumes of the spring-time. Mimi, Rose, and I made this *reposoir*, aided by M. le Curé. I thought, as we were doing it, of the supper-room, of that chamber well furnished, where Jesus willed to keep the Pasch with His disciples, giving Himself for the Lamb. Oh what a gift! What can one say of the Eucharist? I know nothing to say. We adore; we possess; we live; we love. The soul is without words, and loses itself in an abyss of happiness. I thought of you among these ecstasies, and ardently desired to have you at my side, at the Holy Table, as I had three years ago."

Mademoiselle de Guérin occasionally composed; her brother was very anxious she should publish her productions, but she shrank from the responsibility.

"St. Jean de Damas," she remarks, "was forbidden to write to

any one, and for having composed some verses for a friend he was expelled from the convent. That seemed to me very severe; but one sees the wisdom of it, when, after supplication and much humility, the saint had been forgiven, he was ordered to write and to employ his talents in conquering the enemies of Jesus Christ. He was found strong enough to enter the lists when he had been stripped of pride. He wrote against the iconoclasts. Oh, if many illustrious writers had begun by a lesson of humility, they would not have made so many errors nor so many books. Pride has blinded them, and thus see the fruits which they produce, into how many errors they lead the erring. But this chapter on the science of evil is too wide for me. I should prefer saying, that I have sewn a sheet. A sheet leads me to reflect, it will cover so many people, so many different slumbers—perhaps that of the tomb. Who knows if it will not be my shroud, and if these stitches which I make will not be unpicked by the worms? While I was sewing, papa told me that he had sent, without my knowledge, some of my verses to Bayssac, and I have seen the letter where M. de Bagne speaks of them and says they are very good. A little vanity came to me and fell into my sewing. Now I tell myself the thought of death is good to keep us from sin. It moderates joy, tempers sadness, makes us see that all which passes by us is transitory.”

Again she writes: “Dear one, I would that I could see you pray like a good child of God. What would it cost you? Your soul is naturally loving, and prayer is nothing else but love; a love which spreads itself out into the soul as the water flows from the fountain.”

* * * * *

“*Ash-Wednesday.* Here I am with ashes on my forehead and serious thoughts in my mind. This ‘Remember thou art dust!’ is terrible to me. I hear it all day long. I cannot banish the thought of death, particularly in your room, where I no longer find you, where I saw you so ill, where I have sad memories both of your presence and your absence. One thing only is bright—the little medal of Our Lady suspended over the head of your bed. It is still untarnished and in the same place where I put it to be your safeguard. I wish you knew, dearest, the pleasure I have in seeing it—the remembrances, the hopes, the secret thoughts that are connected with that holy image. I shall guard it as a relic; and if ever you return to sleep in that little bed, you shall sleep again near the medal of the Blessed Virgin. Take from me this confidence and love, not to a bit of metal, but to the image of the Mother of God. I should like to know, if in your new room I should see St. Teresa, who used to hang in your other room near the *bénitier* :

‘Où toi, nécessaires

Défaillant, tu prenais l'aumône dans ce creux.’

You will no longer, I fear, seek alms there. Where will you seek them? Who can tell? Is the world in which you live rich enough for all your necessities? Maurice, if I could but make you understand one of these thoughts, to breathe into you what I believe, and what I learn in pious books—those beautiful reflections of the Gospel,—if I could see you a Christian, I would give life and all for that.” * * * * *

Maurice's absence was the great trial of Eugenie's life; but there were minor trials also, concerning the little things that make up the sum of our happiness. She suffered intensely and constantly from *ennui*. Her active enterprising mind had not sufficient food to sustain it, and bravely did she fight against this constant depression and weariness.

A duller life than hers could hardly be found; she had literally “nothing to do.” She had no society, for she lived at a distance from her friends. Sometimes the curé called, sometimes a priest from a neighbouring parish, and then the monotonous days went on without a single incident. There was no outward sign of the struggle going on. Speaking of her father, she says, “A grave look makes him think there is some trouble, so I conceal the passing clouds from him; it is but right that he should only see and know my calm and serene side. A daughter should be gentle to her father. We ought to be to them something like the angels are to God.”

Nor would she distract her thoughts by any means which might injure her soul. “I have scarcely read the author whose work you sent, though I admired him as I do M. Hugo; but these geniuses have blemishes which wound a woman's eye. I detest to meet with what I do not wish to see; and this makes me close so many books. I have had ‘Notre Dame de Paris’ under my hands a hundred times to-day; and the style, Esméralda, and so many pretty things in it, tempt me and say to me, ‘Read—look.’ I looked; I turned it over; but the stains here and there stopped me. I read no more, and contented myself with looking at the pictures.” At another time, when she is staying at a “deserted house,” rather duller than her own, she writes, “The devil tempted me just now in a little room where I found a number of romances. ‘Read a word,’ he said to me; ‘let us see that; look at this;’ but the titles of the books displeased me. I am no longer tempted now, and will go only to change the books in this room, or rather to throw them into the fire.”

There was one sovereign remedy for her ills, and she sought for it with fidelity, and reaped her reward.

"This morning I was suffering. Well, at present, I am calm; and this I owe to faith, simply to faith, to an act of faith. I can think of death and eternity without trouble, without alarm. Over a deep of sorrow there floats a divine calm, a serenity, which is the work of God only. In vain have I tried other things at a time like this; nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human upholds it.

'A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
A mon âme il faut mon Dieu.'

At another time of suffering she writes: "God only can console us when the heart is sorrowful, human helps are not enough; they sink beneath it, it is so weighed down by sorrow. The reed must have more than other reeds to lean on."

* * * * *

"To distract my thoughts I have been turning over Lamartine, the dear poet. I love his hymn to the nightingale, and many other of his 'Harmonies;' but they are far from having the effect on me that his 'Meditations' used to have. I was ravished and in ecstasy with them. I was but sixteen, and time changes many things. The great poet no longer makes my heart vibrate; to-day he has not even power to distract my thoughts, I must try something else, for I must not cherish *ennui*, which injures the soul. What can I do? It is not good for me to write, to communicate trouble to others. I will leave pen and ink. I know something better, for I have tried it a hundred times; it is prayer—prayer which calms me when I say to my soul before God, 'Why art thou sad, and wherefore art thou troubled?' I know not what He does in answering me, but it quiets me just like a weeping child when it sees its mother. The Divine compassion and tenderness is truly maternal towards us."

* * * * *

And further on: "Now I have something better to do than write: I will go and pray. Oh, how I love prayer! I would that all the world knew how to pray. I would that children, and the old, the poor, the afflicted, the sick in soul and body,—all who live and suffer,—could know the balm that prayer is. But I know not how to speak of these things. We cannot tell what is ineffable."

She had said once, as we have seen, that she would give life and all to see Maurice once more serving God. She had written to him thus, not carelessly indeed, but as we are too wont to write,—not counting the cost, because we know not what the cost is. She wrote thus, and God took her at her word, and He asked from her not lie, as she then meant it, but her lie's life. First came the

trial of a temporary estrangement. Her journal suddenly stops; she believed it wearied him; and without a word of reproach, she silenced her eager pen. Maurice, however, declared she was mistaken, and she joyfully resumed her task with words which would evidence, if nothing else were left us, the intense depth of her love for her brother. "I was in the wrong. So much the better; for I had feared it had been your fault." Then Maurice's health, which had always been delicate, began to fail, and her heart was tortured at the thought of him suffering, away from her loving care, unable to send her news of him.

"I have been reading the epistle about the child raised to life by Elias. Oh, if I knew some prophet, some one who would give back life and health, I would go, like the Shunamite, and throw myself at his feet."

And again, most touchingly, she says: "A letter from Felicité, which tells me nothing better about you. When will those who know more write? If they knew how a woman's heart beats, they would have more pity."

Maurice recovered from these attacks, and in the autumn of 1836 married a young and pretty Creole lady. He had not the violent attachment as to the "Louise" of his early youth; but the union seemed a suitable one on both sides. One of Eugenie's brief visits to Paris was made for the purpose of being present at her brother's marriage. It was a romantic scene. It took place in the chapel of the old and quaint *Abbaye aux Bois*. The church was filled with brilliant and admiring friends. The bride and bridegroom, both so beautiful, knelt before the altar; the Père Bugnet, who had known Maurice as a boy, blessed the union. The gay procession passed from the church, and met a funeral cortège! It fell like an omen on Eugenie's heart. Six short months went by, and Eugenie was again summoned to Paris, to Maurice's sick-bed—his dying-bed it indeed was, but his sister's passionate love would not relinquish hope. The physicians, catching at a straw, prescribed native air, and the invalid caught at the proposal with feverish impatience. That eager longing sustained him through the long and terrible journey of twenty days; for the moment he revived, he would be laid in the salon and see the home faces gathered round him. Then he was carried to his room, and soon the end came. At last Eugenie knew that he must go, and all the powers of her soul were gathered into that one prayer, that he might die at peace with God. Calmly she bent over him, and kissed the forehead damp with the dews of death.

"Dearest, M. le Curé is coming, and you will confess. You have no difficulty in speaking to M. le Curé?" "Not at all," he

answered. "You will prepare for confession, then?" He asked for his prayer-book, and had the prayers read to him.

When the priest came, he asked for more time to prepare. At last the curé was summoned.

"Never have I heard a confession better made," said the priest afterwards. As he was leaving the room, Maurice called him back, and made a solemn retraction of the doctrines of M. de Lamennais. Then came the Viaticum and the last anointing. Life ebbed away; he pressed the hand of the curé, who was by him to the last, he kissed his crucifix, and died. Eugenie's prayer was heard. He died, but at home; a wanderer come back; an erring child, once more forgiven, resting on his Father's breast.

And he was gone,—"king of my heart! my other self!" as she had called him;—and Eugenie was left behind. She had loved him too well for her eternal peace, and it was necessary that she should be purified in the crucible of suffering. Very gradually she parted from him; the gates of the tomb closed not on her love; slowly she uprooted the fibres of her nature which had been entwined in his. Her journal did not end, and she wrote still to him—to Maurice in heaven: "Oh, my beloved Maurice! Maurice, art thou far from me? hearest thou me? Sometimes I shed torrents of tears; then the soul is dried up. All my life will be a mourning one; my heart is desolate." Then, reproaching herself, she turns to her only consolation: "Do I not love Thee, my God? only true and Eternal Love! It seems to me that I love Thee as the fearful Peter, but not like John, who rested on Thy Heart,—divine repose which I so need. What do I seek in creatures? To make a pillow of a human breast? Alas, I have seen how death can take that from us. Better to lean, Jesus, on Thy Crown of Thorns.

* * * * *

"This day year we went together to St. Sulpice, to the one-o'clock Mass. To-day I have been to Lentin in the rain, with bitter memories, in solitude. But, my soul, calm thyself with thy God, whom thou hast received to-day in that little church. He is thy Brother, thy Friend, the Well-beloved above all; whom thou canst never see die; who can never fail thee, in this world or the next. Let us console ourselves with this thought, that in God we shall find again all we have lost."

One great desire was, however, left to her; that of publishing the letters and writings of Maurice, and of winning for her beloved one the fame which she so despised for herself. A tribute to his memory appeared the year after his death, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, from the brilliant pen of Madame Sand; but it was the

source of more pain than pleasure to Eugenie. With the want of candour which is so often a characteristic of the class of writers to whom Madame Sand belongs, she represented Maurice as a man totally without faith. Eugenie believed that he had never actually lost it, although it had been darkened and obscured; and she was certainly far more in his confidence than any of his friends.

For some time before his death he had gradually been returning to religious exercises; and, as we have seen, on his deathbed he had most fully retracted and repented of whatever errors there had been in his life. But Madame Sand was not very likely to trouble herself about the dying moments of her friend, while it was another triumph to infidelity to let the world think this brilliant young man lived and died in its ranks.

"Madame Sand makes Maurice a sceptic, a great poet like Byron, and it afflicts me to see the name of my brother,—a name which was free from these lamentable errors,—thus falsely represented to the world." And again: "Oh, Madame Sand is right when she says that his words are like the diamonds linked together, which make a diadem; or, rather, my Maurice was all one diamond. Blessed be those who estimated his price; blessed be the voice which praises him, which places him so high with so much respect and enthusiasm! But on one point this voice is mistaken, when she says he had no faith. No, faith was not wanting in him. I proclaim it, and attest it by what I have seen and heard, by his prayers, his pious reading, by the sacraments he received, by all his Christian actions, by the death which opened life unto him,—a death with his crucifix."

This article of Madame Sand only increased Eugenie's desire to vindicate her brother by letting the world judge from his own writings and letters what Maurice really was. Many projects were set on foot for publishing this work. Rather than leave it undone, Eugenie would have undertaken it herself, though her broken spirit shrank more than ever from any sort of notoriety or communication with the busy world outside her quiet home. But she would greatly have preferred the task should be accomplished by one of his friends; and much of her correspondence was devoted to the purpose. Time passed, and plan after plan fell to the ground. This last satisfaction was not to be hers. She was to see, as she thought, the name of her beloved one gradually fading away and forgotten as years went on. To the very last drop she was to drain the cup of disappointment and loss. Her journal ceased, and its last sentence was, "Truly did the Saint speak who said, 'Let us throw our hearts into eternity.'"

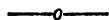
There are a few fragments and letters which carry us on some years later; and in one of the last of these letters, dated 15th of

June 1845, we find these consoling words: "I have suffered, but God teaches us thus; and by these involuntary detachments He leads us to willingly place our hearts above. You are again in mourning, and I have felt your loss deeply. I mean the death of your poor brother. Alas! what is life but a continual separation? But you will meet in Heaven, and there will be no more mourning nor tears; and there the society of saints will reward us for what we have suffered in the society of men. And while waiting, there is nothing else to do than to humble oneself, as the Apostle says, 'under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in the time of visitation; casting all your care upon Him, for He hath care of you.'"

These are almost her closing words; and thus we see God comforted her. Three years more passed, of which we have no record; and we cannot but deeply regret the determination of M. Trebutien not to give any account of her beyond her own words. As long as they lasted, they are indeed sufficient; but we would fain have followed her into the silence of those last years, and have seen the soul gradually passing to its rest. We would have liked to know if the friends she loved soothed her dying hours—whether M. Bories, with his "strong and powerful words," was by her side in her last earthly struggle. But a veil falls over it all. We feel assured, as we close the volume, that whatever human means were wanting, the God she had faithfully served consoled His child to the last, and sustained her mortal weakness till she reposed in Him. After her death, her heart's wish was fulfilled, and abundant honour has been rendered to Maurice de Guérin. Nay more; for homage is ever given to the majesty of unselfish love; and from henceforth if Maurice the poet shall be forgotten, Maurice the brother of Eugenie will never be. She has embalmed his memory with her deep and fond devotion; and she has left a living record of how, in the midst of a wearisome, an objectless, a monotonous life, a woman may find work to do, and doing it, like Eugenie, with all her might, leave behind her a track of light by which others may follow after her, encouraged and consoled.

F.

Pierre Prebost's Story; or "True to the East."



CHAPTER I.

IN one of my summer rambles through the north of France, I came across a little seaside village which possessed so many charms that it was the greatest difficulty in the world to tear myself away from it.

It was indeed a lovely spot. The village, situated on a noble cliff, was enclosed almost in a semicircle of richly wooded hills, which stretched, as far as the eye could see, into the very heart of noble Normandy.

At your feet the glorious sea came dashing in to a shore, over which great masses of bold rock were liberally scattered, and round which the waves used to play in the summer-time, however little obstacle was afforded to their fury when fierce winds blew up a storm in the cruel winter-time.

But perhaps the most attractive feature of the place to me was a splendid river, within a mile's walk of the village, which was plentifully supplied with fish, and afforded me many and many a day's amusement, and not a little excellent sport.

My time was pretty well my own, and I had made up my mind for a tolerably long spell of idle enjoyment; so, under these circumstances, it may not appear strange that I resolved to take up my quarters at —.

The inhabitants of the place were mostly poor fishermen, who used to ply their trade nearly the whole of the week, and by great good luck frequently got back to their wives and families towards its close.

A very pretty cottage with a bay-window commanding a splendid view of the sea took my fancy immensely, and though it was rather a humble sort of place, I determined if possible to make an impression on its possessors, in order to secure two rooms for my use during my stay. Alphonsine was certainly not the most sweet-tempered woman I have ever met, in fact rather the contrary; at the same time I fully persuaded myself that a great many disagreeables would be counteracted by the possession of my much-coveted bay-window.

Alphonsine evidently ruled the establishment with a rod of iron. She was a tall, thin, ill-favoured-looking woman, who was always prepared for a wrangle, and who looked uncommonly sharp after her

own interests. However, by paying pretty liberally and in advance, I soon won her heart, and flatter myself that it was by excellent generalship on my part that I contrived very soon to be entirely in her good books. Her hard face used sometimes actually to relax into a grim kind of smile in my presence, and I fancied her harsh voice used almost imperceptibly to soften in addressing me. Besides, she was accustomed to bustle about in a rough kind of way in order to get things straight and comfortable, and I really think tried to do her best to make me feel at home. What more could I want than this? And then she had two delightful children, a boy and a girl, with whom I was very soon especially friendly, and who tended to enliven me up a bit whenever I chanced to be at all dull. The boy was about thirteen years old, and his sister, who looked a year or so younger, was indeed a lovely child. She was as fair as a lily, and had that sweet expression of countenance which is so often found among the peasants in Normandy; her eyes were large and exquisitely blue, and with all this she had a decided will of her own. But then she was the daughter of Alphonsine.

It was some little time before I made the acquaintance of the master of the establishment; for he was always busy fishing, and, as I have said before, the fishermen who lived in the village seldom got home before Saturday evening, and had to be off again either on Sunday evening or by daybreak on Monday.

However, Saturday soon came round, and with it Pierre Prévost.

He was about five-and-thirty years old, very dark and singularly handsome. His hair, which was thick, fell about his head in ringlets; he was short, and had most expressive eyes. I was not long in perceiving that he was in every way a great contrast to Alphonsine. His expression was sad, and he seldom or ever smiled; and I noticed he seemed to shrink rather nervously from the piercing look with which he was very frequently favoured by "la belle Alphonsine." His sweet and handsome face soon disposed me favourably towards him, notwithstanding that there were circumstances which occurred on our first acquaintance which would otherwise have tended to prejudice me entirely against him.

I was smoking a pipe and chatting quietly to Alphonsine in the great chimney-corner on the evening I allude to, when all at once the two children came tearing in from school with their books under their arms.

"He is come!" cried they, in their shrill treble voices. "We saw his boat just coming near the shore. He will be on the sand almost in a moment. We may go and meet him, may we not, mother?"

"What's the use?" said she, in rather a more disagreeable tone than usual. "I am sure he would much prefer to come alone. Besides, I want you both. Go into the garden to get me something to make a salad of. Come, now!"

These last two words settled the matter, and the children were soon off, without another word about the expedition to the sea-shore.

"That's strange," thought I to myself; "I wonder if this Pierre can be a bad father, or at any rate a bad husband?"

A few minutes afterwards he came in.

As if to strengthen this bad impression of mine, I noticed that Alphonsine never moved when he entered, and did not attempt to offer her hand or her cheek to him. She did not even welcome him with a smile.

No, she contented herself with taking a slate down from the wall, the pencil belonging to which was already in her hand;

"How much?" said she, coolly.

Pierre Prévost pulled out of his pocket a great leather purse, and detailed, day by day, how much he had made by the sale of his fish. After which he put down the money upon the corner of the table.

All this time the woman was eagerly dotting down the various sums on the slate. Then she gravely added them all up, and determinedly counted out every sou.

By great good luck the figures tallied with the money. Then Alphonsine shut up the money in a drawer, and locked it very securely.

Meanwhile Pierre repocketed his leather purse, which he had just emptied, never attempting to grumble in the least, and going through the task as methodically as possible.

"I was quite wrong in forming so hasty an opinion," thought I to myself, as I witnessed this peculiar scene; "Pierre is not such a bad fellow, after all."

It was not long before the young ones made a second burst into the room, making rather more noise than they did on the first occasion.

They were not long in scrambling on to Pierre's knees, and smothering him with kisses, and it was all done so heartily, with such warmth, and so naturally, that I could not help exclaiming to myself, "Why, he's a capital father, after all!"

But, judge of my astonishment, when I heard their pretty voices call out,

"Oh! we're so glad to see you back again, dear uncle Pierre!"

Then he was their uncle, after all, and he was not married to Alphonsine. But was he her brother, or merely a brother-in-law?

And yet she seemed so entirely to have the upper-hand over him. It certainly was a very remarkable coincidence.

But what surprised me most of all was the fatherly affection that Pierre Prévost seemed to have for the two children.

He took them on his knees, and played with them, and appeared to make so much of them, that I, who was a silent spectator of this little scene, became really quite interested.

This lasted for about five minutes, and then all at once it seemed as if the old pain came over him, for he turned quite sad again, and turned deathly pale, and I could see the tears starting to his eyes. And then he got up, and looking steadily into the young innocent faces of his nephew and niece, said, in an extremely soft voice,

"Go and play on the sand. Go along, my pretty ones!"

The poor children, who seemed quite astonished at the sudden change in his demeanour, hesitated for a moment. However, another beseeching look from their uncle, and an angry word or so from Alphonsine, soon persuaded them what to do; whereupon they set out very slowly for the sea-shore.

"They know perfectly well how little you care for them," said Alphonsine, very bitterly; "and it would be just as well if you would not go out of your way to show it."

Pierre made no answer. He shut his eyes, and put his hand to his heart, as if to express the pain he was suffering.

Then taking a spade from the corner,

"I am going to work in the garden," said he, gently.

And then he went out, looking very sorrowful.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS seemed to be taking quite a dramatic turn, and I made up my mind to try hard and unravel the plot.

I followed Pierre, and having secured myself in a convenient hiding-place, determined to watch.

He walked quietly on, but soon stopped at a little vegetable-garden, quite at the end of the village. At first he pretended to set to work vigorously, but his eyes kept wandering to a little rose-covered cottage within a stone's-throw of the garden. He soon left off working, and leaning listlessly on his spade, he kept his eyes firmly fixed on one of the windows, which was almost covered with the luxuriant growth of roses and honeysuckle.

As the wind played fitfully with the curtain of green which darkened the window, I fancied I recognised the shadow of a woman.

Immovable as a statue, Pierre Prévost remained where he was

and though night drew on, he did not leave his post till the heavens were bright with myriads of stars; and then, swinging his spade over his shoulder, he began to retrace his steps to the village.

But, just before he left the garden, I thought I heard a bitter sigh borne on the wind from the cottage-window.

The next day, when I was coming away from early Mass, I saw Pierre standing in the porch of the church. The two children were clinging to one of his hands, while the other, still wet with holy-water, was gently extended to a young woman who was in the act of passing before him. She was a lovely creature, with golden hair, large expressive blue eyes, and a face like one of Fra Angelico's angels. Although she could not have been less than thirty years old, she appeared to have all the lightness and vivacity of a girl of eighteen.

When their fingers met, an almost imperceptible thrill seemed to affect them both, and as they gazed into one another's faces they both turned deathly pale.

Could it have been the shadow that I recognised through the roses the evening before?

The tide came up very early that evening, and necessitated the departure of all the fishermen before night came on.

Pierre Prévost was one of the first to start, but he went a long way round to get to the sea-shore, and passed before the windows of the rose-covered cottage.

A flower fell at his feet. He picked it up eagerly, and kissing it passionately, thrust it into his bosom and hastened away.

As the evening wore on, and while the little boats were just fading away in the distance, I watched again, and distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from the window of the pretty cottage.

I was naturally anxious to find out about this little romance, and was continually puzzling my poor brains to discover the truth of the story.

There were hundreds of people I might have asked, and, of course, Alphonsine would have been only too happy to have enlightened me. But I determined, if possible, to hear it all from Pierre's own lips, and accordingly made up my mind to stifle my idle curiosity.

CHAPTER III.

PIERRE and I soon became firm friends, and I persuaded him on one occasion to take me on one of his fishing expeditions.

It was a lovely night, the heavens were ablaze with stars, and

the little boat tossed idly on the waves which scarcely rippled against its keel. Pierre's companions were asleep down in the cabin, waiting for a breeze to spring up before they could throw in their nets. As for myself, I was smoking quietly on deck, having my back against a coil of rope, and revelling in the delicious quiet which reigned around, when Pierre joined me, and, having lighted his pipe, sat down by my side, and spoke, as far as I can remember, as follows :

I believe, Monsieur, you are anxious to know why I am such a sad-looking fellow? Perhaps you will laugh at me, but that can't be helped. I am sure you are sincere, and wish me well, and therefore I have no hesitation in opening my heart to you.

I love Marie! There is hardly any need, perhaps, to tell you that. And yet this love is the foundation of all my sorrow. But I firmly believe that the good God willed that we should love one another, and so I am content. Ever since our earliest childhood we have gone through life hand in hand. When we were little ones we always played together on the sand; and there has hardly been a pang of sorrow or a feeling of joy which has not been felt by both alike. I used to think once that we were one both in body and soul, and there are old folks in the village who have said it over and over again. We made our first communion on the same day, and at the same hour, side by side; and these little matters are bonds of union indeed, and are not easily forgotten. When I first began to seek my bread on the sea, she always offered up a little prayer for me at the cross in the village, and she was ever the first to rush waist-deep into the sea to greet me on my return. And then I used to carry her on my shoulders back again, and kiss off the tears of joy which flowed down her pretty cheeks. Ah! we were happy indeed in those childish days which are passed and gone. Why are we not always children?

And the years that followed were hardly less happy for either of us. In the cold winter-time we were always side by side in the chimney-corner. Spring saw us wandering over the fresh meadows gathering the early violets. We worked together in the harvest-field under the summer sun, and went off nutting when the brown leaves told us of the approaching autumn. And then came the time when we were both old enough to marry. We had neither of us dreamed of such a thing, and could not be persuaded that we were not still children. We were quite happy enough without troubling our heads about marriage.

However, others thought of it for us, and good Father Hermann began to be anxious that we should make up our minds.

MM

But the matter was not so easily settled, and several obstacles soon presented themselves. To begin with, Marie's mother was rich. I was far from it, and an orphan into the bargain. I had been brought up by my brother Victoire—a splendid fellow. It was he who went with Father Hermann to Marie's mother, in order boldly to talk over our marriage, which they were all so anxious about.

"I had always made up my mind that Marie should never marry any one who had not quite as much as herself," replied she, "and that was her dear father's wish. However, I am sure you speak truly when you say that they both love one another very dearly. Let it be as you say."

The old lady had a kind warm heart.

[As he said these last words, Pierre's voice thickened, and I noticed a tear trickling down his honest brown face. But my sailor was a brave fellow, and I had hardly time to shake him warmly by the hand before he had quite mastered his grief, and was able to go on with his story.]

Marie and I were not the only happy ones then, I can assure you. Victoire, my brother, Father Hermann, the whole village in fact, for we were both very popular, rejoiced with us. It was the week before the marriage. Of course I had not gone to sea. Victoire was also very anxious to remain; however, his wife persuaded him to go. Several in the village found fault with her for doing so, on the pretext that working at a festal time was very bad luck; but they had no right to say so. Victoire's children were very young, and had to be provided for; and so Victoire went. In the evening, great black clouds darkened the sky. We were evidently threatened with a dreadful storm. But we were enjoying ourselves too much to think of storms or friends at sea. All at once there was a vivid flash of lightning and then a peal of thunder, which seemed to shake every cottage to its foundation. And then came piercing cries:

"A boat in distress, and threatened with instant destruction!"

It was Victoire's boat!

I was on the shore in an instant. What an awful storm! Never in my whole life had I seen its equal.

All that was in a man's power I did, you may be quite sure. Three times I dashed madly into the waves, only to be thrown back by the fury of the sea. The last time I was all but lost myself. However, I was rescued and brought back to the shore, bruised and insensible. Some thought me dead. Would that I had been, and laid out side by side with that other body stretched lifeless on the rocks!

It was Victoire !

When I came to myself he was near me, quite still, and covered with blood ; but with just enough breath left to whisper in my ear :

"Pierre, my boy, be a brother to my wife, a father to my children. God bless you, boy."

"Victoire," answered I, "I swear it."

And then he died without a murmur.

CHAPTER IV.

OF course you will guess, Monsieur, that this awful affair was the means of putting off our marriage. Marie and I neither of us complained, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that all would soon be well. I took up my position in my brother's house, and warmly kissed my brother's children, now mine. Alphonsine tried to show her gratitude as well as she could. And so six months slipped away, and the villagers began talking again about our marriage. I don't know how it was, but I began to feel very nervous and uneasy about the matter, and did not so much as dare broach the subject either to Alphonsine or Marie's mother. In a little time the latter began the subject herself.

"Pierre," said she, "you have adopted your brother's children, have you not?"

"Yes, mother."

"And his wife also?"

"Yes; I must take care of his wife quite as much as her children."

"You have quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly."

"Am I to understand that you never mean to leave them?"

"I swore I would not to my brother before he died."

Then there was a silence, and my heart beat very quick.

"Listen, Pierre," said the old woman; "don't think that I wish to deprive the widow or the orphans of one morsel of the sustenance you intend to set aside for them. Even if I did, your good heart would hardly listen to me. But you must understand that I know Alphonsine. My daughter can never live with Alphonsine; and Alphonsine can never live with me. Never!"

This last word seemed to open an abyss before my very feet. I too knew Alphonsine. I too began now to understand that either of these arrangements would be perfectly impracticable.

"Mother," I began—

„ I don't wish to hinder your marriage," replied the old lady.

very slowly; "I simply impose one condition. You must be quite aware that in this matter my will must be law."

Still I hesitated.

"It will be for you then to decide your own fate," added she; "and my daughter's as well."

I raised my head. Marie was there, and our eyes met. I must break my oath or lose her for ever.

It is absolute torture to recall those fearful moments. My head seemed to swim round, and when I tried to speak, there was something in my throat which nearly choked me. And still Marie looked at me; and oh, how tenderly!

"Pierre," said the old lady again, "you must answer; will you remain alone with Alphonsine, or will you come here alone? Choose for yourself."

I looked at Marie again, and was on the point of exclaiming, "I must come here!" but the words again stuck in my throat, and my tongue refused to speak. And then I began to ease my conscience with the thought that I could still work for Victoire's wife and children, and tried to think that they would be equally happy, although I was not always with them. But then I thought of that dreadful night, and the storm, and the pale face, and the whisper in my ear came back again, and I fancied I heard my brother say, "It was not that you promised me, my brother; it was not that!"

At last the bitter words rose to my mouth, and in a hollow voice I answered:

"I must keep my oath!" And then, like a drunken man, I fell prostrate on the floor.

When I recovered she was near me still, and her sweet voice whispered in my ear,

"Thank God, Pierre, you are an honest man!"

Those words were my only comfort in the long dreary year which followed that fearful day. I was never myself again. I tried to rouse myself up, and take some interest in my daily work, and did my best to appear cheerful and contented at home, but I was not the same man that I used to be. The children were a great comfort to me when I was at home; but the long hopeless days, and the dark dreary nights, were miserable enough, God knows. I seemed to dream away my life.

I thought it best to keep away from Marie, as a meeting would be painful to both. And so we never met.

At last a report got about the village that Marie was going to be married.

I could no longer keep away from her now, and she, too, ap-

peared anxious that we should meet. In a very few days we were once more side by side.

There was no need of me to speak. She read my question in my eyes: of her own accord she answered:

"Yes, Pierre, it is quite true."

"But, Pierre," added she in tears, "I am yours, and must be yours for ever. Unless I can get you to say, Marry Jacques, I will remain single all my life. But my mother begs me to get married; and what can I do? She is very old, and very ill, just now. I feel *I too* have got a duty to fulfil."

I uttered a cry of despair.

"Pierre," said Marie, still weeping, "you must know how dearly I love you. My fate is that I must love you still. But, for all that, Pierre, I cannot let my mother die."

I could not bear to hear her weep; but what comfort could I give? At last the devil entered into my heart, and I broke forth in bitter curses at my fate, and what I chose to call her inconstancy.

"I don't deserve this," said Marie, very softly; "and I hardly expected that I should ever hear these words from your lips. Still, I believe you love me, after all. I hope you will feel, when you think over all that has passed, that I am not heartless, and that I deserve some answer to the question which my lips almost refuse to ask. You will give me an answer, I am sure, by and by."

And then she left me, half-mad as I was, lying coiled up in a heap at the road-side.

During the next few days I did reflect. If I could not marry Marie myself, had I any right to hinder her marriage with another? Was I justified in preparing for her a life of solitude, and in depriving her of a mother's care? And then, again, I began to perceive that no one was at all inclined to take my part in the village. My popularity was fast declining, since no one could look into my heart, or could have the least idea what I had suffered, or knew what had actually taken place. I was pitied, but considered very selfish. I was continually told that Marie's mother was ailing sadly, and that she had deserved better treatment at my hands.

At last Father Hermann comforted me, and benefitting by his good advice, and by the help of our holy religion, I began to be in a better frame of mind.

I made up my mind to give Marie her freedom. But I could not bear to see her again, and so I wrote.

CHAPTER V.

THE marriage between Jacques and Marie was soon arranged, and soon the second festal day came round.

In the morning I put out to sea as usual; but as the evening wore on, I found I was under the influence of a spell, and that it was quite impossible for me to remain where I was. Accordingly I returned; and led on by the spell and attracted like a moth to the candle, wended my way to the rejoicings, in order that I might torture myself for the last time.

I have heard of the agonies of the rack, of the thumb-screw, of saints being boiled in oil and crucified, and many other dreadful horrors; but I very much doubt if any martyr ever suffered the agony that I did that night.

It was in the dusk of the evening, and Marie was just finishing a song, while all were resting from the dances which had followed one another in quick succession. She was just singing the last verse, in which my name was accidentally introduced, when a sailor who was just behind me struck a match in order to light his pipe. The light exposed me to the view of the whole company. Directly Marie saw me, she uttered a piercing cry and fainted away. I rushed towards her, not thinking what I was doing. But Jacques was at her side before me. Instead, however, of showing the least jealousy or putting himself in a passion, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and then looked tenderly at Marie, who now began to revive.

"Never fear, and keep up a good heart," said he, in a strange kind of voice. You would never guess what he did, and perhaps will hardly believe when I tell you.

Ordinarily a very temperate steady man, he astonished the company by giving out that he intended to throw a little life into the fête. On this he ordered wine and cider, and lastly a plentiful supply of brandy.

In a very little time he was helplessly drunk, or at least pretended to be so. As the evening wore on, he got from bad to worse, insulted and quarrelled with the men, and fairly disgusted the women. The village was in an uproar, and there was not a soul who did not speak in strong terms of the disgraceful conduct of Jacques. At the earnest entreaty of the worthy fellow we kept our counsel, and accordingly the new marriage was at once broken off.

The rest of my story you know almost as well as I do myself. You see my life from day to day. You can picture to yourself my sorrow and my unhappy position. You can see how little *she* has changed.

And yet we can never be more to one another than we are now. Never! Never! We are married, and yet we are not. We are separated, alas, here on earth, but we *must* be united in heaven. Think of the years that have passed, and think how happy we might have been, and what a thread there was between our present existence and the life we long to lead. God's will be done!

Poor Pierre here let his head fall into his hands, and wept in silence.

How could I comfort the poor fellow?

It was not the kind of grief that needed consolation, and so I let him weep on.

All at once a breeze sprung up and filled the sails. Pierre immediately roused himself, but soon relapsed into his accustomed calm quiet manner.

Both the other sailors now came on deck, the nets were thrown over, and the business of the night began.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE years afterwards, by the merest accident in the world, I happened to return to my favourite little village. There was evidently some excitement going on, and as I chanced to recognise my old friend Father Hermann, I went up and renewed our acquaintance.

"What is the matter?" said he, "why you do not mean to say you don't know?"

"Not in the least."

"Why your old friend Alphonsine has been dead six months."

"I really don't see why the worthy inhabitants of the village should rejoice at that," said I.

"A great obstacle has been removed," said the Father; "don't you remember?"

"Of course, and what has followed?"

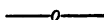
"The marriage of Pierre Prévost and Marie!"

I was not long in accompanying Father Hermann to the cottage in which my old friends were receiving the warm congratulations of their friends and neighbours.

They recognised me at once, and insisted that I should be present at the entertainment which was to follow in the course of the day. Of course I accepted the invitation. I never remember having enjoyed myself so much, and am quite certain that I spoke from my heart when I proposed, in my very best French, the healths of la belle Marie and Pierre Prévost.

C. S.

Saints of the Desert.



No. III.

1. Abbot Antony said: Lord, how is it that some live a short time, others live too long; some are poor, others are rich; and unrighteous men are rich, and righteous men are poor?

A voice came to him: Look to thyself; it is not good for thee to be told the judgments of God.

2. Abbot Arsenius was told, that a certain man was dead, and had left him a large inheritance. He made reply: It is not mine; I died long ago. He has survived me.

3. Abbot Agatho said: Though a passionate man were to raise the dead, that would not give him acceptance with God.

4. Holy Epiphanius said: Sin doth but touch the lips of the just; but it bathes the bodies of the wicked.

5. Abbot Theodore said: Many a man in this day takes to himself repose, before God gives it to him.

6. Abbot Pastor said: Over no one doth the Enemy rejoice so much, as over him who will not manifest his inward self.

7. Once after Mass, there was wine over. One of the old men brought some to Abbot Sisoi.

The Abbot sipped once; and he gave it him again.

He sipped a second time; and he offered it the third time.

But the Abbot put it from him, saying: Keep still, brother; it is the evil one.

J. H. N.

Cardinal Consalvi.

THE anti-Christian spirit which had been lulled for a while in Europe began to show itself with increasing vigour towards the latter half of the eighteenth century. The first signal triumph of impiety achieved at this period was the suppression of the Society of Jesus. The overthrow of religion in the person of its supreme head on earth, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, naturally followed the destruction of a body whose crimes were their devoted attachment to Christian doctrine or the Holy Sec, their intelligent defence of Church rights, and their wide-spread influence exciting jealousy. Pius VI. suffered for the lamentable weakness of Clement XIV.

During more than twenty years he struggled against all the Catholic powers of Europe, unanimous only in their attacks upon religion. The result for him was spoliation, exile, and finally death in hard captivity.

But the retributive justice of Providence fell on guilty nations. Ancient dynasties were unseated; thrones successively crumbled beneath the iron sceptre of Napoleon. It is remarkable in the history of the last century how Catholic peoples have been convulsed with revolutions, while un-Catholic kingdoms remained comparatively prosperous. France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy paid in blood the price of their unnatural hostility to the Church. Austria, though her throne was unsubverted, suffered bitter humiliation; yet the storm that raged through Europe left England unscathed, and Russia and Prussia soon recovered from foreign invasion.

Strangely also, it was these three latter powers who helped to restore his temporal dominions to the Pope; Catholic princes, astonished, only acquiesced in what they dared not for shame refuse.

Doubtless un-Catholic states were mainly actuated by their wish of keeping down France, and had not themselves the same pretext or interest then which easily possesses governments bordering on a weak sovereignty like that of Rome.

But it is not the less true that the worst evils to religion at this period arose within the pale of the Church nominally.

Catholicity well merited the scourge of anarchy, and calamities are merciful warnings sent by God. Perfectly reckless, incredulity

was triumphant when Pius VI. expired; it seemed to unbelievers that the bark of St. Peter had foundered at last.

Francis II. was Emperor of Germany. Devotedly attached to the memory of his uncle, Joseph II., he had retained those laws known under the name of Josephan, and which completely upset Church discipline. His ministers, among whom M. de Thugut then held the first post, were far more irreligious than himself.

Ferdinand IV. reigned over Naples nominally; but he was in truth governed himself by Queen Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa, and by his crafty minister General Acton. Austria and Naples, with the assistance of England and Russia, had lately wrested from France the remainder of the pontifical territory. Part, it will be remembered, was already held by Austria in virtue of the treaty of Tolentino.

A weak monarch, Charles IV., also occupied the throne of Spain. He likewise was completely under the influence of his wife, Maria Louisa of Parma, and of her unworthy favourite, Manuel Godoy, Prince of Peace. An offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between France and Spain in 1795, and this latter power continued to follow in the wake of France until Charles abdicated in 1808, and Joseph Bonaparte was named King of Spain.

In France the Directory had been succeeded by the Consulate. George III., Paul I., and Frederick William III. reigned over their respective states of England, Russia, and Prussia.

Such, at a cursory glance, was the aspect of Europe in 1800, when Mgr. Consalvi first held a conspicuous post before the world. Born at Rome on the 8th of June 1757, he belonged to the house of Brunacci, one of the noblest in Pisa; but had received, through his grandfather, the Marquis Gregory Brunacci, together with a good inheritance, the less illustrious name of Consalvi. After having pursued his studies at the colleges of the *Scolopii* in Urbino and Frascati, completing them at the ecclesiastical academy of Rome, he embraced the career of the prelacy. Passing successively through the offices of private chamberlain and *ponente del buon governo*, he then filled several administrative posts, and was at his own request—the only time he ever sought any function—named Auditor of the Rota, in 1792. Mgr. Consalvi chanced to be at Venice when the conclave assembled there for the election of a new Pope, and he was chosen secretary. He had then reached his forty-second year.

Beloved and esteemed in his native city, his reputation had not yet extended much beyond. This nomination became his starting-point. Pius VII. soon made him Secretary of State; and then Consalvi was really in his element. He proved himself a great

statesman, no less than an able administrator; by his care the Papacy recovered temporal dominion, and Rome owed to him not only material prosperity, but great and extensive embellishments. Possessed of an understanding both vigorous and acute, he united to much political sagacity a refined taste for poetry and art. Order, method, and clearness were the qualities of his intelligence; his application was such that he worked unremittingly from fifteen to seventeen hours a day; yet no one better relished Dante and Cimabrosa, no one more appreciated Raphael and Canova. His diplomatic talents were further aided by the most pleasing manner, and a wonderful gift for conversation, that caused him to be surnamed the Siren of Rome. His life had been one of spotless purity; though mixed up with politics and the turmoils of office, though devoid of the consolations and strengthening influences that proceed from the exercise of ecclesiastical ministry, he never forgot the strictest requirements of his priestly calling. God and conscience ever reign supreme with Consalvi; no interest lures him, no blandishment leads him astray. Truth and moral rectitude are his to a wonderful degree, if the troublous times in which he lived are considered, the corrupt examples that abounded, the sympathy he inspired, and the love he gave. Perhaps no quality was more conspicuous in him than his charity. The gentleness with which he speaks of his opponents, political or otherwise, is astonishingly touching; words of blame, when they do come, seem forced from him, and he directly even seeks to extenuate in some measure. Neither misconception, coldness, injury, nor length of time stop him in the attempt to win back hearts he had once esteemed. Seldom does history offer, even among ecclesiastics, such a Christian spirit. The humility with which he speaks of himself in his Memoirs cannot surprise after remarking the above, for the two virtues are always conjoined. He generally puts the Pope forward as the instigator of every great measure, keeping naturally to his own humbler part of executor. Indeed, his affectionate reverence for Pius VII. seems to have rendered this habitual mode of acting and thinking quite spontaneous. Another remarkable feature in Consalvi's character was his extreme tenderness of heart. No woman ever carried it to greater delicacy of feeling. This is one of the points where differences of race and clime most show themselves. Northern natures have undoubtedly deep strong currents of feeling underlying their sterner qualities; but those nurtured beneath sunnier skies own sentiments warm and of exquisite refinement peculiarly their own. Consalvi's grief on losing friends, or faithful domestics become such, is touchingly told by himself in a few brief words; his anguish at the death of his brother recalls David's lament

for Jonathan, or Rachel weeping for her children, so beautifully do feelings of brotherly friendship and almost maternal yearning blend therein.

During fourteen years Consalvi held the first post in the councils of Pius VII., his administration being divided into two periods by an interval of eight years, spent partly in retirement from office and partly in exile. Thus his name is mixed up with all the great events that agitated Europe at the opening of the nineteenth century. The first six years of his ministry passed in struggles for religion with the different Catholic powers; the principal result was the Concordat with France, and some important reforms took place at home. Then followed his retirement from office, through the jealousy of Cardinal Fesch; Rome transformed into a department of France led to Consalvi's exile at Rheims.

In 1814 he again appears upon the public stage, shines at the congress of Vienna, and during eight years achieves all that can be done for Church and State, until the death of Pius VII. consigns him to the repose of private life.

There are three points of view in which Consalvi must be studied: first, as a statesman in his management of foreign affairs; secondly, as an administrator in his internal policy; and thirdly, in his private or individual capacity.

The first office, as has been seen, that called him into foreign notice was that of secretary to the conclave of Venice in 1799. His activity and aptitude for business soon showed themselves. As secretary he was called on to apprise the different European monarchs of the election about to take place. Circumstances rendered it highly desirable to propitiate them; and their dispositions were known to be, for the most part, unfavourable to religion; or at least to the temporal sovereignty.

The Emperor of Austria, though allowing the conclave to assemble in his dominions, did so chiefly from interested motives, that it might not be held elsewhere; and how far he intended or not to restore the papal territory remained as yet problematic. Naples, like Austria, was only watching events; and Rome itself was in her hands. In France the Directory had fallen into disrepute both at home and abroad; opinion already pointed to the young general who, flushed with repeated victories, was soon about to assume the title of First Consul. Yet the Sacred College, faithful to legitimacy so long as no regular government could be said to exist, required the Comte de Provence to be addressed as Louis XVIII., though that prince was then an exile wandering amid foreign courts.

To Russia a courteous notification of proceedings was to be des-

patched, in gratitude for services rendered the Church ; but she had not therefore ceased to be a schismatic power. Notwithstanding such difficult circumstances, Consalvi drew up letters that seemed to conciliate all things, and attested his own diplomatic skill. Pius VII. was elected, partly at his suggestion, for he and several Cardinals had become anxious at the critical state of affairs. Divisions were creeping into the Sacred College, and their deliberations were exposed to pressure from without through the length of time already occupied by the sitting. Three months had passed in uncertainties, while the political aspect of Church affairs called earnestly for immediate decision.

Soon after his election, Pius VII. was urged by Cardinal Herzan to choose an Austrian for his Secretary of State ; but he remembered Mgr. Consalvi, and sent for him. The modest prelate, who had already withdrawn to his own residence, pleaded extreme dislike to offices entailing responsibility ; but an order from the Pope compelled submission, and he accepted the title of pro-secretary to his Holiness. Shortly afterwards Pius VII. insisted on naming him Cardinal and Secretary of State.

The first difficulties requiring settlement lay with Austria. This power had refused to let the new Pope be crowned in the basilic of St. Mark, thus attesting her unwillingness to allow any pomp to a ceremony which implied his temporal sovereignty. She had not yet resolved how far to recognise that, but wished to obtain meanwhile full ratification of the treaty of Tolentino. With this view Cardinal Herzan was instructed to press earnestly on Pius VII. the expediency of his paying a visit to Francis II. at Vienna ; but the Pope declined on plea of the necessity he felt for going to Rome directly, and his ardent wish to be there.

The Marquis Ghislieri then suddenly arrived at Venice, though without any ostensible mission. He began by sounding Consalvi, telling him that Austria was willing to restore that part of the papal provinces lately occupied, but not the three legations of Ferrara, Bologna, and Ravenna ; finally, that she wished for a new cession confirming Tolentino.

Consalvi readily consented to acquaint the Pope with these views ; but intimated his opinion that Pius VII. would reject them.

Ghislieri brought forward the danger of opposing Austria, but soon found that the pro-secretary was not a man easily daunted. After a few more fruitless efforts, he offered Romagna with the exception of a small portion of territory, and provided the Pope would renounce all claim to Bologna and Ferrara. Pius VII. not only refused to do this, but asked officially the restitution of the three

legations held by Austria, writing at the same time autograph letters on the matter to Francis II. and to M. de Thugut. Neither the emperor nor his minister condescended to take the least notice. Meanwhile Naples, though declaring that she only held Rome in trust for the Pope, did not however prepare to evacuate it. She feared Austria might seize upon the territory occupied by her, and consequently made a merit of intending to cede it to the Church; for, as part touched the confines of her capital, she preferred the Roman sovereign as the least dangerous neighbour. Consalvi declares that in reality she meant to keep what she could.

Notwithstanding such uncertain prospects, Pius VII. determined on setting out for Rome. Mgr. Consalvi accompanied him. Austria was displeased of course at his quitting her dominions, but could not well prevent it. Lest the inhabitants of the legations should treat him as their sovereign, she would not allow a passage through that territory, but obliged him to go by sea from Venice to Pesaro, a town which still belonged to the Church. The only vessel forthcoming was in such a wretched condition, that the voyage lasted twelve days instead of one. But these indignities redounded providentially to the advantage of the Papacy. While Pius VII. was tossing about at sea, Bonaparte had carried all before him in Italy; and when Ghislieri, having travelled commodiously by land, rejoined the Pope and his little suite at Ancona, he had to announce the bitter news of Austrian pride laid low at Marengo. Rapid success now crowned the French arms; not only the three legations, but Lombardy and Venetia were successively wrested from Austria, and twice she was glad to buy back her capital on humiliating terms. Taught by the first great reverses, Austria consented to restore that portion of the papal states which extends from Pesaro to the environs of Rome, and Ghislieri made this restitution when Pius VII. arrived at Foligno.

Similar news meanwhile had reached Rome, and the Neapolitan general there gave up authority into the hands of a few Cardinals, who arrived several days before the Pope. But his troops did not evacuate the country till some months later, at the peace of Florence, nor were the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo restored even then; they were held till Bonaparte, who had his own views, forced Naples to restitution.

Thus Pius VII., who had quitted Venice with faith in God as his sole possession, entered Rome a temporal sovereign.

It was a thorny path that now opened before the new minister of state. Looking at his foreign policy, one feature will be observed to characterise it throughout. Consalvi never yielded a point of conscience for any reason whatsoever. And while resolutely deter-

mined on not ceding one iota wrongly, he bent all the energies and resources of his acute active mind to obtaining as much more of the Church's legitimate claims as he possibly could. It would be difficult to say which of these two leading principles, combined by him into one action, were most successful. Not only God blesses honest dealing united with moral courage, but men esteem such qualities; and diplomatists especially, astonished at having to cope with truth, are often greatly deceived by it.

Consalvi found scope for diplomatic skill in the numberless restitutions, ecclesiastical and temporal, to be obtained for Church and State. It was a whole edifice that required to be built up again; but unfortunately not with entirely new materials. There was the usual drawback to all restorations; some old evils would pertinaciously adhere. On looking into matters and considering circumstances, we shall be surprised at what Consalvi achieved. The personal sympathy he inspired proved no doubt a wondrous adjunct to his talent.

With Austria it still remained to treat of her internal ecclesiastical affairs, nor was the settlement of them an easy matter. It was highly desirable to get the Josephan laws, if not revoked, at least modified; but instead of coming into any such measures, the heads of the different state departments seemed much more disposed to extend their inroads on the spiritual power. Consalvi applied himself particularly to gain two points: an extension of jurisdiction for the Nuncio at Vienna, and the arrangement of a Concordat. The Josephan laws had pretty nearly reduced the Pope's delegate to be nothing more than a mere ambassador from the temporal prince of Rome; still some few attributions had been left him, and amongst these was the right of approving or not the Bishops named. This prerogative had been exercised by the Nuncio even under Joseph and Leopold, but Francis now wished to hand it over to the body of Bishops themselves, or rather to the crown. Consalvi, however, displayed so much firmness that Austria yielded at last. He also terminated satisfactorily for the Holy See the question of circumscription of new dioceses.

The arrangement of a Concordat was a work of still greater difficulty, because circumstances were so complicated. Francis II., as head of the German empire, wished to negotiate one that should be applicable to the whole confederation. Each state, on the contrary, desired a separate treaty, and France supported this view, provided the negotiations took place at Paris. The states, however, were unwilling to put themselves in Napoleon's power, and wished to treat either at Rome or in their own capitals. It was impossible for the

Holy See to avoid giving offence to one of the three parties; but Consalvi, though seeing clearly the diplomatic advantage of treating separately, deemed that reason was on the side of the Emperor Francis, and accordingly advised the Pope to that effect. Austria was so ill-inspired as to bring forward a project quite contrary to the laws and rights of the Church, and Consalvi of course refused to admit it. While the two powers were still endeavouring to come to some understanding, several German states were annexed by Bonaparte. Francis in consequence laid down the title of Emperor of Germany, which was forthwith appropriated by Napoleon. The Holy See then resolved on treating separately with the different German states; for her experience of how Napoleon annulled Concordats by organic articles did not incline her to accept his supervision when possible of avoidance. Nothing definite took place further with Vienna, but conferences were begun at Rome with envoys from several smaller German powers, especially with the Bavarian minister.

Meanwhile Napoleon's displeasure was incurred by more than one act. Besides the ecclesiastical treaties in course of negotiation, and which the French Government disapproved of as not under its control, Pius VII., on grounds of equity, refused to acknowledge the Confederation of the Rhine, or the Elector of Bavaria, as its new prince-primate; nor would he ever grant Napoleon the titles of Emperor of Germany, of the Romans, or of the West. All these refusals, chiefly ascribed to Consalvi, were so many affronts treasured up for a day of retribution.

Though Bavaria readily consented to treat with Rome, it was very difficult to arrive at any satisfactory arrangement for the Church, while such a prince as the Elector Maximilian — Joseph IV. — governed the country. New scandals to religion were perpetually taking place there, and the constant reply to all papal remonstrances was, that his Holiness must be misinformed. Years passed thus; and Consalvi had left the ministry ere the negotiations commenced by him seemed approaching a conclusion. Treaties were then on the point of signature with both Bavaria and Würtemberg; but at this inauspicious moment an imperious order from France obliged the Roman delegate to interrupt all and hasten to Paris. Nor could negotiations be resumed till after the fall of Napoleon, and Consalvi's return to office.

The same up-hill work went on with Naples, who acted quite as selfishly as Austria. We have seen that Romagna was not evacuated, nor the duchies given up, till Bonaparte insisted on having the treaty of Florence fully executed. These points being gained, Cardinal Consalvi turned his attention to the settlement of

ecclesiastical affairs. There were three important matters for discussion: the number of bishoprics to be maintained, a concordat for the general arrangement of religious affairs, and a mode for regulating the payment of tribute as due by the terms of investiture granted to the kings of Naples. Ferdinand wished to reduce the Bishops to less than half the original number, and never would consent to the more moderate measure proposed by Consalvi. Equal difficulties arose with regard to other points of discipline; long and fruitless negotiations were all that took place. They may be resumed by saying that Naples annulled all privileges of the Church, and then called upon her to sanction these usurpations, which was of course refused.

Ferdinand contended at first that the tribute was a mere temporal matter, unworthy of Rome's consideration; but later on offered to give the sum in guise of a voluntary alms. This mode of settlement would have been to accept as a gift what was claimed as a right, and the Pope refused compliance. The duplicity of General Acton manifests itself throughout these negotiations; and Cardinal Consalvi, despite his charity, cannot refrain from commenting seriously on what he terms the cunning wicked policy pursued by the Neapolitan minister. It required all the Cardinal's diplomatic skill to avoid being entrapped by his antagonist into some concession prejudicial to the Church; and he had also to cope with Neapolitan envoys at Rome worthy of the government that accredited them. Thus no concordat could be signed with Naples any more than with Austria till after the fall of Napoleon.

Cardinal Consalvi succeeded better with Spain. At first most exorbitant pretensions were put forward by this power. She aimed at nothing less than reducing the papal delegate to the rank of temporal ambassador, placing all religious orders under the authority of the ordinary, granting Bishops' faculties for matrimonial dispensations, and seizing for the government the right of collation to all benefices, as well as the power of taxing, and even of confiscating, ecclesiastical property. Each and all of these concessions were refused by Consalvi. He only yielded the two points of allowing religious orders to be governed by local superiors of their own body, and of permitting extraordinary subsidies to be raised then on ecclesiastical property, by reason of the war going on with England, and to get rid of the immense quantity of paper money in circulation at that time. Spain, nevertheless, was so pleased with the concordat that the king wished to bestow an annual benefice of 4000 crowns on Consalvi; but he, with his usual disinterestedness, begged to decline.

One of the first, and not least important, acts of Cardinal Consalvi's ministry was to assist in the reëstablishment of the Jesuits in

Russia, where Pope Clement's brief of suppression had never been published. This step was taken at the solicitation of the Emperor Paul I., and with the consent of Spain, whom Consalvi deemed it prudent to consult; but Madrid no longer expressed animosity against the disciples of Loyola. Consalvi's sentiments on the occasion are thus expressed in his Memoirs: "It was indeed a praiseworthy action on the part of his Holiness to resuscitate an institute that merited so well of Christendom, whose fall hastened the overthrow of the Church, together with that of thrones, of order, morality, and even of society itself. We may use these expressions without fear of being taxed with untruth or exaggeration by honest reasonable men, free from false philosophy and party-spirit." Cardinal Consalvi always favoured the Society of Jesus. Its members were reestablished in Holland about the same time as in Russia; and somewhat later on, a similar measure was extended to England.

When Pius VII. and his minister returned to Rome in 1814, one of their earliest cares was formally to reconstitute the Company. The Pope went in state for that purpose to the Jesuits' Church, and read solemnly the bull of their reestablishment, while Rome resounded with acclamations. It was hoped by this measure to provide some remedy for the frightful state of irreligion and anarchy that had so long prevailed in Europe. Christian education for youth is undoubtedly the best means for regenerating society; and the Jesuits had given good proof of their efficiency on this head, as well as for spiritual guidance in the confessional. Consalvi further protected them against all opposition when, in 1820, they were about to hold at Rome the first general congregation after their reestablishment. Following the high example set, and reawakened for a while to religious sentiments, Modena, Spain, and Austria successively recalled the Jesuits.

Cardinal Consalvi tried to profit by the favour shown this body in Russia, to obtain the permanent residence of a Nuncio at St. Petersburg for the better protection of Catholic interests; but through the opposition of the Archbishop of Mohileff, Alexander only consented to receive a papal envoy extraordinary. Nevertheless, religion was progressing in that country, till the lamentable episode of Vernègues, a French adventurer, precipitately naturalised at Rome into a Russian, and used as a political tool by the enemies of the Holy See, had well nigh produced serious consequences. The Emperor Alexander also, at first favourable to Catholicism, suddenly changed his views. Yet, upon the whole, Consalvi had not much reason to complain of Russia at the Congress of Vienna.

The affairs of most overwhelming importance throughout his ministry regarded France. In recurring to them, and writing, we

must remember, while in detention at Rheims, Consalvi takes care to repeat that he can only give a slight idea of matters, having no documents within reach to which to refer. "My memory may fail," he adds; "and I am in constant fear of being surprised."

From the first hour of Pius VII.'s arrival in Rome, great apprehensions were entertained lest a republic should be again proclaimed. They were uncertain of French views. When Murat was traversing Perugia, Mgr. Caleppi, with mistaken zeal, made a treaty with him, by one article of which he bound the Holy Father not to admit into his ports the subjects of any nation hostile to France. The Pope of course refused to ratify; and Murat, instead of making use of the circumstance to gain favour with Bonaparte, generously gave up the contest, saying to Consalvi, whom he much liked, "Well, since this treaty annoys the Holy Father and yourself, let us throw it into the fire and speak no more about it."

We will not enter into the great affair of the Concordat, which has already been discussed in this periodical. That negotiation, together with the part he played at the Congress of Vienna, form Consalvi's highest titles to diplomatic fame. It is true that the organic articles so treacherously added by Napoleon virtually annulled the Concordat; but as the Church ignored these articles, and as Pius VII. immediately protested, in the most solemn way, against them, the evil was of less magnitude. To Consalvi still belongs the glory of having obtained for the Church in France the most favourable terms that could be hoped for under the circumstances. It may be safely averred that no other papal negotiator could have succeeded so well with Napoleon.

The experience he had gained led Consalvi to take further precautions with the Italian concordat. The clauses were more advantageous to the Church; and one of them expressly stipulated that nothing new should be introduced concerning ecclesiastical affairs, without previous consent obtained of the Holy See. But Consalvi had yet to learn that no contract sufficed to bind Napoleon. The decrees of Melzi appeared simultaneously with the Concordat; and when Rome protested, ministerial ordinances in France, and the decrees of the emperor himself, while appearing to revoke, in reality maintained all that was objectionable.

Another difficulty with the French Government soon arose. Jerome Bonaparte wished to annul his marriage; but Rome upheld its validity, despite the specious argument used, that she now, from blind hostility to France, maintained union with a Protestant wife; as if difference of creed on one side could undo sacramental effects for the other party.

Cardinal Fesch had succeeded M. de Cacault as ambassador to

the Pope, when overtures were first made inviting his Holiness to visit Paris for the coronation of Napoleon. Consalvi's Memoirs go into this important and delicate negotiation with much detail. He speaks as usual of the evils to be feared from irritating Bonaparte by refusal; but he was no less alive to the possible effects of consent on the public mind. Such condescension would seem to court Napoleon beyond measure; the Bourbon party protested bitterly against it. What would be the impression produced in the several European courts, or on the world in general; what would be the verdict of posterity? were questions that naturally arose, offering matter for grave consideration. And as if to render difficulties more insoluble, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien took place while the negotiation was pending, and filled Europe with horror. Consalvi's words at this juncture deserve to be meditated by all statesmen:

"In order to choose the right course, and not be deceived amid so many intricacies, the only thing clear was to act with great purity of intention. It was very important not to be guided by human interests and motives, to have no other view than such as became the Pope's character, and the apostolate it behoves him to exercise. Religion alone was to be considered."

In a note appended to his Memoirs, Consalvi says: "The assassination of the Duc d'Enghien convinced the Holy Father that even in Bonaparte's interest he ought not to remain quiescent. When Cardinal Fesch came to inform him of that sad catastrophe, Pius VII. shed many tears, owning frankly that they fell in sorrow over the emperor's crime, no less than over the fate of that noble victim. For deeply as the Holy Father deplored this young prince's tragic end, more bitterly still did he lament Napoleon's guilt. It was long one of the secret causes that held him back from visiting Paris.

Cardinal Consalvi relates what the weighty reasons were that caused him at length to yield, adding that, though both the Pope and himself were deceived in their pious expectations, they should feel obliged to act in the same way, could the situation present itself again under similar circumstances. Doubtless much was hoped for the good of religion from Napoleon's gratitude; but, in any case, it was deemed wiser not to seem wilfully to frustrate expectations naturally raised high with the French clergy, nor yet to provoke one whose new and powerful empire all Europe, except England, had recognised. Moreover, Napoleon had formally promised to revise the organic articles with the Pope, and to compel the constitutional Bishops either to retract their errors or retire from their sees. Consalvi speaks feelingly of Napoleon's duplicity on this occasion, and of the harsh insolence with which he treated the Pope during his stay

in Paris. But Pius VII., notwithstanding the indignities heaped upon him, did not regret the course pursued; for many souls in France profited by his visit to that country; the Bishops made submission; and on his return home through Florence, he had the great satisfaction of receiving Mgr. Ricci's avowal of error.

Napoleon seems to have exercised a sort of fascination over the Pope, which no injuries, public or private, could ever wholly do away with. It is apparent at all times, from their earliest intercourse down to the last scenes at Fontainebleau. The gentle nature of Pius VII. would naturally reverence the sterner mould of Napoleon, while his piety led him to desire ardently the thorough conversion of such a soul. Napoleon an instrument of good, what might he not have achieved for the destinies of the world! Pius VII., says Consalvi, only considered politics from a religious point of view, and was solely occupied with the spiritual good of nations. The Cardinal thus expresses his own opinion: "More mixed up than he with men and things, forced by the nature of my office often to see the bad side of human nature, I did not exactly share the Pope's sentiments towards the emperor. I had observed this prince closely. I admired his genius, his rapidity of thought, and that marvellous fertility of intellect in which he really stood alone. But I could not hide from myself that so many brilliant qualities were unhappily obscured by great and numberless defects likely to be immensely fostered by the intoxication of success."

Consalvi's spontaneous retirement from office in 1806 is highly honourable to him. Cardinal Fesch had conceived a violent animosity against the Roman Secretary of State, and appears to have transmitted reports to Paris, whereby the whole odium of the resistance opposed by the Holy See to French views fell upon Consalvi. Napoleon wrote: "Tell Cardinal Consalvi that if he loves religion and country, he has only two courses to choose between; either to do my will always, or to leave the ministry." Consalvi's answer could not be doubtful. It purported, that always, and in every situation, he had endeavoured to fulfil his duty, by obeying his own sovereign rather than foreign potentates.

This message, coupled with the policy then pursued by Napoleon, led him to press the Pope more strenuously than ever for leave to retire. He hoped by so doing to appease perhaps Napoleon's anger, and avert the calamities threatening the Holy See. But Pius VII. still refused to part with his minister. Meanwhile Napoleon recalled Cardinal Fesch from his post of ambassador at Rome, saying he would no longer leave him exposed to Consalvi's insults. The Secretary of State, with his usual courtesy, went to pay his adversary a visit of adieu.

Fesch, who had been personally rude to the Pope at his last audience, refused to receive Consalvi. The latter, however, writes of him in terms where charity tempers truth: "It is my duty to declare that if Fesch is unfortunately of a suspicious nature, and easily deceived by bad persons; if he is, unfortunately, a great Gallican in his prejudices against pontifical authority; if he does embroil every question and sow discord without meaning it,—nevertheless I do believe that his intentions at bottom are not bad, and that he possesses zeal for religion, joined to great regularity of conduct."

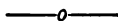
Cardinal Fesch's subsequent behaviour, when circumstances had undeceived him with regard to Consalvi, prove the truth of these words; he appears to have been sincere, though weak and credulous. His withdrawal from Rome would seem to have been the prelude for harsher measures in the imperial councils. The victory of Austerlitz had been followed by the treaty of Presburg; on the 7th of January 1806, Napoleon wrote that famous letter from Munich, wherein he clearly unveils his design of reducing the Pope to vassalage, and proclaims himself Emperor of Rome. Consalvi saw that the time for concessions had gone by. Pius VII., in accord with the Sacred College, refused compliance with any of Napoleon's demands, declining also to recognise the new kings of Naples, Sicily, Westphalia, and Spain. This bold assertion of right against might was immediately followed by the occupation of Benevento and Ponte Corvo, into which French troops were marched. Consalvi lost no time in despatching an energetic protest to Paris and to all the European courts; indeed, such celerity was used, that the papal mission arrived in the two duchies jointly with the foreign invaders. These protestations were the last acts of Consalvi's political life at this period; he then retired from the ministry, having prevailed on Pius VII. to make at length this peace-offering to Napoleon—the only one that conscience allowed. Thus was there a faint hope left of softening Rome's decisive refusal to consecrate what Consalvi calls the problematic sovereignty of France. But the sacrifice proved all in vain. Later on Napoleon saw his error, and regretted having forced the Cardinal from office. Now he was wholly under the influence of Fesch's mistaken views.

Consalvi remarks on this break in his career: "Power had no attraction for me; but it cost me immensely to deprive the Sovereign Pontiff of my services when such a frightful storm was impending." Strifing the grief of separation, his parting words to Pius VII. were those of the prophet Jonas: *Tollite me et mittite in mare . . . quoniam propter me tempestas hæc grandis venit super vos.*

The subsequent events of his life must form material for another article.

V.V.

Legend of Aughrim.



WHERE boomed the cannon, flashed the glaive,
 Along that ridge of green,—
 Where fought and fell the strong and brave,
 Who found in death their blood-stained grave,—
 A limpid fount is seen.

But if, 'midst Nubia's parching sands,
 Beneath the camels' feet,
 It flowed as bright on those far lands,
 The fainting hoardes of Arab bands
 Might sink through noontide heat,

Ere beast or man would bend beside
 That clear and rippling wave,
 To taste the bitter draught, its tide
 Pours down those green slopes spreading wide
 By many a hero's grave. H.

A visit to the battle-field of Aughrim is peculiarly interesting, not alone from the historic reminiscences connected with the spot, but from the wide, extended, and varied prospect presented from the commanding position of Kilcommedan heights. Tradition maintains that the high-crested fences and copse-crowned embankments, separating the rich pastures on the eastern slope of the Irish line, remain with little alteration from the period of the 12th of July (old style) 1691, to the present time. The events of that memorable day are on record, and the plan of battle is best illustrated on the ground, by the information and traditions of local residents. A large hawthorn-tree, "with seats beneath the shade," is pointed out on the side of Kilcommedan, where St. Ruth is said to have fallen, and to have been interred, according to some accounts. The ruins of an old castle that formerly commanded a causeway, by which the right flank of the English army assailed the Irish left, are yet traceable in the village of Aughrim.

The position selected by the defeated army was creditable to the

judgment of its brave but unfortunate general. However, at the present day, the morasses in front would present few obstacles to the advance of a numerous and disciplined attacking force, led against the ridge of hills running nearly north-west by south-east, and skirting the village of Aughrim on towards the pass of Urraghree. The intricate and intersecting hedge-rows, with deep ditches, extending along the declivities of the hills, and in front of the Irish battle-lines, formed their most effective defence for the less-numerous host, badly paid, equipped, and armed, dispirited by previous reverses, weakened by desertions, and filled with distrustful and discordant views, owing to the estrangement and dissension prevailing amongst their leaders. The accident of St. Ruth's death mainly determined the loss of that memorable battle. The first of Erin's bards most probably had the results and scenes of Aughrim present to his imagination when penning the beautiful national lyric, commencing with these lines :

“ Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave !”

On the hill-side, near Kilcommedan, flows a streamlet, from which cattle are never known to drink. It is said to have flowed with human gore on the day of the battle of Aughrim; and it is presumed the unnatural tinge then assumed by its waters imparted a bitter taste, which no degree of thirst would render palatable.

Of Dreamers and Workers.

NEARLY all men are born either dreamers or workers; not perhaps only the one or only the other, but one of these two points is the centre of their oscillation. Like a pendulum, they can move only so far toward their opposite, some more, some less; but, like the pendulum, they invariably return to their centre. Do we not all know some man with abstracted eye, high retreating forehead, rather refined and often slightly attenuated frame and features, and placidly resolute in demeanour, who has held the same position in the opinion of his fellow men, or, it may be, has occupied the same bench on the Sunday quietly for twenty years or more? He is a specimen of the extreme type of dreamers—venerative, mystical, and benevolent; but to all appearance practically useless, helpless, and inert. Viewed physiologically these men are chiefly fair-haired and of the nervous lymphatic temperament; sometimes this is combined with the bilious temperament, and in such cases (to some of which we shall have more particularly to allude) they become remarkable characters. It has been said that the religion natural to dreamers is a mild form of Buddhism; but this is probably because most Buddhists are dreamers and mystics in the highest degree. One thing is certain, dreamers are in politics either conservative or utopian, and in religion are little disposed either to reject what they have been taught or to influence others to do so. If they have been educated as Catholics, mild and devout Catholics they live and die; if as Protestants, they are unusually gentle and tolerant, and oppose alike reforms that would be innovations, and innovations that would be reforms. A man who lives by faith, thus resting on the invisible, has at times an apparent resemblance to a dreamer. It is not our object in this paper to point out the distinction, wide as it indeed is. Dreamers are the subject of wonderful anecdotes about their absence of mind: it is related of them that they forget their meals, start on a journey without their hats, walk with their eyes wide open over precipices, ride on their walking-sticks, and are surprised when toll is not demanded of them for their charger. There is no occasion to believe all these preposterous tales, but no doubt there are many very curious and perfectly well-authenticated cases of abstraction of mind so entire as to cause catastrophes both painful and ludicrous. To these men their real life is their dream, their working-day is only their interruption and annoyance. They are in heart mystics, and only need a certain

activity of brain and speech to proclaim themselves as such. They possess great store of happiness within themselves, owing to their peculiarity of caring less than others for those substantial and golden rewards which cause the unrest of the world. They love the unseen and mysterious better than the visible and sensuous, and would in general barter any amount of distinct and limited reality for indefinite prospects; so that the single streak of wan and dying light, which sleeps on the edge of the dark horizon, is more precious to them, as suggesting Infinity, than any view which could be offered of noble cities or fertile plains. Almost all things are to them symbolical. No action is in their thought simply what it seems to be; but there is about every deed performed, circumstance encountered, or season passed, a secret sense of omen or prescience, of brightness or of shadow. Light becomes a sentiment calling up images of corresponding radiance and beauty, but especially perhaps that early morning light which seems, while yet sleeping, to float in on the world, as opposed to the fading colours of departing day. Darkness, again, sometimes lends a sense of peril; but more often is peopled by spirits—a realm of shadows and shadowy delights, all called into being, moved, governed, and coloured by the dreamer in his dream. The many gradations between brightness and gloom have each their especial fascination for dreamers, who are in this respect as discriminative and fanciful as the Jews, who, in olden times, distinguished two kinds of twilight: the doves' twilight, or crepusculum of the day, and ravens' twilight, or the crepusculum of the night. In truth, their tendency is to behold all actual things as illusions, and to consider the spiritual and unseen world as the only true one: thus, in the cloudy mantle of constant reverie they hide all the ills and infirmities of humanity, and slumber in the "golden sleep of halcyon quiet apart from the everlasting storms of life." For when a man can sit calmly on an uncomfortable pole, like the Indian mystic, and say "I am the Universe, and the Universe is me," he has attained to the greatest conceivable height and perfection of dream-life. From the age of Plato to our own times dreamers have been born perpetually among the sons of men. St. John is claimed by them as being the most profound and loving mystic ever given to the world. There have been countless others; we need not add a list of names; those of Swedenborg, Boehmen, and Irving, will occur to the memory as representing one class of dreamers. These leaders are, as one might predict, regarded with the extreme veneration characteristic of the order. Indeed, of some it may be chronicled, as it was of the ancient deities, Buddha, &c., "Once a man, now a God!" In general, dreamers have tenanted our madhouses rather than filled our prisons; if, however, they do commit crimes, they are serious

ones. Religious and political assassinations have been commonly the fruits of mad dreamers. In the ranks have been numbered many holy men, and as a rule they have influenced mankind rather by the example of their life and the teaching of their pen than by busy practical action. Only certain professions and occupations are suitable for dreamers. In the olden times they were poets, shepherds, prophets, soothsayers, diviners, alchemists, rhabdomantists.* In these days they are by rights clergymen, authors, poets, philanthropists, and philosophers. If they enter trade, they commonly end in the *Gazette*; and placed in positions of authority, where severity of discipline has to be exercised, they are uniformly unsuccessful; in situations of trust, they are invariably single-hearted and faithful, but in every place and at all times they are the most frequent victims of fraudulent representations and impudent imposture. A certain number of the priesthood among all nations, gentle, speculative, and saintly men, have been of this order; weaving their work and their dreams together into a fair fabric of many colours, which, if it seems to ordinary eyes shadowy and unsubstantial as the mist, is yet, like the air, elastic, solid, and capable of resisting a very heavy pressure. Idealists are, however, rarely formidable in action unless the bilious is largely transfused in their temperament. They then become missionaries and martyrs; patriots, revolutionists, fanatics; they head revolutions, plan massacres, overthrow monarchies, and shatter creeds. Peter the Hermit, John of Leyden, are examples of this order.

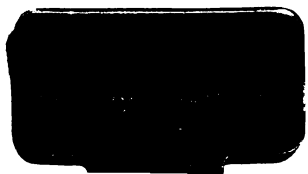
The Workers born into the world are widely different in temperament and disposition, and antagonistic in principles, sentiment, and action. They consist both of those who work with their hands alone, and of those who work up into a practical form the reveries and speculative schemes of the dreamers. Physiologically viewed, the extreme type of the worker exhibits most frequently the bullet-shaped head, square jaw, muscular thick neck, large chest development, and elemental hand, commonly also the sanguine, sanguine-nervous, or sanguine-bilious temperament. They have an irresistible propensity to do, to acquire, to conquer or invade; they are fertile in resource, opulent in stratagem, full of quarrel, and essentially aggressive. A contest is to them an occasion of inexplicable delight; and, naturally dedicated to action, they are as unable to conceive of disappointment as the other class are to resist that which is or seems to be their destiny. They become engineers, manufacturers, merchants, inventors, mighty hunters, soldiers, sailors, pioneers, emigrants, rough-riders, pugilists, smugglers, aeronauts, acrobats, and

* *πάβδος*, a rod; men who undertook, and in certain unenlightened regions do still undertake, to discover wells of water, veins of minerals, or hidden treasures of money and jewels, by means of divining rods.

celebrated performers in travelling circuses and menageries, lion-tamers, snake-charmers, rat-catchers, burglars, thieves, and highwaymen. They are gamekeepers, and devote their lives to circumvent and strive in mortal strife with poachers; or they are poachers, and spend their days and nights in plotting against and harassing and threatening the gamekeepers. As clergymen they are most hard-working, zealous and excellent, but also the most quarrelsome and intolerant. When they come on to the earth as younger members of the aristocracy, who may neither dig, trade, nor fight in the ring, and have not the wherewithal to keep racehorses and hunters, they enter the army or navy, and there in times of peace, when no legitimate outlet presents itself for the expenditure of these energies, they form a very insubordinate and turbulent item of the population. The lower classes of the workers, who cannot get work, then crusade against the upper classes, who are in the same predicament; and we see the result in the perpetual placarding in some journals and newspapers of "Deplorable blackguardism in high life." Three parts out of five, or even a larger proportion, of the Anglo-Saxon population are composed of workers as opposed to dreamers; and the seething unquiet mass of humanity known and described by some writers as our "dangerous classes" is almost entirely recruited from their ranks. Many centuries ago they were vikings, pirates, and border robbers; they scoured the seas, made raids, reeved the cattle, and levied black-mail; anon they were crusaders, for though Peter the Hermit was a dreamer, his followers were workers; subsequently they destroyed monasteries, and in these days they have made railroads and abolished the corn-laws. But, nevertheless, the men who first built churches, and dwelt in monasteries, and discovered the mysterious agency by which the engine was to do its work, were not workers, but dreamers, and were reviled in their day as visionaries and enthusiasts. Where a dreamer would have been an alchemist, a modern worker finds his mission to be a gold-digger; where one is a shepherd, the other will be a hunter or trapper:—the first works that he may retire to dream, the second dreams how he shall arise and work.

The dreamers among men select as mates the workers among women, or are (perhaps more often) selected by them, and *vice versâ*. It is the old eternal law of nature—the duality pervading all things, types, and classes, man and woman, positive and negative, matter and spirit, reason and faith; and, in spite of the gentle scorn which dreamers cherish for workers, and the undisguised contempt with which workers regard dreamers, so they will continue to exist side by side until the day comes when the worker can work no more, and the dreamer shall have dreamed for the last time. R.





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